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No. 1 HUNTING THE BUFFALO. RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

HISTORY

OF THE

INDIAN TRIBES

OF

North America,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES

OF THE

PRINCIPAL CHIEFS.

EMBELLISHED WITH

One Hundred Portraits from the Indian Gallery

IN THE

WAR DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.

BY THOMAS L. McKENNEY,

LATE OF THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
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PREFACE.

The folio edition of "The History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs, embellished with one hundred Portraits, from the Indian Gallery in the Department of War, at Washington, by Thomas L. McKenney, late of the Indian Department, Washington, and James Hall, Esq., of Cincinnati,"—has been pronounced by the learned and polished both of Europe and America, to be one of the most valuable and interesting productions of the present age. In Europe it is, at this moment, finding its way, under the patronage of royalty, into the circles of lords and nobles, and of the learned and wealthy of all classes—whilst in America it has met a most flattering reception, and has been subscribed for by numerous citizens, of whose patronage any author might feel himself proud.

This universal approval of the folio edition of the work, has induced the publishers of the present edition to alter the size to *royal octavo*, and thus place it within reach of the thousands, who, with taste and learning equal to those of the patrons of the large edition, have no less capacity to appreciate its worth and beauties.

The publishers confidently refer it to the public to decide, whether the most perfect fidelity is not observed in every department of the work—as well in the life-like expression of the portraits and their coloring, as in the typography and the paper.

The publishers have the happiness to believe, that they are not forcing upon the public this edition of this truly national work, but that they are only responding to the universal demand for it, by those whose intelligence, and taste for the fine arts, enable them to appreciate its value. They also believe that the smaller edition will be preferred to the large, as it is better suited for a library.

D. RICE & CO., Publishers.

1934

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

BUFFALO HUNT, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - FRONTISPIECE.

PAGE

RED JACKET, *a Seneca War Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
MOHONGO, *an Osage Woman*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 29
SHARITARISH, *a Pawnee Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 33
SEQUOYAH, or **GEORGE GUESS**, *inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet*, - - - - 35
TENSKWAUTAWAW, *the Prophet*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 47
YOHOLO MICCO, *a Creek Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 69
MISTIPPEE, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 71
NEAMATHLA, *a Seminole Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 77
KIONTWOGKY, or **CORN PLANT**, *a Seneca Chief*, - - - - - - - - 87
CAATOUSEE, *an Ogibway*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 101
MENAWA, *a Creek Warrior*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 109
KAIPOLEQUA, *a Saukie Brave*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 117
TSHUSICK, *an Ogibway Woman*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 119
ONGPATONGA, *an Omakas Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 131
NESOUAQUOIT, *a Fox Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 139
PETALESHARRO, *a Pawnee Brave*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 143
SHINGABA W'OSSIN, *a Chippeway Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - 153
STUMANU, *a Flathead boy*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 163
OKEEMAKEEQUID, *a Chippeway Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - 173
MOANAHONGA, *an Ioway Chief*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 177
PUSHMATAHA, *a Choctaw Warrior*, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 185

Page

TSHIZUNHAUKAU, *a Wennebago Warrior*, 195

WAKECHAI, *a Saukie Chief*, 201

SELOCTA, *a Creek Chief*, 207

MAKATAIMESHEKIAKIAH, or **BLACK HAWK**, *a Saukie Brave*, 215

PASHEPAHAW, *a Sauk Chief*, 243

PADDY CARR, *a Creek Interpreter*, 245

PAYTA KOOTHA, *a Shawanoe Warrior*, 249

TAHCHEE, *a Cherokee Chief*, 251

KANAPIMA, *an Ottowa Chief*, 261

CHIPPEWAY SQUAW AND CHILD, 269

MICANOPY, *a Seminole Chief*, 271

OPOTHLE YOHOLO, *Speaker of the Councils*, 281

WAEMBOESHKAA, *a Chippeway Chief*, 295

TIMPOOCHEE BARNARD, *a Uchee Warrior*, 297

LITTLE CROW, *a Sioux Chief*, 303

McINTOSH, *a Creek Chief*, 307

NAWKAW, *a Winnebago Chief*, 315

CATAHECASSA, *Principal Chief of the Shawnese*, 323

BUFFALO HUNT.

The frontispiece prefixed to this volume exhibits a lively representation of the noblest sport practised upon this continent—the hunting of the buffalo. These animals were formerly spread over the whole of the great western valley, and formed the most important article of food, not only for the natives, but the early white settlers of that fertile region. They retired as the country became settled by civilized men, and are now found only on the great prairies of the far West, whose immense extent, with the scarcity of timber and water, renders them uninhabitable by human beings. Here these animals are seen congregated in numbers which seem almost incredible. As the eye roves over a verdant surface, nearly as boundless as that of the ocean, the herds are beheld grazing over the whole of the wide space, in countless multitude.

The buffalo, though large and unwieldy, is not easily approached by the hunter. Extremely vigilant, and gifted with an exquisite sense of smelling, they readily discover the scent of a human being, and fly before him with precipitation. The Indians overcome this wariness by a variety of devices. Sometimes, having killed the prairie wolf, of which the buffalo has no fear, an Indian wraps himself in the skin, keeping the head in its proper position, and drags himself slowly towards the grazing herd, taking care to advance from the leeward, so that the watchful animal shall not scent his approach upon the tainted breeze. When the object is first seen, the buffaloes raise their heads, and eye it suspiciously, but the appearance of the wolf's head, with which they are familiar, reassures them—nor are they undeceived until their wily foe darts his arrow into one of the fattest of the herd, with an aim so true, that it is sure to pierce a vital part. Pitfalls and inclosures are also sometimes contrived. But, although these devices are practised, the number thus taken is inconsiderable; and the only mode of taking this noble prey, which is commonly practised, is that of meeting him openly in the field. For this purpose most of the tribes who reside in the vicinity of the great plains, resort to them, after having planted their corn in the spring, and spend the whole summer and autumn in the chase. As the buffaloes often change their pastures, and the laws which direct their migrations are but imperfectly known, the wanderings of the natives in search of them are often long and wearisome; hundreds of miles are sometimes traversed by a wayworn and starving band, before they are gladdened by the sight of their favorite game. Sometimes they are mocked by discovering the foot-prints of a retreating herd, which they pursue for days with unavailing toil; not unfrequently a hostile clan crosses their track, and they are obliged to diverge from their intended course; and sometimes having reached a suitable hunting-ground, they find it preoccupied by those with whom they cannot safely mingle, nor prudently contend.

At last the young men, who scout in advance of the main body, espy the black, slow, moving mass, wading in the rich pasture, and preparations are made for a grand hunt. An encampment is made at a spot affording fuel and water; the women erect lodges, and all is joy and bustle. But the hunting is not commenced without due solemnity. It is not a mere sport in which they are about to engage, but a national business, that is to supply the summer's sustenance and the winter's store, as well as to afford a harvest of valuable articles for traffic. Horses and harness are inspected; weapons are put in order; the medicine men practise incantations; fferings are made to the Great Spirit; the solemnities of the dance are gone through; and the more superstitious of the warriors often impose upon themselves the austerities of fasting, wounding the body, and incessant prayer, during the night, or even a longer period, preceding the hunt. Duly prepared at length, they mount for the chase, well furnished with arms, but divested of all superfluous clothing and furniture—and approach the herd cautiously from the leeward, keeping some copse, or swell of the land, between themselves and the game, until they get near enough to charge, when the whole band rush at full speed upon the herd. The affrighted buffaloes fly at the first appearance of their enemies. The hunters pursue; each selects his prey, choosing with ready skill the finest and fattest of those near him. The horse being the fleeter animal, soon overtakes the buffalo. The hunter drops the bridle-rein, fixes his arrow, and guiding his well-trained horse with his heel, and by the motion of his own body, watches his opportunity to let fly the weapon with fatal aim. This he does not do until his steed is abreast of the buffalo, and the vital part, immediately behind the shoulder, fairly presented; for it is considered disgraceful to discharge an arrow without effect. Usually, therefore, the wound is fatal, and instances have been known when the missile has been sent with such force as to pass through the body of this sturdy quadruped. If, however, the first arrow is but partially successful, the hunter draws another, the horse continuing to run by the side of the buffalo. But the chase now becomes more dangerous, for the wounded buffalo not unfrequently turns upon his assailant, and dashing his horns furiously into the flank of the horse, prostrates him, mortally wounded, on the plain, and pursuing his advantage, tramples on horse and rider, unless the latter escapes by mere agility. When, however, the hunter discovers that the first or second arrow has taken effect, he reins up his steed, pauses a moment until he sees the huge beast reel and tumble, and then dashes away into the chase to select and slay another victim. Thus an expert and well-mounted hunter will kill several buffaloes in one day—especially if the band be numerous, and so divided as to have reserved parties to meet and drive back the retreating herd.

When the slaughter ceases, the hunters retrace their steps to gather the spoil, and the squaws rush to the field to cut up and carry away the game. Each hunter now claims his own, and the mode of ascertaining their respective shares is simple. The arrows of each hunter bear a distinctive mark, and each carries an equal number. The carcase, therefore, belongs to him by whose arrow it is found to be transfixed; and these being carefully withdrawn, every hunter is obliged to produce his original number, or to account for the loss of such as are missing, in default of which he suffers the discredit of having missed the object, or permitted a wounded buffalo to escape with a weapon in his flesh.

The animating scene which we have endeavored to describe, will be better understood by an inspection of the beautiful drawing of Rhinedesbacker, a young Swiss artist of uncommon talent, who, lured by his love of the picturesque, wandered far to the West, and spent several years upon our frontier, employing his pencil on subjects connected with the Indian modes of life. His was the fate of genius. His labors were unknown and unrequited. Few who saw the exquisite touches of his pencil knew their merit. They knew them to be graphic, but valued slightly the mimic presentations of familiar realities. They might wonder at the skill which placed on canvass the war-dance, or the buffalo-hunt, but they could not prize as they deserved, the copies of exciting scenes which they had familiarly witnessed. Since his death these beautiful pictures have attracted attention, and some of them have passed into the possession of those by whom they are properly appreciated. In that which graces this number there are slight defects, which we notice only because we are jealous of the fidelity of our work. The prominent figure in the foreground is a little too much encumbered with drapery. The costume is correct in itself, but misplaced; and there is a slight inaccuracy in the mode in which the arrow is grasped by the right hand. All else is true to nature. The landscape and the animals are faithfully depicted; and the wild scene which is daily acted upon our prairies, is placed vividly before the eye.

The chase over, a scene not less animated, but widely different, is presented. The slaughtered animals are cut up, and the most valuable parts carried to the camp. A busy scene ensues. The delicious humps are roasted and the warriors feast to satiety. The laborious squaws prepare the skins for use, and for market, and the meat for preservation. The latter is cut in thin slices and dried in the sun or over a slow fire, and is then packed in small compact bales, suitable to be carried. If, however, more is taken than can be conveniently transported, the surplus is buried in holes, which our hunters call *caches*—from the French word which signifies to hide. A *cache* is a hole dug in a dry spot, and carefully lined with bark, grass, or skins, in which the Indians deposit jerked meat, or any other valuables which they cannot conveniently carry away. They are carefully covered over, and the leaves and rubbish that naturally cover the ground replaced, so that the deposit is completely concealed. Property thus left is reclaimed at leisure, and sometimes furnishes timely relief to a famished war party, or an unsuccessful band of hunters. The skins of the buffaloes are very ingeniously dressed by the Indian women, either with or without the hair. This is done by partially drying the hide, then rubbing it laboriously from day to day, with the brains of the animal, until the juices and fleshy parts are entirely absorbed, and the fibre only left, which remains soft, white, and flexible. The lodges of the Indians and their clothing are made of these dressed skins; and immense quantities are annually sold to the traders.

RED JACKET.

[illegible]

BIOGRAPHY.

RED JACKET.

The Seneca tribe was the most important of the celebrated confederacy, known in the early history of the American colonies, as the Iroquois, or Five Nations. They were a powerful and warlike people, and acquired a great ascendency over the surrounding tribes, as well by their prowess, as by the systematic skill with which their affairs seem to have been conducted. Their hunting-grounds, and principal residence, were in the fertile lands, now embraced in the western limits of the State of New York—a country whose prolific soil, and majestic forests, whose limpid streams, and chain of picturesque lakes, and whose vicinity to the shores of Erie and Ontario, must have rendered it, in its savage state, the paradise of the native hunter. Surrounded by all that could render the wilderness attractive, by the greatest luxuriance of nature, and by the most pleasing, as well as the most sublime scenery, and inheriting proud recollections of power and conquest, these tribes were among the foremost in resisting the intrusion of the whites, and the most tardy to surrender their independence. Instead of receding before the European race, as its rapidly accumulating population pressed upon their borders, they tenaciously maintained their ground, and when forced to make cessions of territory to the whites, reserved large tracts for their own use, which they continued to occupy. The swelling tide has passed over and settled around them; and a little remnant of that once proud and fierce people, remains broken and dispirited, in the heart of a civilized country, mourning over the ruins of savage grandeur, yet spurning the richer blessings enjoyed by the civilized man and the Christian. A few have embraced our religion, and learned our arts; but the greater part have dwindled away under the blasting effects of idleness, intemperance, and superstition.

Red Jacket was the *last of the Senecas:* there are many left who may boast the aboriginal name and lineage, but with him expired all that had remained of the spirit of the tribe. In the following notice of that eminent man we pursue, chiefly, the narrative furnished us by a distinguished gentleman, whose information on this subject is as authentic, as his ability to do it justice is unquestionable.

That is a truly affecting and highly poetical conception of an American poetess, which traces the memorials of the aborigines of America, in the beautiful nomenclature which they have indelibly impressed on the scenery of our country. Our mountains have become their enduring monuments; and their epitaph is inscribed, in the lucid language of nature, on our majestic rivers.

"Ye say that all have passed away,
The noble race and brave—
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

"Ye say their cone-like cabins
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared as withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;

But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your ever rolling rivers speak,
Their dialect of yore."

These associations are well fitted to excite sentiments of deeper emotion than poetic tenderness, and of more painful and practical effect. They stand the landmarks of our broken vows and unatoned oppression; and they not only stare us in the face from every hill and every stream, that bears those expressive names, but they hold up before all nations, and before God, the memorials of our injustice.

There is, or was, an Indian artist, self-taught, who, in a rude but most graphic drawing, exhibited upon canvass the events of a treaty between the white men and an Indian tribe. The scene was laid at the moment of settling the terms of a compact, after the proposals of our government had been weighed, and well nigh rejected by the Indians. The two prominent figures in the front ground, were an Indian chief, attired in his peculiar costume, standing in a hesitating posture, with a hand half extended towards a scroll hanging partly unrolled from the hand of the other figure. The latter was an American officer in full dress, offering with one hand the unsigned treaty to the reluctant savage, while with the other he presents a musket and bayonet to his breast. This picture was exhibited some years ago near Lewistown, New York, as the production of a man of the Tuscarora tribe, named *Cusick*. It was an affecting appeal from the Indian to the white man; for although, in point of fact, the Indians have never been compelled, by direct force, to part with their lands, yet we have triumphed over them by our superior power and intelligence, and there is a moral truth in the picture, which represents the savage as yielding from fear that which his judgment and his attachments would have withheld.

We do not design to intimate that our colonial and national transactions with the Indians have been uniformly, or even habitually unjust. On the contrary, the treaties of Penn, and of Washington, and some of those of the Puritans, to name no others, are honorable to those who presided at their structure and execution; and teach us how important it is to be just and magnanimous in public, as well as in personal acts. Nor do we at all believe that migrating tribes, small in number, and of very unsettled habits of life, have any right to appropriate to themselves, as hunting-grounds and battle-fields, those large domains which God designed to be reclaimed from the wilderness, and which, under the culture of civilized man, are adapted to sustain millions of human beings, and to be made subservient to the noblest purposes of human thought and industry. Nor can we in justice charge, exclusively, upon the white population, the corrupting influence of their intercourse with the Indian tribes. There is to be presupposed no little vice and bad propensity on the part of the savages, evinced in the facility with which they became the willing captives, and ultimate victims of that "knowledge of evil," which our people have imparted to them. The treachery also of the Indian tribes, on our defenceless frontiers, their untameable ferocity, their brutal mode of warfare, and their systematic indulgence of the principle of revenge, have too often assumed the most terrific forms of wickedness and destruction towards our confiding emigrants. It is difficult to decide between parties thus placed in positions of antagonism, involving a long series of mutual aggressions, inexcusable on either side, upon any exact principle of rectitude, yet palliated on both by counterbalancing provocation. So far as our government has been concerned, the system of intercourse with the Indians has been founded in benevolence, and marked by a forbearing temper; but that policy has been thwarted by individual avarice, and perverted by unfaithful or injudicious administration. After all, however, the burden of guilt must be conceded to lie upon the party having all the advantages of power, civilization and Christianity, whose position placed them in the paternal relation towards these scattered chil dren of the forest. All the controlling interests of the tribes tended to instil in them sentiments of fear, of dependence, of peace, and even of friendship, towards their more powerful neighbors; and it has chiefly been when we have chafed them to madness by incessant and unnecessary encroachment, and by unjust treaties, or when they have been seduced from their fidelity by the enemies of our country, that they have been so unwise as to provoke our resentment by open hostility. These wars have uniformly terminated in new demands on our part, in ever-growing accessions from their continually diminishing soil, until the small *reservations*, which they have been permitted to retain in the bosom of our territory, are scarcely large enough to support the living, or hide the dead, of these miserable remnants of once powerful tribes.

It is not our purpose, however, to argue the grave questions growing out of our relations with this interesting race; but only to make that brief reference to them, which seems unavoidably connected with the biographical sketch we are about to give, of a chief who was uniformly, through life, the able advocate of the rights of his tribe, and the fearless opposer of all encroachment—one who was not awed by the white man's power, nor seduced by his professions of friendship.

From the best information we can obtain, it appears probable, that this celebrated chief was born about A. D. 1756, at the place formerly called "Old Castle," now embraced in the town of Seneca, Ontario County, in the State of New York, and three miles west of the present beautiful village of Geneva. His Indian name was *Sa-go-you-wat-ha*, or *Keeper awake*, which, with the usual appropriateness of the native nomenclature, indicates the vigilance of his character. He acquired the more familiar name, which he bore through life among white men, in the following manner. During the war of the revolution, the Seneca tribe fought under the British standard. Though he had scarcely reached the years of manhood, he engaged in the war, was much distinguished by his activity and intelligence, and attracted the attention of the British officers. One of them presented him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out, he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterwards best known. As lately as the treaty of 1794, Captain Parish, to whose kindness we are indebted for some of these details, presented him with another red jacket, to perpetuate a name to which he was so much attached.

When but seventeen years old, the abilities of Red Jacket, especially his activity in the chase, and his remarkably tenacious memory, attracted the esteem and admiration of his tribe; and he was frequently employed during the war of the revolution, as a *runner*, to carry despatches. In that contest he took little or no part as a warrior; and it would appear that, like his celebrated predecessors in rhetorical fame, Demosthenes and Cicero, he better understood how to rouse his countrymen to war, than to lead them to victory. The warlike chief, Corn Plant, boldly charged him with want of courage, and his conduct on one occasion at least seems to have fully justified the charge. During the expedition of the American General Sullivan against the Indians in 1779, a stand was attempted to be made against him by Corn Plant, on the beach of the Canandaigua lake. On the approach of the American army, a small number of the Indians, among whom was Red Jacket, began to retreat. Corn Plant exerted himself to rally them. He threw himself before Red Jacket, and endeavored to prevail on him to fight, in vain; when the indignant chief, turning to the young wife of the recreant warrior, exclaimed, "leave that man, he is a coward."

There is no small evidence of the transcendent abilities of this distinguished individual, to be found in the fact of his rising into the highest rank among his people, though believed by them to be destitute of the virtue which they hold in the greatest estimation.

The savage admires those qualities which are peculiar to his mode of life, and are most practically useful in the vicissitudes to which it is incident. Courage, strength, swiftness, and cunning, are indispensably necessary in the constantly recurring scenes of the battle and the chase; while the most patient fortitude is required in the endurance of the pain, hunger, and exposure to all extremes of climate, to which the Indian is continually subjected. Ignorant and uncultivated, they have few intellectual wants or endowments, and place but little value upon any display of genius, which is not combined with the art of the warrior. To this rule, eloquence forms an exception. Where there is any government, however rude, there must be occasional assemblies of the people; where war and peace are made, the chiefs of the contending parties will meet in council; and on such occasions the sagacious counsellor, and able orator, will rise above him whose powers are merely physical. But under any circumstances, courage is so essential, in a barbarous community, where battle and violence are continually occurring, where the right of the strongest is the paramount law, and where life itself must be supported by its exposure in procuring the means of subsistence, that we can scarcely imagine how a coward can be respected among savages, or how an individual without courage can rise to superior sway among such fierce spirits.

But though not distinguished as a warrior, it seems that Red Jacket was not destitute of bravery; for on a subsequent occasion, the stain affixed upon his character, on the occasion alluded to, was wiped away by his good conduct in the field. The true causes, however, of his great influence in his tribe, were his transcendent talents, and the circumstances under which he lived. In times of public calamity the abilities of great men are appreciated, and called into action. Red Jacket came upon the theatre of active life, when the power of his tribe had declined, and its extinction was threatened. The white man was advancing upon them with gigantic strides. The red warrior had appealed, ineffectually, to arms; his cunning had been foiled, and his strength overpowered; his foes, superior in prowess, were countless in number; and he had thrown down the tomahawk in despair. It was then that Red Jacket stood forward as a patriot, defending his nation with fearless eloquence, and denouncing its enemies in strains of fierce invective, or bitter sarcasm. He became their counsellor, their negotiator, and their orator. Whatever may have been his conduct in the field, he now evinced a moral courage, as cool and sagacious as it was undaunted, and which showed a mind of too high an order to be influenced by the base sentiment of fear. The relations of the Senecas with the American people, introduced questions of a new and highly interesting character, having reference to the purchase of their lands, and the introduction of Christianity and the arts. The Indians were asked not only to sell their country, but to embrace a new religion, to change their occupations and domestic habits, and to adopt a novel system of thought and action. Strange as these propositions must have seemed in themselves, they were rendered the more unpalatable when dictated by the stronger party, and accompanied by occasional acts of oppression.

It was at this crisis that Red Jacket stood forward, the intrepid defender of his country, its customs, and its religion, and the unwavering opponent of all innovation. He yielded nothing to persuasion, to bribery, or to menace, and never, to his last hour, remitted his exertions in what he considered the noblest purpose of his life.

An intelligent gentleman, who knew this chief intimately, in peace and war, for more than thirty years, speaks of him in the following terms: "Red Jacket was a *perfect Indian* in every respect —in costume,* in his contempt of the dress of the white men, in his hatred and opposition to the missionaries, and in his attachment to, and veneration for, the ancient customs and traditions of his tribe. He had a contempt for the English language, and disdained to use any other than his own. He was the finest specimen of the Indian character I ever knew, and sustained it with more dignity than any other chief. He was the second in authority in his tribe. As an orator he was unequalled by any Indian I ever saw. His language was beautiful and figurative, as the Indian language always is, and delivered with the greatest ease and fluency. His gesticulation was easy, graceful, and natural. His voice was distinct and clear, and he always spoke with great animation. His memory was very strong. I have acted as interpreter to most of his speeches, to which no translation could do adequate justice."

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* The portrait represents him in a blue coat. He wore this coat when he sat to King, of Washington. He rarely dressed himself otherwise than in the costume of his tribe. He made an exception on this occasion

Another gentleman, who had much official and personal intercourse with the Seneca orator, writes thus: "You have no doubt been well informed as to the strenuous opposition of Red Jacket, to all improvement in the arts of civilized life, and more especially to all innovations upon the religion of the Indians—or, as they generally term it, the religion of their fathers. His speeches upon this and other points, which have been published, were obtained through the medium of illiterate interpreters, and present us with nothing more than ragged and disjointed sketches of the originals. In a private conversation between Red Jacket, Colonel Chapin, and myself, in 1824, I asked him why he was so much opposed to the establishment of missionaries among his people. The question seemed to awaken in the sage old chief feelings of surprise, and after a moment's reflection he replied, with a sarcastic smile, and an emphasis peculiar to himself, 'Because they do us no good. If they are not useful to the white people, why do they send them among the Indians; if they are useful to the white people, and do them good, why do they not keep them at home? They are surely bad enough to need the labor of every one who can make them better. These men know we do not understand their religion. We cannot read their book; they tell us different stories about what it contains, and we believe they make the book talk to suit themselves. If we had no money, no land, and no country, to be cheated out of, these black coats would not trouble themselves about our good hereafter. The Great Spirit will not punish for what we do not know. He will do justice to his red children. These black coats talk to the Great Spirit, and ask for light, that we may see as they do, when they are blind themselves, and quarrel about the light which guides them. These things we do not understand, and the light they give us makes the straight and plain path trod by our fathers dark and dreary. The black coats tell us to work and raise corn: they do nothing themselves, and would starve to death if somebody did not feed them. All they do is to pray to the Great Spirit; but that will not make corn or potatoes grow; if it will, why do they beg from us, and from the white people? The red men knew nothing of trouble until it came from the white man; as soon as they crossed the great waters, they wanted our country, and in return have always been ready to learn us how to quarrel about their religion. Red Jacket can never be the friend of such men. The Indians can never be civilized; they are not like white men. If they were raised among the white people, and learned to work, and to read, as they do, it would only make their situation worse. They would be treated no better than negroes. We are few and weak, but may for a long time be happy, if we hold fast to our country and the religion of our fathers.'"

It is much to be regretted that a more detailed account of this great man cannot be given. The nature of his life and attachments, threw his history out of the view, and beyond the reach of white men. It was part of his national policy to have as little intercourse as possible with civilized persons, and he met our countrymen only amid the intrigues and excitement of treaties, or in the degradation of the vice of civilized society, which makes white men savages, and savages brutes. Enough, however, has been preserved to show that he was an extraordinary man.

Perhaps the most remarkable attribute of his character was commanding eloquence. A notable illustration of the power of his eloquence was given at a council, held at Buffalo Creek, in New York. Corn Plant, who was at that period chief of the Senecas, was mainly instrumental in making the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1784. His agency in this affair operated unfavorably upon his character, and weakened his influence with his tribe. Perceiving that Red Jacket was availing himself of his loss of popularity, he resolved on counteracting him. To do this effectually, he ordained one of his brothers a prophet, and set him to work to *pow-wow* against his rival, and his followers. The plan consummated, Red Jacket was assailed in the midst of the tribe, by all those arts that are known to be so powerful over the superstition of the Indian. The council was full—and was, no doubt, convened mainly for this object. Of this occurrence De Witt Clinton says—"At this crisis, Red Jacket well knew that the future color of his life depended upon the powers of his mind. He spoke in his defence for near three hours—the iron brow of superstition relented under the magic of his eloquence. He declared the Prophet an impostor, and a cheat—he prevailed—the Indians divided, and a small majority appeared in his favor. Perhaps the annals of history cannot furnish a more conspicuous instance of the power and triumph of oratory in a barbarous nation, devoted to superstition, and looking up to the accuser as a delegated minister of the Almighty." Of the power which he exerted over the minds of those who heard him, it has been justly remarked, that no one ignorant of the dialect in which he spoke can adequately judge. He wisely, as well as proudly, chose to speak through an interpreter, who was often an illiterate person, or sometimes an Indian, who could hardly be expected to do that justice to the orator of the forest, which the learned are scarcely able to render to each other. Especially, would such reporters fail to catch even the spirit of an animated harangue, as it fell rich and fervid from the lips of an injured

1439

patriot, standing amid the ruins of his little state, rebuking on the one hand his degenerate tribe, and on the other repelling the encroachments of an absorbing power. The speeches which have been reported as his, are, for the most part, miserable failures, either made up for the occasion in the prosecution of some mercenary, or sinister purpose, or unfaithfully rendered into puerile periods bv an ignorant native.

There are several interesting anecdotes of Red Jacket, which should be preserved as illustrations of the peculiar points of his character and opinions, as well as of his ready eloquence. We shall relate a few which are undoubtedly authentic.

In a council which was held with the Senecas by Governor Tompkins of New York, a contest arose between that gentleman and Red Jacket, as to a fact, connected with a treaty of many years' standing. The American agent stated one thing, the Indian chief corrected him, and insisted that the reverse of his assertion was true. But, it was rejoined, "you have forgotten—we have it written down on paper." "The paper then tells a lie," was the confident answer; "I have it written here," continued the chief, placing his hand with great dignity upon his brow. "You Yankees are born with a feather between your fingers; but your paper does not speak the truth. The Indian keeps his knowledge here—this is the book the Great Spirit gave us—it does not lie!" A reference was immediately made to the treaty in question, when, to the astonishment of all present, and to the triumph of the tawny statesman, the document confirmed every word he had uttered.

About the year 1820, Count D., a young French nobleman, who was making a tour in America, visited the town of Buffalo. Hearing of the fame of Red Jacket, and learning that his residence was but seven miles distant, he sent him word that he was desirous to see him, and that he hoped the chief would visit him at Buffalo, the next day Red Jacket received the message with much contempt, and replied, "tell the *young* man that if he wishes to see the *old* *chief*, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him; and Red Jacket will be glad to see him." The count sent back his messenger, to say that he was fatigued by his journey, and could not go to the Seneca village; that he had come all the way from France to see Red Jacket, and after having put himself to so much trouble to see so great a man, the latter could not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. "Tell him," said the sarcastic chief, "that it is very strange he should come so far to see me, and then stop short within seven miles of my residence." The retort was richly merited. The count visited him at his wigwam, and *then* Red Jacket accepted an invitation to dine with the foreign traveller at his lodgings in Buffalo. The young nobleman declared that he considered Red Jacket a greater wonder than the Falls of Niagara. This remark was the more striking, as it was made within view of the great cataract. But it was just. He who made the world, and filled it with wonders, has declared man to be the crowning work of the whole creation.

It happened, during the revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which Lafayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America, he should consider the sun of his country had set for ever. In his travels through the Indian country, when last in America, it happened at a large assemblage of chiefs, that Lafayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, "pray tell me, if you can, what has become of that daring youth who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity? Does he still live? and what is his condition?" "I, myself, am the man," replied Red Jacket; "the decided enemy of the Americans, so long as the hope of opposing them successfully remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

During the war between Great Britain and the United States, which commenced in 1812, Red Jacket was disposed to remain neutral, but was overruled by his tribe, and at last engaged heartily on our side, in consequence of an argument which occurred to his own mind. The lands of his tribe border upon the frontier between the United States and Canada. "If the British succeed," he said, "they will take our country from us; if the Americans drive them back, *they* will claim our land by right of conquest." He fought through the whole war, displayed the most undaunted intrepidity, and completely redeemed his character from the suspicion of that unmanly weakness with which he had been charged in early life; while in no instance did he exhibit the ferocity of the savage, or disgrace himself by any act of outrage towards a prisoner or a fallen enemy. His, therefore, was that true moral courage, which results from self-respect and the sense of duty, and which is a more noble and more active principle than that mere animal instinct which renders many men insensible to danger. Opposed to war, not ambitious of martial fame, and unskilled in military affairs, he went to battle from principle, and met its perils with the spirit of a veteran warrior, while he shrunk from its cruelties with the sensibility of a man, and a philosopher.

Red Jacket was the foe of the white man. His nation was his God; her honor, preservation, and liberty, his religion. He hated the missionary of the cross, because he feared some secret design upon the lands, the peace, or the independence of the Senecas. He never understood Christianity. Its sublime disinterestedness exceeded his conceptions. He was a keen observer of human nature; and saw that among white and red men, sordid interest was equally the spring of action. He, therefore, naturally enough suspected every stranger who came to his tribe of some design on their little and dearly prized domains; and felt towards the Christian missionary as the Trojan priestess did towards the wooden horse of the Greeks. He saw, too, that the same influence which tended to reduce his wandering tribe to civilized habits, must necessarily change his whole system of policy. He wished to preserve the integrity of his tribe by keeping the Indians and white men apart, while the direct tendency of the missionary system was to blend them in one society, and to bring them under a common religion and government. While it annihilated paganism, it dissolved the nationality of the tribe. In the wilderness, far from white men, the Indians might rove in pursuit of game, and remain a distinct people. But the district of land reserved for the Senecas, was not as large as the smallest county in New York, and was now surrounded by an ever-growing population impatient to possess their lands, and restricting their hunting-grounds, by bringing the arts of husbandry up to the line of demarkation. The deer, the buffalo, and the elk were gone. On Red Jacket's system, his people should have followed them; but he chose to remain, and yet refused to adopt those arts and institutions which alone could preserve his tribe from an early and ignominious extinction.

It must also be stated in fairness, that the missionaries are not always men fitted for their work. Many of them have been destitute of the talents and information requisite in so arduous an enterprise; some have been bigoted and over zealous, and others have wanted temper and patience. Ignorant of the aboriginal languages, and obliged to rely upon interpreters to whom religion was an occult science, they doubtless often conveyed very different impressions from those which they intended. "What have you said to them?" inquired a missionary once, of the interpreter who had been expounding his sermon. "I told them you have a message to them from the Great Spirit," was the reply. "I said no such thing,' cried the missionary; "tell them I am come to speak of God, the only living and True God, and of the life that is to be hereafter-well, what have you said?" "That you will tell them about Manito and the land of spirits." "Worse and worse!" exclaimed the embarrassed preacher; and such is doubtless the history of many sermons which have been delivered to the bewildered heathen.

There is another cause which has seldom failed to operate in opposition to any fair experiment in reference to the civilization of the Indians. The frontiers are always infested by a class of adventurers, whose plans of speculation are best promoted by the ignorance of the Indian; who, therefore, steadily thwart every benevolent attempt to enlighten the savage; and who are as ingenious as they are busy, in framing insinuations to the discredit of those engaged in benevolent designs towards this unhappy race.

Whatever was the policy of Red Jacket, or the reasons on which it was founded, he was the steady, skilful, and potent foe of missions in his tribe, which became divided into two factions, one of which was called the *Christian*, and the other the *Pagan* party. The Christian party in 1827 outnumbered the Pagan—and Red Jacket was formally, and by a vote of the council, displaced from the office of Chief of the Senecas, which he had held ever since his triumph over Corn Plant. He was greatly affected by this decision, and made a journey to Washington to lay his griefs before his Great Father. His first call, on arriving at Washington, was on Colonel M'Kenney, who was in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. That officer was well informed, through his agent, of all that had passed among the Senecas, and of the decision of the council, and the cause of its displacing Red Jacket. After the customary shaking of hands, Red Jacket spoke, saying, "I have a talk for my Father." "Tell him," answered Colonel M'Kenney, "I have one for him. I will make it, and will then listen to him." Colonel M'Kenney narrated all that had passed between the two parties, taking care not to omit the minute incidents that had combined to produce the open rupture that had taken place. He sought to convince Red Jacket that a spirit of forbearance on his part, and a yielding to the Christian party the right, which he claimed for himself, to believe as he pleased on the subject of religion, would have prevented the mortifying result of his expulsion from office and power. At the conclusion of this talk, during which Red Jacket never took his keen and searching eye off the speaker, he turned to the interpreter, saying, with his finger pointing in the direction of his people, and of his home, "Our Father has got a long eye!" He then proceeded to vindicate himself, and his cause, and to pour out upon the black coats the phials of his wrath. It was finally arranged, however, that he was to go home, and there, in a council that was directed to be convened for the purpose, express his willingness to bury the hatchet, and leave it to those who might choose to be Christians, to adopt the ceremonies of that religion, whilst for himself, and those who thought like him, he should claim the privilege to follow the faith of his fathers. Whereupon, and as had been promised him at Washington, the council unanimously replaced him in the office of chief, which he held till his death. This happened soon after. It is due to him to state, that a cause, which has retarded the progress of Christianity in all lands lying adjacent to Christian nations, naturally influenced his mind. He saw many individuals in Christendom who were worse than Pagans. He did not know that few of these professed to be Christians, and that a still smaller number practised the precepts of our religion; but judging them in the mass, he saw little that was desirable in the moral character of the whites, and nothing inviting in their faith. It was with these views, that Red Jacket, in council, in reply to the proposal to establish a mission among his people, said, with inimitable severity and shrewdness, "Your talk is fair and good. But I propose this. Go, try your hand in the town of Buffalo, for one year. They need missionaries, if you can do what you say. If in that time you shall have done them any good, and made them any better, then we will let you come among our people."

A gentleman, who saw Red Jacket in 1820, describes him as being then apparently sixty years old. He was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout, but had not a savage look. His form was erect, and not large; and his face noble. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting shirt; with blue leggins, very neat moccasons, a *red jacket*, and a girdle of red about his waist. His eye was fine, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his bearing calm and dignified. Previous to entering into any conversation with our informant, who had been introduced to him under the most favorable auspices, he inquired, "What are you, a gambler, (meaning a land speculator,) a sheriff, or a black coat?" Upon ascertaining that the interview was not sought for any specific object other than that of seeing and conversing with himself, he became easy and affable, and delivered his sentiments freely on the subject which had divided his tribe, and disturbed himself, for many years. He said that "he had no doubt that Christianity was good for white people, but that the red men were a different race, and required a different religion. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime. The Saviour was not sent to them, the atonement not made for them, nor the Bible given to them, and therefore the Christian religion was not intended for them. If the Great Spirit had intended they should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the whites; and not having made it, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers."

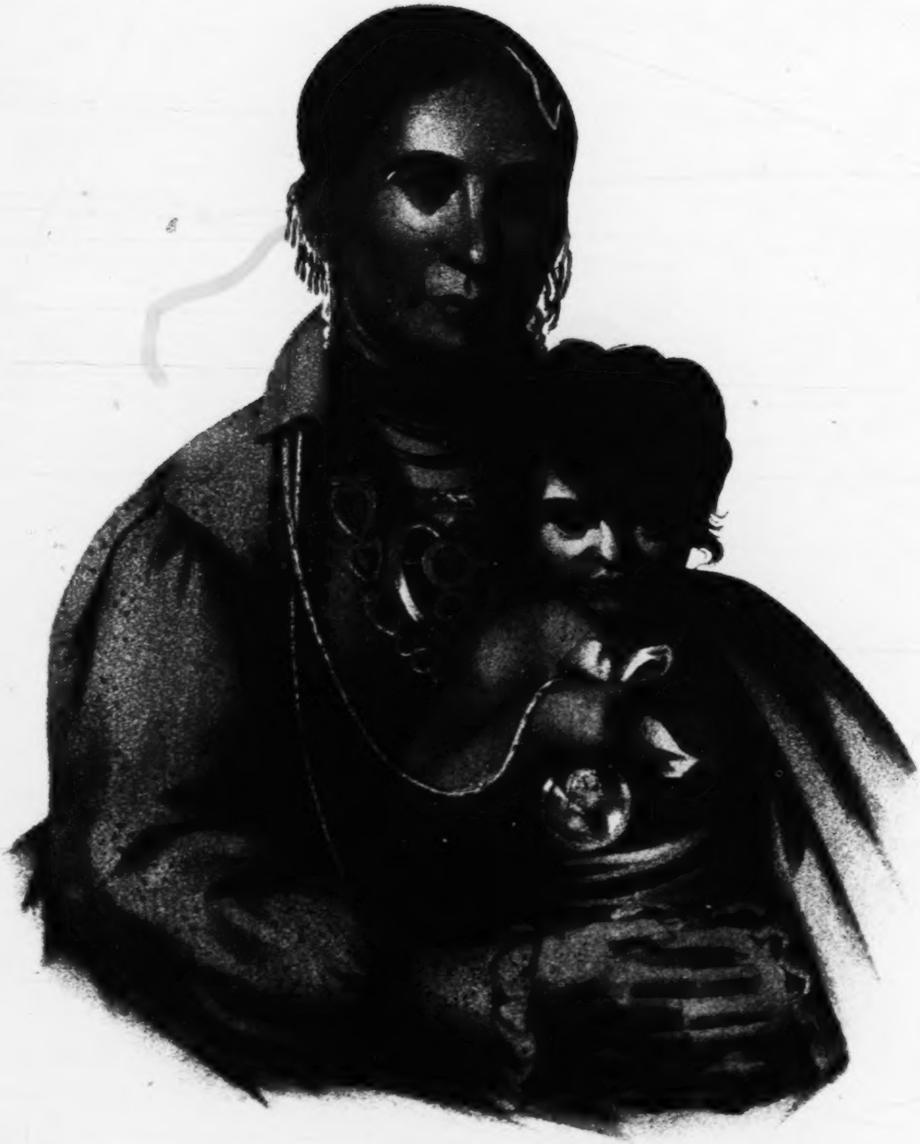
The whole life of the Seneca chief was spent in vain endeavors to preserve the independence of his tribe, and in active opposition as well to the plans of civilization proposed by the benevolent, as to the attempts at encroachment on the part of the mercenary. His views remained unchanged and his mental powers unimpaired, to the last. The only weakness, incident to the degenerate condition of his tribe, into which he permitted himself to fall, was that of intoxication. Like all Indians, he loved ardent spirits, and although his ordinary habits were temperate, he occasionally gave himself up to the dreadful temptation, and spent several days in succession, in continual drinking.

The circumstances attending his decease were striking, and we shall relate them in the language of one who witnessed the facts which he states. For some months previous to his death, time had made such ravages on his constitution as to render him fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophic calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them upon the condition of the nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended, and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which almost of themselves constituted that history. "I am about to leave you," said he, "and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard, or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I leave none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come; but my heart fails, when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten." These several interviews were all concluded with detailed instructions respecting his domestic affairs and his funeral.

There had long been a missionary among the Senecas, who was sustained by a party among the natives, while Red Jacket denounced "the man in dark dress," and deprecated the feud by which his nation was distracted. In his dying injunctions to those around him, he repeated his wishes respecting his interment. "Bury me," said he, "by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice in my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there!" He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence near Buffalo. With him fell the spirit of his people. They gazed upon his fallen form, and mused upon his prophetic warnings, until their hearts grew heavy with grief. The neighboring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assembled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting-house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites, and followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed, which, considering the opinions of the deceased, was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told, from the sacred desk, that, if they had any thing to say, they had now an opportunity. Incredulity and scorn were pictured on the face of the Indians, and no reply was made except by a chief called Green Blanket, who briefly remarked, "this house was built for the white man; the friends of Red Jacket cannot be heard in it." Notwithstanding this touching appeal, and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse, but the more immediate friends of Red Jacket took a last view of their lifeless chief, in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow. Thus early did the foot of the white man trample on the dust of the great chief, in accordance with his own prophetic declaration.

The medal which Red Jacket wore, and which is faithfully copied in the portrait before the reader, he prized above all price. It was a personal present, made in 1792, from General Washington. He was never known to be without it. He had studied and comprehended the character of Washington, and placed upon this gift a value corresponding with his exalted opinion of the donor.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.



MO-HON-GO.

N°3

AN OSAGE WOMAN.

MOHONGO.

Of the early life of this female we know nothing; and, perhaps, little could be gathered that would be worthy of record. She is interesting on account of the dignity and beauty of her countenance, and the singular nature of her adventures since her marriage. She was one of a party of seven of her tribe, who were decoyed from the borders of Missouri, by an adventurer, whose intention was to exhibit them in Europe, for the purpose of gain. He was a Frenchman, and was assisted in his design by a half-breed Indian, who acted as interpreter between him and the deluded victims of his mercenary deception. The Indians were allured from home by the assurance that curiosity and respect for the Indian character, would make them so welcome in Europe, that they would be received with distinguished marks of respect, and loaded with valuable presents. It is not probable that they understood that they were to be shown for money, or that they had any knowledge of the nature of such exhibitions; but it is obvious that their own views were mercenary, and that they were incited to travel by the alleged value of the presents which would probably be made them.

Whether any other arguments were used to induce these untutored savages to embark in an enterprise so foreign from their timid and reserved habits, we have been unable to discover. It is only known that the individual who seduced them from their native plains, assumed the character and dress of an American officer, and by this deception gained their confidence; and it is more than probable, that as they only knew him under this disguise, they were deceived into the belief that he was acting under the sanction of the government. Whatever may have been the pretence, it was a cruel deception; and it would be curious to know what were the feelings and the reflections of those wild savages, accustomed to roam uncontrolled through the deep forests, and over the boundless plains, when they found themselves among the habitations of an enlightened people, the objects of intense curiosity, and the prisoners of a mercenary keeper. The delusion under which they commenced their journey was probably not dispelled previous to their arrival at New York; those with whom they met on the way, supposed them to be proceeding to Washington, on a visit to the President; and as the Indians were ignorant of our language, it is not surprising that this singular device escaped detection.

At New York the party embarked for Europe. They visited Holland, Germany, and some other parts of the continent, and at last came to the French metropolis Here the imposture was detected. The pretended American officer had been at Paris before; he was recognized by his creditors, stripped of his borrowed character, and thrown into prison; while the wandering savages were so fortunate as to find a protector in Lafayette, whose affection for America was so great, that the native of our land, even though an illiterate Indian, was ever sure of a welcome under his hospitable roof. He supplied them with money, and caused arrangements to be made for their passage to the United States. During the voyage they were attacked by the small-pox, and three of them died. Among the victims was the husband of Mohongo, who was now left to carry back to her people, with the varied tale of her adventures, the bitter story of her bereavement.

The party landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, whence they were sent to Washington city. They were kindly received at the seat of government, where directions were given for their hospitable entertainment during their stay, and for their safe conveyance to the Osage villages. They reached their forest home in safety, and have done us the justice to acknowledge that, although they suffered much from the treachery of one of our race, who allured them from the wigwams of their tribe, they were indebted to the white man for many acts of kindness and sympathy during their novel and adventurous journey. They profess to have been on the whole gratified with the expedition.

The likeness which we have copied, was taken at Washington, by order of the War Department, while Mohongo remained in that city. It is a faithful and striking representation of the original; and the contemplation of it, to one acquainted with the Indian character, gives rise to a train of thought which it may be well to notice. The ordinary expression of the countenance of the Indian woman, is subdued and unmeaning; that of Mohongo is lighted up with intelligence. It is joyous as well as reflective. It is possible that this difference may be accidental; and that Mohongo adventured upon her perilous journey, *in consequence* of possessing a mind of more than common vigor, or a buoyancy of spirit, not usual among her tribe. But we incline to a different theory. The Indian woman is rather the servant than the companion of man. She is a favorite and confidential servant, who is treated with kindness, but who is still an inferior. The life of the untamed savage affords little range for the powers of reflection; his train of thought is neither varied nor extensive; and as the females are confined to domestic duties, neither meddling in public affairs, nor mingling in that which we should call society, the exercise of their mental powers must be extremely limited. The Indian village affords but few diversions, and still fewer of the operations of industry, of business, or of ingenuity. The mind of the warrior is bent on war, or on the chase, while the almost undivided attention of the female is devoted to the procuring and preparation of food. In the moments of leisure, when the eye would roam abroad, and the mind unbend itself in the play of its powers of observation, a monotonous scenery is ever present. They have their mountains and plains, their woods and rivers, unchanged from year to year; and the blue sky above them, subjected only to the varieties of storm and sunshine. Is it strange that the countenance of the Indian woman should be vacant, and her demeanor subdued?

Mohongo travelled in company with her husband. Constantly in his society, sharing with him the perils, the vicissitudes, and the emotions, incident to the novel scenes into which they were thrown, and released from the drudgery of menial occupation, she must have risen to something like the station of an equal. Perhaps when circumstances of embarrassment, or perplexing objects of curiosity, were presented, the superior tact and flexibility of the female mind became apparent, and her companions learned to place a higher estimation upon her character than is usually awarded by the Indian to the weaker sex. Escaped from servile labor, she had leisure to think. New objects were continually placed before her eye; admiration and curiosity were often awakened in her mind; its latent faculties were excited, and that beautiful system of association which forms the train of rational thought, became connected and developed. Mohongo was no longer the drudge of a savage hunter, but his friend. Such are the inferences which seem to be fairly deducible, when contrasting the agreeable expression of this countenance with the stolid lineaments of other females of the same race. If our theory be correct, the example before us affords a significant and beautiful illustration of the beneficent effects of civilization upon the human mind.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

SHAR-I-TAR-ISH,

Nº4 A PAWNEE CHIEF

SHARITARISH.

The Pawnee nation is divided into several parts, the original or main body of which are called Grand Pawnees, while the bands which have separated from them, and form independent, though somewhat subordinate communities, are designated as Pawnee Loups, Republican Pawnees, Pawnee Mahas, &c. These divisions of larger into smaller communities, which are continually taking place, present a curious subject in the study of Indian history, which we propose to treat more at large in another place.

Sharitarish was principal chief, or head man of the Grand Pawnees. He was descended from a line of chiefs, and, according to the law of descents, which selects the next of kin, if worthy, succeeded his elder brother, Tarecawawaho. They were sons of Sharitarish, a chief, who is mentioned in Pike's Expedition under the name of Characterish.

Tarecawawaho was a brave and enterprising leader, as indeed those usually are who obtain power in these warlike tribes; for the office of chief is no sinecure among a people so continually exposed to various dangers. He had also a large share of that pride, the offspring of ignorance, which is often the principal ingredient in the magnificence of sovereignty, and especially in the savage state. When invited to visit the President of the United States, he refused to do so, upon the ground that it would be too great a condescension. The Pawnees, he asserted, were the greatest people in the world, and himself the most important chief. He was willing to live at peace with the American people, and to conciliate the government by reciprocating their acts of courtesy. But he argued that the President could not bring as many young men into the field as himself; that he did not own as many horses, nor maintain as many wives; that he was not so distinguished a brave, and could not exhibit as many scalps taken in battle; and that therefore he would not consent to call him his great Father. He did not object, however, to return the civilities of the President, by sending a delegation composed of some of his principal men; and among those selected to accompany Major O'Fallon to Washington on this occasion, was the subject of this sketch. Sharitarish returned with enlarged views of the numbers and power of the white men, and no doubt with more correct opinions than he had before entertained, of the relative importance of his own nation. As he travelled league after league over the broad expanse of the American territory, he became convinced of the vast disparity between a horde of wandering savages and a nation of civilized men, and was satisfied that his people could gain nothing by a state of warfare with a power so superior.

Sharitarish was a chief of noble form and fine bearing; he was six feet tall, and well proportioned; and when mounted on the fiery steed of the prairie, was a graceful and very imposing personage. His people looked upon him as a great brave, and the young men especially regarded him as a person who was designed to great distinction. After his return from Washington his popularity increased so greatly as to excite the jealousy of his elder brother, the head chief, who, however, did not long survive that event. He died a few weeks after the return of Sharitarish, who succeeded him, but who also died during the succeeding autumn, at the age of little more than thirty years. He was succeeded by his brother Ishcatape, the wicked chief, a name given him by the Omahas, or Pawnee Mahas, and which also has been applied by some to the subject of this notice.

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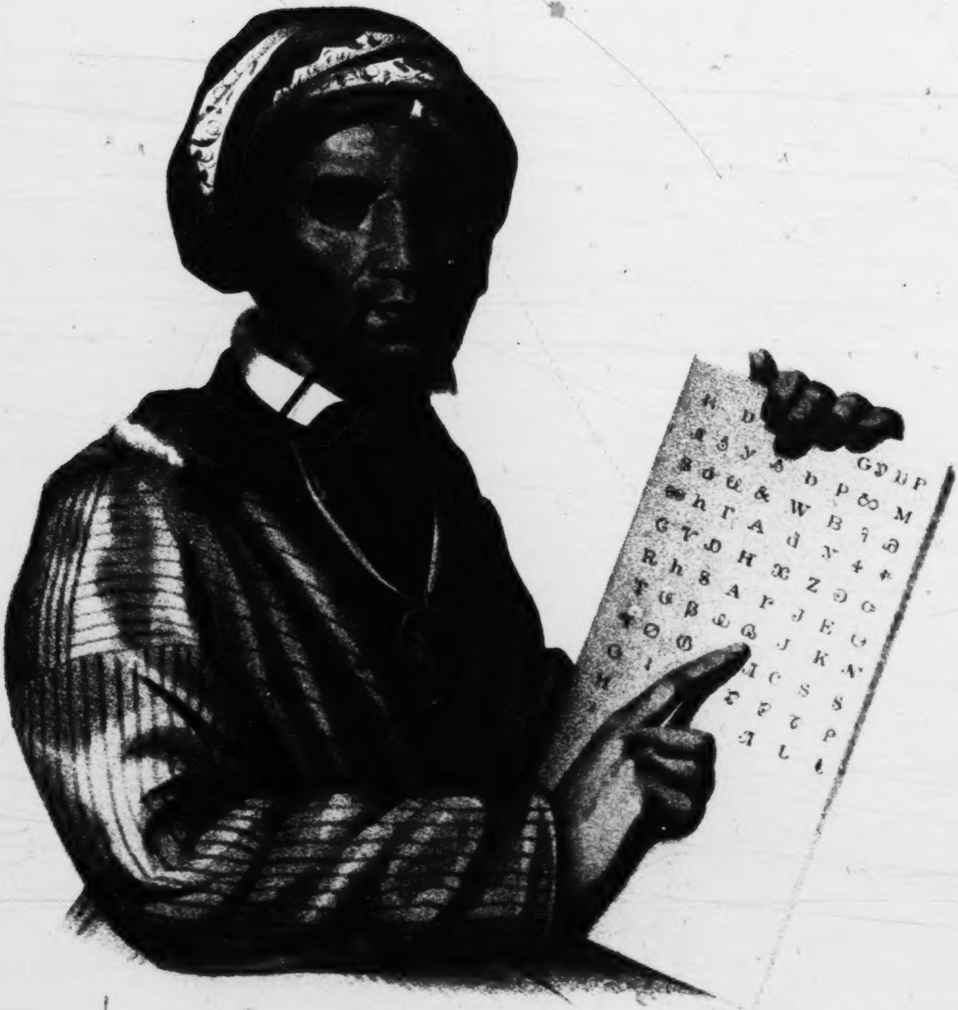

SE-QUO-YAH,

Nº5

INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET

SEQUOYAH,

THE INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET

THE portrait of this remarkable individual is one of great interest. It presents a mild, engaging countenance, entirely destitute of that wild and fierce expression which almost invariably marks the features, or characterizes the expression of the American Indians and their descendants. It exhibits no trace of the ferocity of the savage; it wants alike the vigilant eye of the warrior and the stupid apathy of the less intellectual of that race. The contour of the face, and the whole style of the expression, as well as the dress, are decidedly Asiatic, and might be triumphantly cited in evidence of the oriental origin of our tribes, by those who maintain that plausible theory. It is not merely intelligent and thoughtful, but there are almost a feminine refinement and a luxurious softness about it, which might characterize the features of an eastern sage, accustomed to ease and indolence, but are little indicative of an American origin, or of a mind formed among the wilds of our western frontier.

At an early period in the settlement of our colonies, the Cherokees received with hospitality the white men who went among them as traders; and having learned the value of articles of European fabric, became, in some measure, dependent upon this traffic. Like other Indians they engaged in hostilities against us, when it suited their convenience, or when stimulated by caprice or the love of plunder. But as our settlements approached, and finally surrounded them they were alike induced by policy, and compelled by their situation, to desist from their predatory mode of life, and became, comparatively, inoffensive neighbors to the whites. The larger number continued to subsist by hunting, while a few engaged in agriculture. Inhabiting a fertile country, in a southern climate within the limits of Georgia, their local position held out strong temptations to white men to settle among them as traders, and many availed themselves of these advantages. With the present object of carrying on a profitable traffic, and the ulterior view of acquiring titles to large bodies of land, they took up their residence among the Indians, and intermarried with the females of that race. Some of these were prudent, energetic men, who made themselves respected, and acquired influence, which enabled them to rank as head men, and to transmit the authority of chiefs to their descendants. Many of them became planters, and grew wealthy in horses and cattle, and in negro slaves, which they purchased in the southern states. The only art, however, which they introduced, was that of agriculture; and this but few of the Indians had the industry to learn and practise. further than in the rude cultivation of small fields of corn by the squaws.

In this condition they were found by the missionaries who were sent to establish schools, and to introduce the Gospel. The half-breeds had now become numerous; many of them were persons of influence, using with equal facility the respective tongues of their civilized and savage ancestors, and desirous of procuring for their children the advantages they had but partially enjoyed themselves. By them the missionaries were favorably received, their exertions encouraged, and their schools sustained; but the great mass of the Cherokees were as little improved by these as other portions of the race have been by similar attempts.

Sequoyah, or, as he was commonly called, George Guess, is the son of a white man, named Gist, and of a female who was of the mixed blood. The latter was perfectly untaught and illiterate, having been reared in the wigwam in the laborious and servile habits of the Indian women. She soon became either a widow or a neglected wife, for in the infancy of George, we hear nothing of the father, while the mother is known to have lived alone, managing her little property, and maintaining herself by her own exertions. That she was a woman of some capacity, is evident from the undeviating affection for herself with which she inspired her son, and the influence she exercised over him, for the Indians have naturally but little respect for their female relations, and are early taught to despise the character and the occupations of women. Sequoyah seems to have had no relish for the rude sports of the Indian boys, for when quite young he would often stroll off alone into the woods, and employ himself in building little houses with sticks, evincing thus early an ingenuity which directed itself towards mechanical labors. At length, while yet a small boy, he went to work of his own accord, and built a milk-house for his mother. Her property consisted chiefly in horses and cattle, that roamed in the woods, and of which she owned a considerable number. To these he next turned his attention, and became expert in milking the cows, straining the milk, and putting it away with all the care and neatness of an experienced dairyman. He took care of the cattle and horses, and when he grew to a sufficient size, would break the colts to the saddle and harness. Their farm comprised only about eight acres of cleared ground, which he planted in corn, and cultivated with the hoe. His mother was much pleased with the skill and industry of her son, while her neighbors regarded him as a youth of uncommon capacity and steadiness. In addition to her rustic employments, the active mother opened a small traffic with the hunters, and Sequoyah, now a hardy stripling, would accompany these rough men to the woods, to make selections of skins, and bring them home. While thus engaged he became himself an expert hunter; and thus added, by his own exertions, to the slender income of his mother. When we recollect that men who live on a thinly populated frontier, and especially savages, incline to athletic exercises, to loose habits, and to predatory lives, we recognize in these pursuits of the young Sequoyah, the indications of a pacific disposition, and of a mind elevated above the sphere in which he was placed. Under more favorable circumstances he would have risen to a high rank among intellectual men.

The tribe to which he belonged, being in the habit of wearing silver ornaments, such as bracelets, arm-bands, and broaches, it occurred to the inventive mind of Sequoyah, to endeavor to manufacture them; and without any instruction he commenced the labors of a silversmith, and soon became an expert artisan. In his intercourse with white men he had become aware that they possessed an art, by means of which a name could be impressed upon a hard substance, so as to be comprehended at a glance, by any who were acquainted with this singular invention; and being desirous of identifying his own work, he requested Charles Hicks, afterwards a chief of the Cherokees, to write his name. Hicks, who was a half-blood, and had been taught to write, complied with his desire, but spelled the name George Guess, in conformity with its usual pronunciation, and this has continued to be the mode of writing it. Guess now made a *die*, containing a *fac-simile* of his name, as written by Hicks, with which he stamped his name upon the articles which he fabricated.

He continued to employ himself in this business for some years, and in the meanwhile turned his attention to the art of drawing. He made sketches of horses, cattle, deer, houses, and other familiar objects, which at first were as rude as those which the Indians draw upon their dressed skins, but which improved so rapidly as to present, at length, very tolerable resemblances of the figures intended to be copied. He had, probably, at this time, never seen a picture or an engraving, but was led to these exercises by the stirrings of an innate propensity for the imitative arts. He became extremely popular. Amiable, accommodating, and unassuming, he displayed an industry uncommon among his people, and a genius which elevated him in their eyes into a prodigy. They flocked to him from the neighborhood, and from distant settlements, to witness his skill, and to give him employment; and the untaught Indian gazed with astonishment at one of his own race who had spontaneously caught the spirit, and was rivalling the ingenuity of the civilized man. The females, especially, were attracted by his manners and his skill, and lavished upon him an admiration which distinguished him as the chief favorite of those who are ever quick-sighted in discovering the excellent qualities of the other sex.

These attentions were succeeded by their usual consequences. Genius is generally united with ambition, which loves applause, and is open to flattery. Guess was still young, and easily seduced by adulation. His circle of acquaintance became enlarged, the young men courted his friendship, and much of his time was occupied in receiving visits, and discharging the duties of hospitality. On the frontier there is but one mode of evincing friendship or repaying civility—drinking is the universal pledge of cordiality, and Guess considered it necessary to regale his visitors with ardent spirits. At first his practice was to place the bottle before his friends, and leave them to enjoy it, under some plea of business or disinclination. An innate dread of intemperance, or a love of industry, preserved him for some time from the seductive example of his revelling companions. But his caution subsided by degrees, and he was at last prevailed upon to join in the bacchanalian orgies provided by the fruits of his own industry. His laborious habits, thus broken in upon, soon became undermined, his liberality increased, and the number of his friends was rapidly enlarged. He would now purchase a keg of whisky at a time, and, retiring with his companions to a secluded place in the woods, become a willing party to those boisterous scenes of mad intoxication which form the sole object and the entire sum of an Indian revel. The common effect of drinking, upon the savage, is to increase his ferocity, and sharpen his brutal appetite for blood; the social and enlivening influence ascribed to the cup by the Anacreontic song, forms no part of his experience. Drunkenness, and not companionship, is the purpose in view, and his deep potations, imbibed in gloomy silence, stir up the latent passions that he is trained to conceal, but not to subdue. In this respect, as in most others, Sequoyah differed from his race. The inebriating draught, while it stupefied his intellect, warmed and expanded his benevolence, and made him the best natured of sots. Under its influence he gave advice to his comrades, urging them to forgive injuries, to live in peace, and to abstain from giving offence to the whites, or to each other. When his companions grew quarrelsome, he would sing songs to amuse them, and while thus musically employed would often fall asleep.

Guess was in a fair way of becoming an idle, a harmless, and a useless vagabond; but there was a redeeming virtue in his mind, which enabled it to react against temptation. His vigorous intellect foresaw the evil tendencies of idleness and dissipation, and becoming weary of a life so uncongenial with his natural disposition, he all at once gave up drinking, and took up the trade of a blacksmith. Here, as in other cases, he was his own instructor, and his first task was to make for himself a pair of bellows; having effected which, he proceeded to make hoes, axes, and other of the most simple implements of agriculture. Before he went to work, in the year 1820, he paid a visit to some friends residing at a Cherokee village on the Tennessee river, during which a conversation occurred on the subject of the art of writing. The Indians, keen and quick-sighted with regard to all the prominent points of difference between themselves and the whites, had not failed to remark, with great curiosity and surprise, the fact that what was written by one person was understood by another, to whom it was delivered, at any distance of time or place. This mode of communicating thoughts, or of recording facts, has always been the subject of much inquiry among them; the more intelligent have sometimes attempted to detect the imposition, if any existed, by showing the same writing to different persons; but finding the result to be uniform, have become satisfied that the white men possess a faculty unknown to the Indians, and which they suppose to be the effect of sorcery, or some other supernatural cause. In the conversation alluded to, great stress was laid on this power of the white man—on his ability to put his thoughts on paper, and send them afar off to speak for him, as if he who wrote them was present. There was a general expression of astonishment at the ingenuity of the whites, or rather at their possession of what most of those engaged in the conversation considered as a distinct faculty, or sense, and the drift of the discussion turned upon the inquiry whether it was a faculty of the mind, a gift of the Great Spirit, or a mere imposture. Guess, who had listened in silence, at length remarked, that he did not regard it as being so very extraordinary. He considered it an art, and not a gift of the Great Spirit, and he believed he could invent a plan by which the red men could do the same thing. He had heard of a man who had made marks on a rock, which other white men interpreted, and he thought he could also make marks which would be intelligible. He then took up a whetstone, and began to scratch figures on it with a pin, remarking, that he could teach the Cherokees to talk on paper like white men. The company laughed heartily, and Guess remained silent during the remainder of the evening. The subject that had been discussed was one upon which he had long and seriously reflected, and he listened with interest to every conversation which elicited new facts, or drew out the opinions of other men. The next morning he again employed himself in making marks upon the whetstone, and repeated, that he was satisfied he could invent characters, by the use of which the Cherokees could learn to read.

Full of this idea, he returned to his own home, at Will's town, in Will's valley, on the southern waters of the Coosa river, procured paper, which he made into a book, and commenced making characters. His reflections on the subject had led him to the conclusion, that the letters used in writing represented certain words or ideas, and being uniform, would always convey to the reader the same idea intended by the writer—provided the system of characters which had been taught to each was the same. His project, therefore, was to invent characters which should represent words; but after proceeding laboriously for a considerable time, in prosecution of this plan, he found that it would require too many characters, and that it would be difficult to give the requisite variety to so great a number, or to commit them to memory after they should be invented. But his time was not wasted; the dawn of a great discovery was breaking upon his vision; and although he now saw the light but dimly, he was satisfied that it was rapidly increasing. He had imagined the idea of an alphabet, and convinced himself of the practicability of framing one to suit his own language. If it be asked why he did not apply to a white man to be taught the use of the alphabet already in existence, rather than resort to the hopeless task of inventing another, we reply, that he probably acted upon the same principle which had induced him to construct, instead of buying, a pair of bellows, and had led him to teach himself the art of the blacksmith, in preference to applying to others for instruction. Had he sought information, it is not certain he could have obtained it, for he was surrounded by Indians as illiterate as himself, and by whites who were but little better informed; and he was possessed, besides, of that self-reliance which renders genius available, and which enabled him to appeal with confidence to the resources of his own mind. He now conceived the plan of making characters to represent sounds, out of which words might be compounded—a system in which single letters should stand for syllables. Acting upon this idea, with his usual perseverance, he worked diligently until he had invented eighty-six characters, and then considered that he had completely attained his object.

While thus engaged he was visited by one of his intimate friends, who told him he came to beg him to quit his design, which had made him a laughing-stock to his people, who began to consider him a fool. Sequoyah replied, that he was acting upon his own responsibility, and as that which he had undertaken was a personal matter, which would make fools of none beside himself, he should persevere.

Being confirmed in the belief that his eighty-six characters, with their combinations, embraced the whole Cherokee language, he taught them to his little daughter, *Ahyokah*, then about six years of age. After this he made a visit to Colonel Lowry, to whom, although his residence was but three miles distant, he had never mentioned the design which had engaged his constant attention for about three years. But this gentleman had learned, from the tell-tale voice of rumor, the manner in which his ingenious neighbor was employed, had regretted the supposed misapplication of his time, and participated in the general sentiment of derision with which the whole community regarded the labors of the once popular artisan, but now despised alphabet maker. "Well," said Colonel Lowry, "I suppose you have been engaged in making marks." "Yes," replied Guess; "when a talk is made and put down, it is good to look at it afterwards." Colonel Lowry suggested, that Guess might have deceived himself, and that, having a good memory, he might recollect what he had intended to write, and suppose he was reading it from the paper. "Not so," rejoined Guess; "I read it."

The next day Colonel Lowry rode over to the house of Guess, when the latter requested his little daughter to repeat the alphabet. The child, without hesitation, recited the characters, giving to each the sound which the inventor had assigned to it, and performing the task with such ease and rapidity that the astonished visitor, at its conclusion, uttered the common expression—"Yoh!" with which the Cherokees express surprise. Unwilling, however, to yield too ready an assent to that which he had ridiculed, he added, "It sounds like Muscogee, or the Creek language;" meaning to convey the idea that the sounds did not resemble the Cherokee. Still there was something strange in it. He could not permit himself to believe that an illiterate Indian had invented an alphabet, and perhaps was not sufficiently skilled in philology to bestow a very careful investigation upon the subject. But his attention was arrested; he made some further inquiry, and began to doubt whether Sequoyah was the deluded schemer which others thought him.

The truth was, that the most complete success had attended this extraordinary attempt, and George Guess was the Cadmus of his race. Without advice, assistance, or encouragement—ignorant alike of books and of the various arts by which knowledge is disseminated—with no prompter but his own genius, and no guide but the light of reason, he had formed an alphabet for a rude dialect, which, until then, had been an unwritten tongue! It is only necessary to state, in general, that, subsequently, the invention of Guess was adopted by intelligent individuals engaged in the benevolent attempt to civilize the Cherokees, and it was determined to prepare types for the purpose of printing books in that tongue. Experience demonstrated that Guess had proved himself successful, and he is now justly esteemed the Cadmus of his race. The conception and execution are wholly his own. Some of the characters are in form like ours of the English alphabet; they were copied from an old spelling-book that fell in his way, but have none of the powers or sounds of the letters thus copied. The following are the characters systematically arranged with the sounds.

Ꭰ a	Ꭱ e	Ꭲ i	Ꭳ o	Ꭴ u	Ꭵ y
Ꭶ ga Ꭷ ka	Ꭸ ge	Ꭹ gi	Ꭺ go	Ꭻ gu	Ꭼ gv
Ꭽ ha	Ꭾ he	Ꭿ hi	Ꮀ ho	Ꮁ hu	Ꮂ hv
Ꮃ la	Ꮄ le	Ꮅ li	Ꮆ lo	Ꮇ lu	Ꮈ lv
Ꮉ ma	Ꮊ me	Ꮋ mi	Ꮌ mo	Ꮍ mu	
Ꮎ na Ꮏ hna Ꮐ nah	Ꮑ ne	Ꮒ ni	Ꮓ no	Ꮔ nu	Ꮕ nv
Ꮖ qua	Ꮗ que	Ꮘ qui	Ꮙ quo	Ꮚ quu	Ꮛ quv

Ꮜ s Ꮝ sv	Ꮞ se	Ꮟ si	Ꮠ so	Ꮡ su	Ꮢ sv
Ꮣ dw Ꮤ ta	Ꮥ de Ꮦ te	Ꮧ di Ꮨ tih	Ꮩ do	Ꮪ du	Ꮫ dv
Ꮬ dla Ꮭ tla	Ꮮ tle	Ꮯ tli	Ꮰ tlo	Ꮱ tlu	Ꮲ tlv
Ꮳ tsa	Ꮴ tse	Ꮵ tsi	Ꮶ tso	Ꮷ tsu	Ꮸ tsv
Ꮹ wa	Ꮺ we	Ꮻ wi	Ꮼ wo	Ꮽ wu	Ꮾ wv
Ꮿ ya	Ᏸ ye	Ᏹ yi	Ᏺ yo	Ᏻ yu	Ᏼ yv

SOUNDS REPRESENTED BY VOWELS.

a as *a* in *father*, or short as *a* in *rival*,
e as *a* in *hate*, or short as *e* in *met*,
i as *i* in *pique*, or short as *i* in *pit*,
o as *aw* in *law*, or short as *o* in *not*,
u as *oo* in *fool*, or short as *u* in *pull*,
v as *u* in *but*, nasalized.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

g nearly as in English, but approaching to k. d nearly as in English, but approaching to t. h, k, l, m, n, q, s, t, w, y, as in English.

Syllables beginning with g, except Ꭶ, have sometimes the power of k; Ꮩ, Ꮪ, Ꮫ, are sometimes sounded to, tu, tv; and syllables written with tl, except Ꮭ, sometimes vary to dl.

Guess completed his work in 1821. Several of his maternal uncles were at that time distinguished men among the Cherokees. Among them was *Keahatahee*, who presided over the beloved town, *Echota*, the town of refuge, and who was one of two chiefs who were killed by a party of fourteen people, while under the protection of a white flag, at that celebrated place. One of these persons observed to him, soon after he had made his discovery, that he had been taught by the Great Spirit. Guess replied, that he had taught himself. He had the good sense not to arrogate to himself any extraordinary merit, in a discovery which he considered as the result of an application of plain principles. Having accomplished the great design, he began to instruct others, and after teaching many to read and write, and establishing his reputation, he left the Cherokee nation in 1822, and went on a visit to Arkansas, where he taught those of his tribe who had emigrated to that country. Shortly after, and before his return home, a correspondence was opened between the Cherokees of the west and those of the east of the Mississippi, in the Cherokee language. In 1823, he determined to emigrate to the west of the Mississippi. In the autumn of the same year, the general council of the Cherokee nation passed a resolution, awarding to Guess a silver medal, in token of their regard for his genius, and of their gratitude for the eminent service he rendered to his people. The medal, which was made at Washington city, bore on one side two pipes, on the other a head, with this inscription—"Presented to George Gist, by the General Council of the Cherokee nation, for his ingenuity in the invention of the Cherokee Alphabet." The inscription was the same on both sides, except that on one it was in English, and on the other in Cherokee, and in the characters invented by Guess. It was intended that this medal should be presented at a council, but two of the chiefs dying, John Ross, who was now the principal chief, being desirous of the honor and gratification of making the presentation, and not knowing when Guess might return to the nation, sent it to him with a written address.

Guess has never since revisited that portion of his nation which remains upon their ancient hunting-grounds, east of the Mississippi. In 1828, he was deputed as one of a delegation from the western Cherokees, to visit the President of the United States, at Washington, when the likeness which we have copied was taken.

The name which this individual derived from his father was, as we have seen, George Gist; his Indian name, given him by his mother, or her tribe, is Sequoyah; but we have chosen to use chiefly in this article, that by which he is popularly known—George Guess.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

TENS-KWAU-TA-WAW.

N°6

THE PROPHET

TENSKWAUTAWAW.

This individual is a person of slender abilities, who acquired great celebrity from the circumstances in which he happened to be placed, and from his connection with the distinguished Tecumthé, his brother. Of the latter, unfortunately, no portrait was ever taken; and, as the two brothers acted in concert in the most important events of their lives, we shall embrace what we have to say of both, in the present article.

We have received, through the politeness of a friend, a narrative of the history of these celebrated Indians, dictated by the Prophet himself, and accurately written down at the moment. It is valuable as a curious piece of autobiography, coming from an unlettered savage, of a race remarkable for tenacity of memory, and for the fidelity with which they preserve and transmit their traditions, among themselves; while it is to be received with great allowance, in consequence of the habit of exaggeration which marks the communications of that people to strangers. In their intercourse with each other, truth is esteemed and practised; but, with the exception of a few high minded men, little reliance is to be placed upon any statement made by an Indian to a white man. The same code which inculcates an inviolable faith among themselves, justifies any deception towards an enemy, or one of an alien race, for which a sufficient motive may be held out. We know, too, that barbarous nations, in all ages, have evinced a decided propensity for the marvellous, which has been especially indulged in tracing the pedigree of a family, or the origin of a nation. With this prefatory caution, we proceed to give the story of Tenskwautawaw, as related by himself—compiled, however, in our own language, from the loose memoranda of the original transcriber.

His paternal grandfather was a Creek, who, at a period which is not defined in the manuscript before us, went to one of the southern cities, either Savannah or Charleston, to hold a council with the English governor, whose daughter was present at some of the interviews. This young lady had conceived a violent admiration for the Indian character; and, having determined to bestow herself upon some "warlike lord" of the forest, she took this occasion to communicate her partiality to her father. The next morning, in the council, the governor inquired of the Indians which of them was the most expert hunter; and the grandfather of Tecumthé, then a young and handsome man, who sat modestly in a retired part of the room, was pointed out to him. When the council broke up for the day, the governor asked his daughter if she was really so partial to the Indians as to prefer selecting a husband from among them; and finding that she persisted in this singular predilection, he directed her attention to the young Creek warrior, for whom, at first sight, she avowed a decided attachment. On the following morning the governor announced to the Creeks, that his daughter was disposed to marry one of their number; and, having pointed out the individual, added, that his consent would be given. The chiefs, at first, very naturally, doubted whether the governor was in earnest; but, upon his assuring them that he was sincere, they advised the young man to embrace the lady and her offer. He was not so ungallant as to refuse; and, having consented to the fortune that was thus buckled on him, was immediately taken to another apartment, where he was disrobed of his Indian costume by a train of black servants, washed, and clad in a new suit, and the marriage ceremony was immediately performed.

At the close of the council the Creeks returned home, but the young hunter remained with his wife. He amused himself in hunting, in which he was very successful, and was accustomed to take a couple of black servants with him, who seldom failed to bring in large quantities of game. He lived among the whites, until his wife had borne him two daughters and a son. Upon the birth of the latter, the governor went to see his grandson, and was so well pleased that he called his friends together, and caused thirty guns to be fired. When the boy was seven or eight years old the father died, and the governor took charge of the child, who was often visited by the Creeks. At the age of ten or twelve he was permitted to accompany the Indians to their nation, where he spent some time; and, two years after, he again made a long visit to the Creeks, who then, with a few Shawanoes, lived on a river called Pauseekoalaakee, and began to adopt their dress and customs. They gave him an Indian name, Pukeshinwau, which means, *something that drops down;* and, after learning their language, he became so much attached to the Indian mode of life, that, when the governor sent for him, he refused to return. He married a Creek woman, but afterwards discarded her, and united himself with Methoataaskee, a Shawanoe, who was the mother of Tecumthé, and our narrator, the Prophet. The oldest son by this marriage was Cheeseekau; and, six years afterwards, a daughter was born, who was called Menewaulaakoosee; then a son, called Sauawaseekau, soon after whose birth, the Shawanoes determined to remove to other hunting-grounds. His wife, being unwilling to separate from her tribe, Pukeshinwau accompanied them, after first paying a visit to his grandfather. At parting, the governor gave him a written paper, and told him, that upon showing it at any time to the Americans, they would grant any request which he might make—but that he need not show it to French traders, as it would only vex them, and make them exclaim, *sacre Dieu* His family, with about half the Shawanoes, then removed to old Chilicothe; the other half divided again, a part remaining with the Creeks, and the remainder going beyond the Mississippi. Tecumthé was born on the journey. Pukeshinwau was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant, in the autumn of 1774, and the Prophet was born the following winter.

The fourth child of this family was Tecumthé—the fifth, Nehaaseemoo, a boy—and the sixth, the Prophet, whose name was, originally, Laulewaasikaw, but was changed, when he assumed his character of Prophet, to Tenskwautawaw, or the *Open door*. Tecumthé was ten years older than the Prophet; the latter was one of three brothers, born at a birth, one of whom died immediately after birth, while the other, whose name was Kumskaukau, lived until a few years ago. The eldest brother had a daughter, who, as well as a daughter of Tecumthé, is living beyond the Mississippi. No other descendant of the family remains, except a son of Tecumthé, who now lives with the Prophet.

Fabulous as the account of the origin of this family undoubtedly is, the Prophet's information as to the names and ages of his brothers and sisters may be relied upon as accurate, and as affording a complete refutation of the common report, which represents Tenskwautawaw and Tecumthé as the offspring of the same birth.

The early life of the Prophet was not distinguished by any important event, nor would his name ever have been known to fame, but for his connection with his distinguished brother. Tecumthé was a person of commanding talents, who gave early indications of a genius of a superior order.* While a boy he was a leader among his playmates, and was in the habit of arranging them in parties for the purpose of fighting sham battles. At this early age his vigilance, as well as his courage, is said to have been remarkably developed in his whole deportment. One only exception is reported to have occurred, in which this leader, like the no less illustrious Red Jacket, stained his youthful character by an act of pusillanimity. At the age of fifteen he went, for the first time, into battle, under the charge of his elder brother, and at the commencement of the engagement ran off, completely panic-stricken. This event, which may be considered as remarkable, in the life of an individual so conspicuous through his whole after career for daring intrepidity, occurred on the banks of Mad River, near the present site of Dayton. But Tecumthé possessed too much pride, and too strong a mind, to remain long under the disgrace incurred by a momentary weakness, and he shortly afterwards distinguished himself in an attack on some boats descending the Ohio. A prisoner, taken on this occasion, was burnt, with all the horrid ceremonies attendant upon this dreadful exhibition of savage ferocity; and Tecumthé, shocked at a scene so unbecoming the character of the warrior, expressed his abhorrence in terms so strong and eloquent, that the whole party came to the resolution that they would discontinue the practice of torturing the prisoners at the stake. A more striking proof of the genius of Tecumthé could not be given; it must have required no small degree of independence and strength of mind, to enable an Indian to arrive at a conclusion so entirely at variance with all the established usages of his people; nor could he have impressed others with his own novel opinions without the exertion of great powers of argument. He remained firm in the benevolent resolution thus early formed; but we are unable to say how far his example conduced to the extirpation of the horrid rite to which we have alluded, and which is now seldom, if at all, practised. Colonel Crawford, who was burned in 1782, is the last victim to the savage propensity for revenge, who is known to have suffered this cruel torture.

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* For most of our facts, in relation to Tecumthé, we are indebted to Benjamin Drake, Esq., of Cincinnati, who is preparing an extended memoir of that chief. Should he complete the work, it will, doubtless, be compiled with accuracy and written with elegance.

Tecumthé seems to have been connected with his own tribe by slender ties, or to have had a mind so constituted as to raise him above the partialities and prejudices of clanship, which are usually so deeply rooted in the Indian breast. Throughout his life he was always acting in concert with tribes other than his own. In 1789, he removed, with a party of Kickapoos, to the Cherokee country; and, shortly after, joined the Creeks, who were then engaged in hostilities with the whites. In these wars, Tecumthé became distinguished, often leading war parties—sometimes attacked in his camp, but always acquitting himself with ability. On one occasion, when surrounded in a swamp, by superior numbers, he relieved himself by a masterly charge on the whites; through whose ranks he cut his way with desperate courage. He returned to Ohio immediately after Harmer's defeat, in 1791; he headed a party sent out to watch the movements of St. Clair, while organizing his army, and is supposed to have participated in the active and bloody scenes which eventuated in the destruction of that ill-starred expedition.

In 1792, Tecumthé, with ten men, was attacked by twenty-eight whites, under the command of the celebrated Simon Kenton, and, after a spirited engagement, the latter were defeated; and, in 1793, he was again successful in repelling an attack by a party of whites, whose numbers were superior to his own.

The celebrated victory of General Wayne, in which a large body of Indians, well organized, and skilfully led, was most signally defeated, took place in 1794, and produced an entire change in the relations then existing between the American people and the aborigines, by crushing the power of the latter at a single blow, and dispersing the elements of a powerful coalition of the tribes. In that battle, Tecumthe led a party, and was with the advance which met the attack of the infantry, and bore the brunt of the severest fighting. When the Indians, completely overpowered, were compelled to retreat, Tecumthé, with two or three others, rushed on a small party of their enemies, who had a fieldpiece in charge, drove them from the gun, and cutting loose the horses, mounted them, and fled to the main body of the Indians.

In 1795 Tecumthé again raised a war party, nd, for the first time, styled himself a chief, although he was never regularly raised to that dignity; and, in the following year, he resided in Ohio, near Piqua. Two years afterwards, he joined the Delawares, in Indiana, on White river, and continued to reside with them for seven years.

About the year 1806, this highly-gifted warrior began to exhibit the initial movements of his great plan for expelling the whites from the valley of the Mississippi. The Indians had, for a long series of years, witnessed with anxiety the encroachments of a population superior to themselves in address, in war, and in all the arts of civil life, until, having been driven beyond the Alleghany ridge, they fancied that nature had interposed an impassable barrier between them and their oppressors. They were not, however, suffered to repose long in this imaginary security. A race of hardy men, led on step by step in the pursuit of game, and in search of fertile lands, pursued the footsteps of the savage through the fastnesses of the mountains, and explored those broad and prolific plains, which had been spoken of before, in reports supposed to be partly fabulous, but which were now found to surpass in extent, and in the magnificence of their scenery and vegetation, all that travellers had written, or the most credulous had imagined. Individuals and colonies began to emigrate, and the Indians saw that again they were to be dispossessed of their choicest hunting-grounds. Wars followed, the history of which we have not room to relate—wars of the most unsparing character, fought with scenes of hardy and romantic valor, and with the most heart-rending incidents of domestic distress. The vicissitudes of these hostilities were such as alternately to flatter and alarm each party; but as year after year rolled away, the truth became rapidly developed, that the red men were dwindling and receding, while the descendants of the Europeans were increasing in numbers, and pressing forward with gigantic footsteps. Coalitions of the tribes began to be formed, but they were feebly organized, and briefly united. A common cause roused all the tribes to hostility, and the whole frontier presented scenes of violence. Harmer, St. Clair, and other gallant leaders, sent to defend the settlements, were driven back by the irritated savages, who refused to treat on any other condition than that which should establish a boundary to any farther advance of the whites. Their first hope was to exclude the latter from the valley of the Mississippi; but, driven from this position by the rapid settlement of western Pennsylvania and Virginia, they assumed the Ohio river as their boundary, and proposed to make peace with General Wayne, on his agreeing to that stream as a permanent line between the red and white men. After their defeat by that veteran leader, all negotiation for a permanent boundary ceased, the tribes dispersed, each to fight its own wars, and to strike for plunder or revenge, as opportunity might offer.

Tecumthé seems to have been, at this time, the only Indian who had the genius to conceive, and the perseverance to attempt, an extended scheme of warfare against the encroachment of the whites. His plan embraced a general union of all the Indians against all white men, and proposed the entire expulsion of the latter from the valley of the Mississippi. He passed from tribe to tribe, urging the necessity of a combination which should make a common cause; and burying, for a time, all feuds among themselves, wage a general war against the invader who was expelling them, all alike, from their hunting-grounds, and who would not cease to drive them towards the setting sun, until the last remnant f their race should be hurled into the great ocean of the West.

This great warrior had the sagacity to perceive, that the traffic with the whites, by creating new and artificial wants among the Indians, exerted a powerful influence in rendering the latter dependent on the former; and he pointed out to them, in forcible language, the impossibility of carrying on a successful war while they depended on their enemies for the supply of articles which habit was rendering necessary to their existence. He showed the pernicious influence of ardent spirits, the great instrument of savage degradation and destruction; but he also explained, that in using the guns, ammunition, knives, blankets, cloth, and other articles manufactured by the whites, they had raised up enemies in their own wants and appetites, more efficient than the troops of their oppressors. He urged them to return to the simple habits of their fathers—to reject all superfluous ornaments, to dress in skins, and to use such weapons as they could fabricate, or wrest by force from the enemy; and, setting the example, he lived an abstemious life, and sternly rejected the use of articles purchased from the traders.

Tecumthé was not only bold and eloquent, but sagacious and subtle; and he determined to appeal to the prejudices, as well as the reason, of his race. The Indians are very superstitious; vague as their notions are respecting the Deity, they believe in the existence of a *Great Spirit,* to whom they look up with great fear and reverence; and artful men have, from time to time, appeared among them, who have swayed their credulous minds, by means of pretended revelations from Heaven. Seizing upon this trait of the Indian character, the crafty projector of this great revolution prepared his brother, Tenskwautawaw, or Ellsquatawa, (for the name is pronounced both ways,) to assume the character of a Prophet; and, about the year 1806, the latter began to have dreams, and to deliver predictions. His name, which, previous to this time, was Olliwachica, was changed to that by which he was afterwards generally known, and which signifies "*the open* *door*"—by which it was intended to represent him as *the way*, or door, which had been opened for the deliverance of the red people.

Instead of confining these intrigues to their own tribe, a village was established on the Wabash, which soon became known as the ***Prophet's town***, and was for many years the chief scene of the plots formed against the peace of the frontier. Here the Prophet denounced the white man, and invoked the malediction of the Great Spirit upon the recreant Indian who should live in friendly intercourse with the hated race. Individuals from different tribes in that region—Miamis, Weas, Piankashaws, Kickapoos, Delawares, and Shawanoes collected around him, and were prepared to execute his commands. The Indians thus assembled, were by no means the most reputable or efficient of their respective tribes, but were the young, the loose, the idle;—and here, as is the case in civilized societies, those who had least to lose were foremost in jeoparding the blood and property of the whole people. The chiefs held back, and either opposed the Prophet or stood uncommitted. They had, doubtless, intelligence enough to know that he was an impostor; nor were they disposed to encourage the brothers in assuming to be leaders, and in the acquisition of authority which threatened to rival their own. Indeed, all that portion of the surrounding tribes which might be termed the *aristocratic*, the chiefs and their relatives, the aged men and distinguished warriors, stood aloof from a conspiracy which seemed desperate and hopeless, while the younger warriors listened with credulity to the Prophet, and were kindled into ardor by the eloquence of Tecumthé. The latter continued to travel from tribe to tribe, pursuing the darling object of his life, with incessant labor, commanding respect by the dignity and manliness of his character, and winning adherents by the boldness of his public addresses, as well as by the subtlety with which, in secret, he appealed to individual interest or passion.

This state of things continued for several years. Most of the Indian tribes were ostensibly at peace with the United States; but the tribes, though unanimous in their hatred against the white people, were divided in opinion as to the proper policy to be pursued, and distracted by intestine conflicts. The more prudent deprecated an open rupture with our government, which would deprive them of their annuities, their traffic, and the presents which flowed in upon them periodically, while the great mass thirsted for revenge and plunder. The British authorities in Canada, alarmed at the rapid spread of our settlements, dispersed their agents along the frontier, and industriously fomented these jealousies. Small parties of Indians scoured the country, committing thefts and murders—unacknowledged by their tribes, but undoubtedly approved, if not expressly sanctioned, at their council fires.

The Indiana territory having been recently organized, and Governor Harrison being invested with the office of superintendent of Indian affairs, it became his duty to hold frequent treaties with the Indians; and, on these occasions, Tecumthé and the Prophet were prominent men. The latter is described as the most graceful and agreeable of Indian orators; he was easy, subtle, and insinuating—not powerful, but persuasive in argument; and, it was remarked, that he never spoke when Tecumthé was present. He was the instrument, and Tecumthé the master-spirit, the bold warrior, the able, eloquent, fearless speaker, who, in any assembly of his own race, awed all around him by the energy of his character, and stood forward as the leading individual.

The ground assumed by these brothers was, that all previous treaties between the Indians and the American government were invalid, having been made without authority. They asserted that the lands inhabited by the Indians, belonged to all the tribes indiscriminately—that the Great Spirit had given them to *the Indians* for hunting-grounds—that each tribe had a right to certain tracts of country so long as they occupied them, but no longer—that if one tribe moved away, another might take possession; and they contended for a kind of entail, which prevented any tribe from alienating that to which he had only a present possessory right. They insisted, therefore, that no tribe had authority to transfer any soil to the whites, without the assent of all; and that, consequently, all the treaties that had been made were void. It was in support of these plausible propositions that Tecumthé made his best speeches, and showed especially his knowledge of human nature, by his artful appeals to the prejudices of the Indians. He was, when he pleased to be so, a great demagogue; and when he condescended to court the people, was eminently successful. In his public harangues he acted on this principle; and, while he was ostensibly addressing the governor of Indiana, or the chiefs who sat in council, his speeches, highly inflammatory, yet well digested, were all, in fact, directed to the multitude. It was on such an occasion that, in ridiculing the idea of selling a country, he broke out in the exclamation—"Sell a country! why not sell the air, the clouds, and the great sea, as well as the earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them all for the use of his children?"

We select the following passages from the "Memoirs of General Harrison."

"In 1809, Governor Harrison purchased from the Delawares, Miamis, and Potawatimies, a large tract of country on both sides of the Wabash, and extending up that river about sixty miles above Vincennes. Tecumthé was absent, and his brother, not feeling himself interested, made no opposition to the treaty; but the former, on his return, expressed great dissatisfaction, and threatened some of the chiefs with death, who had made the treaty. Governor Harrison, hearing of his displeasure, despatched a messenger to invite him to come to Vincennes, and to assure him, 'that any claims he might have to the lands which had been ceded, were not affected by the treaty; that he might come to Vincennes and exhibit his pretensions, and if they were found to be valid, the land would be either given up, or an ample compensation made for it.'

"Having no confidence in the faith of Tecumthé, the governor directed that he should not bring with him more than thirty warriors; but he came with four hundred, completely armed. The people of Vincennes were in great alarm, nor was the governor without apprehension that treachery was intended. This suspicion was not diminished by the conduct of the chief, who, on the morning after his arrival, refused to hold the council at the place appointed, under an affected belief that treachery was intended on our side.

"A large portico in front of the governor's house had been prepared for the purpose with seats, as well for the Indians as for the citizens who were expected to attend. When Tecumthé came from his camp, with about forty of his warriors, he stood off, and on being invited by the governor, through an interpreter, to take his seat, refused, observing that he wished the council to be held under the shade of some trees in front of the house. When it was objected that it would be troublesome to remove the seats, he replied, 'that it would only be necessary to remove those intended for the whites—that the red men were accustomed to sit upon the earth, which was their mother, and that they were always happy to recline upon her bosom.'

"At this council, held on the 12th of August, 1810, Tecumthé delivered a speech, of which we find the following report, containing the sentiments uttered, but in a language very different from that of the Indian orator:

"'I have made myself what I am; and I would that I could make the red people as great as the conceptions of my mind, when I think of the Great Spirit that rules over all. I would not then come to Governor Harrison to ask him to tear the treaty; but I would say to him, Brother, you have liberty to return to your own country. Once there was no white man in all this country: then it belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit to keep it, to travel over it, to eat its fruits, and fill it with the same race—once a happy race, but now made miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching. They have driven us from the great salt water, forced us over the mountains, and would shortly push us into the lakes—but we are determined to go no farther. The only way to stop this evil, is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first, and should be now—for it never was divided, but belongs to all. No tribe has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers, who demand all, and will take no less. The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians who had it first—it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all, is not good. The late sale is bad—it was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all.'

"Governor Harrison, in his reply, said, 'that the white people, when they arrived upon this continent, had found the Miamis in the occupation of all the country of the Wabash; and at that time the Shawanese were residents of Georgia, from which they were driven by the Creeks. That the lands had been purchased from the Miamis, who were the true and original owners of it. That it was ridiculous to assert that all the Indians were one nation; for if such had been the intention of the Great Spirit, he would not have put six different tongues into their heads, but would have taught them all to speak one language. That the Miamis had found it for their interest to sell a part of their lands, and receive for them a further annuity, in addition to what they had long enjoyed, and the benefit of which they had experienced, from the punctuality with which the *seventeen fires* complied with their engagements; and that the Shawanese had no right to come from a distant country, to control the Miamis in the disposal of their own property.'

"The interpreter had scarcely finished the explanation of these remarks, when Tecumthé fiercely exclaimed, 'It is false!' and giving a signal to his warriors, they sprang upon their feet, from the green grass on which they were sitting, and seized their war-clubs. The governor, and the small train that surrounded him, were now in imminent danger. He was attended by a few citizens, who were unarmed. A military guard of twelve men, who had been stationed near him, and whose presence was considered rather as an honorary than a defensive measure—being exposed, as it was thought unnecessarily, to the heat of the sun in a sultry August day, had been humanely directed by the governor to remove to a shaded spot at some distance. But the governor, retaining his presence of mind, rose and placed his hand upon his sword, at the same time directing those of his friends and suite who were about him, to stand upon their guard. Tecumthé addressed the Indians in a passionate tone, and with violent gesticulations. Major G. R. C. Floyd, of the U. S. army, who stood near the governor, drew his dirk; Winnemak, a friendly chief, cocked his pistol, and Mr. Winans, a Methodist preacher, ran to the governor's house, seized a gun, and placed himself in the door to defend the family. For a few minutes all expected a bloody rencounter. The guard was ordered up, and would instantly have fired upon the Indians, had it not been for the coolness of Governor Harrison, who restrained them. He then calmly, but authoritatively, told Tecumthé that 'he was a bad man—that he would have no further talk with him—that he must now return to his camp, and take his departure from the settlements immediately.'

"The next morning, Tecumthé having reflected on the impropriety of his conduct, and finding that he had to deal with a man as bold and vigilant as himself, who was not to be daunted by his audacious turbulence, nor circumvented by his specious manœuvres, apologized for the affront he had offered, and begged that the council might be renewed. To this the governor consented, suppressing any feeling of resentment which he might naturally have felt, and determined to leave no exertion untried, to carry into effect the pacific views of the government. It was agreed that each party should have the same attendance as on the previous day; but the governor took the precaution to place himself in an attitude to command respect, and to protect the inhabitants of Vincennes from violence, by ordering two companies of militia to be placed on duty within the village.

"Tecumthé presented himself with the same undaunted bearing which always marked him as a superior man; but he was now dignified and collected, and showed no disposition to resume his former insolent deportment. He disclaimed having entertained any intention of attacking the governor, but said he had been advised by white men to do as he had done. Two white men—British emissaries undoubtedly—had visited him at his place of residence, and told him that half the white people were opposed to the governor, and willing to relinquish the land, and urged him to advise the tribes not to receive pay for it, alleging that the governor would soon be recalled, and a good man put in his place, who would give up the land to the Indians. The governor inquired whether he would forcibly oppose the survey of the purchase. He replied, that he was determined to adhere to the *old boundary.* Then arose a Wyandot, a Kickapoo, a Potawatimie, an Ottawa, and a Winnebago chief, each declaring his determination to stand by Tecumthé. The governor then said, that the words of Tecumthé should be reported to the President, who would take measures to enforce the treaty; and the council ended.

"The governor, still anxious to conciliate the haughty savage, paid him a visit next day at his own camp. He was received with kindness and attention—his uniform courtesy and inflexible firmness having won the respect of the rude warriors of the forest. They conversed for some time, but Tecumthé obstinately adhered to all his former positions; and when Governor Harrison told him that he was sure the President would not yield to his pretensions, the chief replied, 'Well, as the great chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to direct you to give up this land. It is true, he is so far off, he will not be injured by the war. He may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out.'"

The two brothers, who thus acted in concert, though, perhaps, well fitted to act together, in the prosecution of a great plan, were widely different in character. Tecumthé was bold and sagacious—a successful warrior, a fluent orator, a shrewd, cool-headed, able man, in every situation in which he was placed. His mind was expansive and generous. He detested the white man, but it was with a kind of benevolent hatred, based on an ardent love for his own race, and which rather aimed at the elevation of the one than the destruction of the other. He had sworn eternal vengeance against the enemies of his race, and he held himself bound to observe towards them no courtesy, to consent to no measure of conciliation, until the purposes to which he had devoted himself should be accomplished. He was full of enthusiasm, and fertile of expedient. Though his whole career was one struggle against adverse circumstances, he was never discouraged, but sustained himself with a presence of mind, and an equability of temper which showed the real greatness of his character.

The following remarkable circumstance may serve to illustrate the penetration, decision, and boldness of this warrior-chief: He had been down south, to Florida, and succeeded in instigating the Seminoles in particular, and portions of other tribes, to unite in the war on the side of the British. He gave out, that a vessel, on a certain day, commanded by red coats, would be off Florida, filled with guns and ammunition, and supplies for the use of the Indians. That no mistake might happen in regard to the day on which the Indians were to strike, he prepared bundles of sticks—each bundle containing the number of sticks corresponding to the number of days that were to intervene between the day on which they were received, and the day of the general onset. The Indian practice is, to throw away a stick every morning—they make, therefore, no mistake in the time. These sticks Tecumthé caused to be painted red. It was from this circumstance that, in the former Seminole war, these Indians were called "Red Sticks." In all this business of mustering tribes, Tecumthé used great caution. He supposed inquiry would be made as to the object of his visit. That his plans might not be suspected, he directed the Indians to reply to any questions that might be asked about him, by saying, that he had counselled them to cultivate the ground, abstain from ardent spirits, and live in peace with the white people. On his return from Florida, he went among the Creeks, in Alabama, urging them to unite with the Seminoles. Arriving at Tuckhabatchee, a Creek town on the Tallapoosa river, he made his way to the lodge of the chief called the *Big Warrior*. He explained his object; delivered his war-talk—presented a bundle of sticks—gave a piece of wampum and a war-hatchet; all which the Big Warrior took. But Tecumthé, reading the spirit and intentions of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger towards his face, said,—"Your blood is white You have taken my talk, and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall know. I leave Tuckhabatchee directly—and shall go straight to Detroit. When I arrive there, I will stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in Tuckhabatchee." So saying, he turned, and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement, both at his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity would befall them. They met often, and talked over this matter—and counted the days carefully, to know the day when Tecumthé would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon as the day of his arrival at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses—the earth began to shake; when, at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down! The exclamation was in every mouth, "Tecumthé has got to Detroit!" The effect was electric. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that an earthquake had produced all this; but he will be, doubtless, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumthé arrived at Detroit, and in exact fulfilment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of New Madrid, on the Mississippi. We received the foregoing from the lips of the Indians, when we were at Tuckhabatchee, in 1827, and near the residence of the Big Warrior. The anecdote may, therefore, be relied on. Tecumthé's object, doubtless, was, on seeing that he had failed, by the usual appeal to the passions, and hopes, and war spirit of the Indians, to alarm their fears, little dreaming, himself, that on the day named, his threat would be executed with such punctuality and terrible fidelity.

Tecumthé was temperate in his diet, used no ardent spirits, and did not indulge in any kind of excess. Although several times married, he had but one wife at a time, and treated her with uniform kindness and fidelity; and he never evinced any desire to accumulate property, or to gratify any sordid passion. Colonel John Johnston, of Piqua, who knew him well, says, "He was sober and abstemious; never indulging in the use of liquors, nor catering to excess; fluent in conversation, and a great public speaker. He despised dress, and all effeminacy of manners; he was disinterested, hospitable, generous, and humane—the resolute and indefatigable advocate of the rights and independence of the Indians." Stephen Ruddle, a Kentuckian, who was captured by the Indians in childhood, and lived in the family of Tecumthé, says of him, "His talents, rectitude of deportment, and friendly disposition, commanded the respect and regard of all about him;"

and Governor Cass, in speaking of his oratory, says, "It was the utterance of a great mind, roused by the strongest motives of which human nature is susceptible, and developing a power and a labor of reason which commanded the admiration of the civilized, as justly as the confidence and pride of the savage."

The Prophet possessed neither the talents nor the frankness of his brother. As a speaker, he was fluent, smooth, and plausible, and was pronounced by Governor Harrison the most graceful and accomplished orator he had seen among the Indians; but he was sensual, cruel, weak, and timid. Availing himself of the superstitious awe inspired by supposed intercourse with the Great Spirit, he lived in idleness, supported by the presents brought him by his deluded followers. The Indians allow polygamy, but deem it highly discreditable in any one to marry more wives than he can support; and a prudent warrior always regulates the number of his family by his capacity to provide food. Neglecting this rule of propriety, the Prophet had an unusual number of wives, while he made no effort to procure a support for his household, and meanly exacted a subsistence from those who dreaded his displeasure. An impostor in every thing, he seems to have exhibited neither honesty nor dignity of character in any relation of life.

We have not room to detail all the political and military events in which these brothers were engaged, and which have been related in the histories of the times. An account of the battle of Tippecanoe, which took place in 1811, and of the intrigues which led to an engagement so honorable to our arms, would alone fill more space than is allotted to this article. On the part of the Indians it was a fierce and desperate assault, and the defence of the American general was one of the most brilliant and successful in the annals of Indian warfare; but Tecumthé was not engaged in it, and the Prophet, who issued orders from a safe position, beyond the reach of any chance of personal exposure, performed no part honorable to himself, or important to the result. He added cowardice to the degrading traits which had already distinguished his character, and from that time his influence decreased. At the close of the war, in 1814, he had ceased to have any reputation among the Indians.

The latter part of the career of Tecumthé was as brilliant as i was unfortunate. He sustained his high reputation for talent, courage, and good faith, without achieving any advantage for the unhappy race to whose advancement he had devoted his whole life. In the war between the United States and Great Britain, which commenced in 1812, he was an active ally of the latter, and accompanied their armies at the head of large bodies of Indians. He fought gallantly in several engagements, and fell gloriously in the battle of the Thames, where he is supposed, with reason, to have fallen in a personal conflict with Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.

One other trait in the character of this great man deserves to be especially noticed. Though nurtured in the forest, and accustomed through life to scenes of bloodshed, he was humane. While a mere boy, he courageously rescued a woman from the cruelty of her husband, who was beating her, and declared that no man was worthy of the name of a warrior who could raise his hand in anger against a woman. He treated his prisoners with uniform kindness; and, on several occasions, rescued our countrymen from the hands of his enraged followers.

The Prophet was living, when we last heard of him, west of the Mississippi, in obscurity.

YOHOLO MICCO,

No. [illegible]

A CREEK CHIEF

YOHOLO MICCO.

Yoholo Micco was principal chief of the Eufalo town, which lies between Tallassee and Oakfuskee, in the Creek nation, the Tallapoosa river running through it. In the war of 1813–14, he served with McIntosh against the hostile Indians, and shared largely and honorably in all the battles that were fought. His bravery was equalled only by his eloquence, which gained him great distinction. He was the speaker of the Creek nation, as Opothle Yoholo was of the division called the Upper towns, and opened the councils on all occasions.

At the council called in 1827, by the Little Prince, to receive the propositions offered by the government through Colonel M'Kenney, which we have noticed in another place, Yoholo Micco explained the object of the mission, in a manner so clear and pointed as not to be easily forgotten by those who heard him. He rose with the unembarrassed dignity of one who, while he felt the responsibility of his high office, was familiarly versed in its duties, and satisfied of his own ability to discharge it with success. He was not unaware of the delicacy of the subject, nor of the excitable state of the minds to which his argument was to be addressed, and his harangue was artfully suited to the occasion. With the persuasive manner of an accomplished orator, and in the silver tones of a most flexible voice, he placed the subject before his savage audience in all its details and bearings—making his several points with clearness and in order, and drawing out his deductions in the lucid and conclusive manner of a finished rhetorician.

The depertment of this chief was mild, his disposition sincere and generous. He advocated warmly the principles and practices of civilized life, and took so decided a part in favor of the plans to improve the condition of his people, proposed by the American government, and by individuals, that he became unpopular, and lost his place and influence in the general council, and the chieftaincy of his tribe. His successor as principal chief of the Eufola town is Octearche Micco.

Yoholo Micco was amiable in his family relations, and brought up his children with care, giving them the best advantages in point of education, which the country afforded. His sons were bred to the pursuits of civilized men. One of his daughters, named Lotti Yoholo, married a chief of the Eufalo town, and, following the example of her father, gave her children liberal educations.

This chief visited Washington in 1826, as one of the delegates from his nation. He afterwards consented to remove to Arkansas, and fell a victim to the fatigues attending the emigration, in his fiftieth year, while on his way to the land of promise. His memory is honored by the Indians, who, in common with all who knew this excellent person, speak of him as one of the best of men.

The word Micco signifies king or chief, and will be found forming a part of the names of many of the southern chiefs, while Yoholo, which signifies the possession of royal blood, is an aristocratic adjunct to the names of those who are well descended.

IOWA
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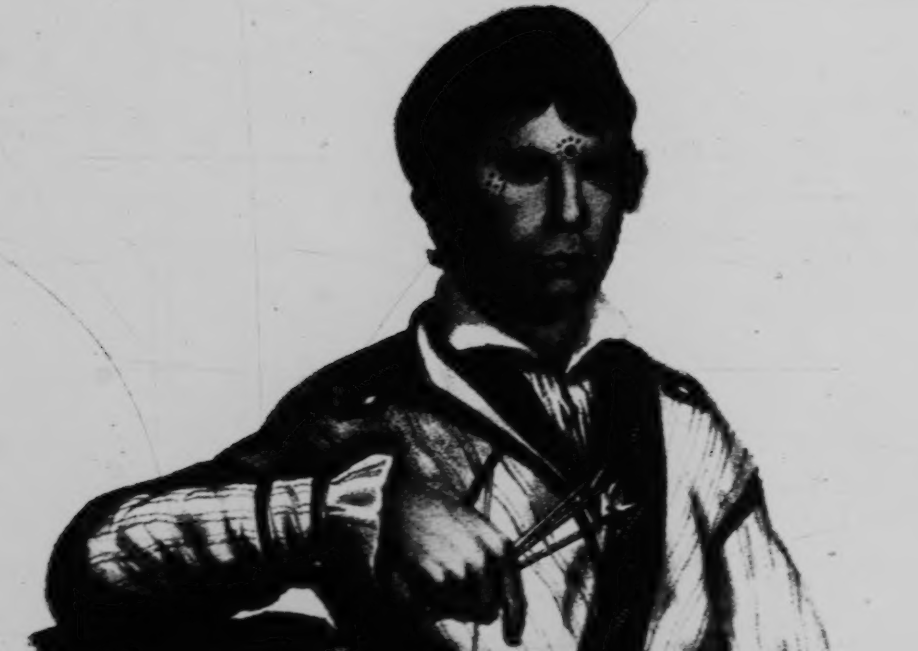


MISTIPPEE.

Nº 5

MISTIPPEE.

THIS is a son of Yoholo Micco, who bears a name, the origin of which would be discovered with difficulty by the most cunning etymologist; and we are happy to have it in our power to solve a problem, which might else, at some far distant day, cause an infinite waste of valuable time and curious learning. The parents of this youth, having decided on rearing him after the fashions of their white neighbors, bestowed upon him the very ancient and respectable appellation of Benjamin, from which soon arose the usual abbreviation of Ben and Benny, which the young chief bore during the halcyon days of infancy. To this familiar name, respect for his family soon prefixed the title of Mr.; and, in the mouths of the Indians, Mr. Ben soon became Mistiben, and finally Mistippee—the original Benjamin being lost in the superior euphony of that very harmonious word *mister*.

It is not improbable that the individual who bore this name when his portrait was taken, may now be known by another, for, as we have remarked elsewhere, these designations are frequently changed; and an Indian has usually as many names as there are remarkable events in his history. Those which they receive in infancy are entirely accidental, or are induced by the most trifling circumstances. *Litker*, the Swift, is the name of an active boy; but if a child is called *Isca*, the Ground Hog, or *Woodcoochee*, the Raccoon, it is not to be presumed that he resembles that animal; because he would be as likely to receive it from the mere circumstance of being seen to play with the animal, or to wear its skin, or to imitate some of its motions. On the other hand, *Minechee*, which signifies little, smart and active, is the appropriate name of a female child These names are retained during childhood, and until the youthful character begins to show its bias, when others are given which are supposed to be more descriptive, and we believe it is always usual, when a young man is admitted into the war councils, to give him a name with reference to his qualifications as a warrior. For instance, a youth who is modest and retiring may be called *Chofixico*, which would be interpreted, "timid as the deer;" yet the word is a compound used chiefly as a proper name. *Cho* is an abbreviation of *echo*, a deer—*fix* is abbreviated from *fegee*, which means life or spirit—and *ico* is a contraction of *sicco*, gone—from all which we get the very poetical compound above mentioned. A bold and fearless spirit is called *Yaha Hadjo*, the Crazy Wolf, from *yaha*, a wolf, and *hadjo*, crazy. Another class of names are given still later in life, and are such as refer to some exploit or adventure by which the individual became distinguished for the time, as, "*He who stands and strikes*," "*He who fights as he flies*," or "*The wolf killer*."

Mistippee escaped having the name of an animal conferred upon him, in the manner we have seen, but spent his boyhood, as is usual with the Indian children, in practising with the blow-gun and bow, and in hunting the smaller kinds of game. The blow-gun is a favorite weapon among the boys of the southern tribes. It is simply a hollow reed of eight or ten feet in length, made perfectly smooth within, from which a small arrow is blown with much force by the breath. The arrow is made of light wood, armed with a pin, or small nail, at one end, and with thistle down carefully wrapped round the other, in a sufficient quantity to fill the reed, so that, when placed in the end to which the mouth is applied, it is forced through the reed with great swiftness, and, if well directed, with the certainty of the rifle ball. At a distance of ten yards, the little Creeks will snuff a candle, with one of these arrows, four times out of five; and as no noise attends the discharge, they are quite successful in killing small birds by means of this simple contrivance, which is called, in the Creek tongue, *Cohamoteker*. By these exercises the young Indians not only develop their physical powers, but acquire the cunning, the patience, the dexterity, and the fund of sylvan knowledge that render them the most accomplished hunters in the world. If one of these boys chances to kill a deer with a bow and arrow, or to perform any exploit above his years, he is marked as having a spirit which will greatly distinguish him in after life, or as being a lucky person, which, in the estimation of the Indian, amounts to about the same thing as the possession of superior abilities.

In presenting the spirited likeness of this youth, we may be permitted to take the occasion to repeat some of the lessons which are taught the young Indian, and contribute to form his character. Among these is the tradition of their origin, which is instilled into the infant mind of the savage, with a care similar to that bestowed by Christian parents in teaching the great truths of Creation and Providence. Perhaps the curiosity of a child in relation to its own being would have a natural and universal tendency to render this a first lesson; and the subject which, above almost all others, is veiled in obscurity, is that which is attempted to be explained to the young mind in the earliest stage of its development. The tradition of the Creeks is, that they came through the sea, from some distant land. To enable them to pass through the deep waters with greater safety and certainty, they were transformed into brutes; and the nation is now divided into separate bands, which retain the names of the different animals from which they are said to be descended. Our information, with regard to the means used to perpetuate this arrangement, agrees with that of Mr. Gallatin, who remarks, "It has been fully ascertained that the inviolable regulations by which these clans are perpetuated amongst the southern nations were, first, that no man could marry in his own clan; secondly, that every child belongs to his or her mother's clan."

The peculiar economy of this clanship gives rise to the practice, in their courtships, of applying first to the maternal uncle of the girl who is to be asked in marriage, for his consent—the father being of a different tribe from his own daughter and her prospective offspring. The young men are said to be shy and bashful in these adventures, and, having resolved to marry, conceal their first overtures with great dexterity. The uncle is easily won by a present, and, when his assent has been gained, the suitor is left to his own ingenuity to thrive as he may with the object of his preference. His intention is conveyed secretly to the lady through some confidential channel: she is then supposed to be ready for the question, which is decided without debate. A deer is killed and laid at the door of her wigwam; if the present is received, the lover is a happy man; if it be suffered to remain untouched, he may go and hang himself, or seek a more willing fair one. The latter is said to be the more usual practice, as hanging for love is a procedure only known in the more civilized conditions of society. If the deer be accepted, a rich soup is made of the head and marrow bones, and the lover is treated with this repast, in which there is supposed to be great virtue.

Not only are the youth instructed in their origin, and disciplined in their modes of courtship, but they are also taught the ceremonies of their religion—if the superstitions of a people, destitute of any adequate notion of the being and attributes of God, may be dignified with that name. The chief of these is the Green Corn dance, which is celebrated with great zeal and devotion, in the autumn. Wherever the Indian corn is raised, it is a chief and favorite article of food—its productiveness, its nutritious qualities, and the variety of modes in which it may be used, giving it a preference over every other description of grain. Among the Indians who cultivate little else, the ripening of this crop constitutes an era in the year. The whole band is assembled to celebrate the annual festival. The fires of the past year are extinguished—not a spark is suffered to remain New fire is produced artificially, usually by rubbing two sticks together. Sometimes the new fire thus obtained, is sent from one band to another, and the present is received, like the New Year's gift among ourselves, as a token of friendship. Having kindled a cheerful blaze, they assemble around it, dancing, and singing songs. The latter are addressed to the fire—a custom which may have been borrowed from the worship of the sun, said to have been practised by the Nachez Indians. In these songs they express their gratitude to the Great Spirit that they have lived through the year; that they see the same faces and hear the same voices; they speak of the game they have taken, and of the abundance of their crops. But if the crop be short, or the hand of death has been busy among them, the notes of gratulation are mingled with strains of mourning, the national calamity is attributed to the crimes of the people, and pity and pardon are invoked. On this occasion they partake of the black drink, which we have described in our sketch of the life of Opothle Yoholo. The dance being finished, they feast upon boiled corn, the first fruits of the year; and the singing, dancing, and eating are kept up for several days. Should a culprit, whose life has been forfeited, have escaped punishment until this festive season, and be so fortunate or so dexterous as to make his way into the square during the dance, he is considered as being under the protection of the Great Spirit, to whose agency they attribute the circumstances of his previous escape and present appearance among them, and his pardon is secured.

Of Mistippee there is little to tell. When at Washington, in 1826, he was a remarkably handsome boy, and in all respects prepossessing. His father gave him unusual advantages in regard to education, which he is supposed to have improved. When at maturity he wedded a comely woman of the Hillabee towns, and soon after emigrated to the new home provided for his people, west of the Mississippi.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

NEA-MATH-LA,

Nº 9

A SEMINOLE CHIEF

NEAMATHLA.

THE war between the United States and the Florida Indians having given an increased interest to the history of those tribes, we propose to treat that portion of our subject with some degree of minuteness, should we succeed in procuring the requisite materials. Our information in regard to them is not sufficiently precise to enable us to attempt this at present, and in presenting the valuable portrait which accompanies this sketch, we shall confine ourselves to a few general remarks.

The Spanish conquerors and discoverers, if we may place any confidence in their reports, encountered numerous and warlike tribes in the regions which they were pleased to describe as the land of flowers; but they may have indulged in the poetic license as greatly in regard to the number of inhabitants as in reference to the luxuries of the soil and climate. It is certain that but few of the ancient inhabitants remain; and these are divided into small hordes, who neither exhibit the appearance nor retain the recollection of any former greatness. A new people has been added to them, who now form the great majority of the savage population of that country, and whose character has become impressed upon the whole mass.

The Seminoles, or Runaways, are descended from the Creeks and Cherokees, and perhaps from other of the southern tribes, and derive their name from the manner of their separation from the original stocks. While Florida belonged to Spain it afforded a place of refuge for the discontented individuals belonging to the tribes within the United States, as well as for fugitive Negro slaves; and of this mixed population were formed the various tribes now known under the common name of Seminoles. From the swamps and hammocks of Florida, they have been in the habit of annoying the frontiers of the adjacent states, and these injuries have been rendered the more galling by the protection afforded by those savages to runaway slaves, and by the ferocities practised by the latter under the influence of revenge and the fear of recapture. It is not to be denied, nor is it surprising, that these Indians have, under such circumstances, suffered much injustice, for the spirit of retaliation is never limited by moderation; and it was a wise as well as a humane policy of the government which decreed the separation of the exasperated parties, by the removal of the Seminoles to a territory more distant from the white settlements. Nor could the former, with any propriety, plead the territorial rights and local attachments so strongly urged by their parent nations; for they were mere intruders, or at best but recent inhabitants, of the lands from which it was proposed to remove them.

Neamathla, who has been one of the most distinguished of the Seminoles, and was at one time their head man, or principal chief, was by birth a Creek. At what time he emigrated to Florida, or by what gradations he rose to authority, we are not well informed, and as we propose to make these sketches strictly authentic as far as they go, we pass over those details that have reached us with no better evidence than mere rumor. Mr. Duval, governor of Florida, in a despatch to the government at Washington, dated in March, 1824, describes him as a man of uncommon abilities, of great influence with his nation, and as one of the most eloquent men he ever heard. At a subsequent date in the same year, he writes thus: "Neamathla is a most uncommon man, and ought to be induced to remove with his people. This chief you will find perhaps the greatest man you have ever seen among the Indians: he can control his warriors with as much ease as a colonel could a regiment of regular soldiers." Again, we find the hospitality and manly feelings of this chief, and his great energy of character, spoken of in terms of high respect. When these opinions were expressed, hopes were entertained that Neamathla could be induced to second the views of the American government in regard to the removal of the Seminoles to the land appropriated to them west of Arkansas; but in the summer of that year it was found that, instead of promoting that desirable measure, he was exerting his influence to defeat it, and Governor Duval deposed him from the chieftaincy. This is a curious instance of the anomalous character of the relation existing between our government and the Indians; for, while the latter are for many purposes considered as independent nations, and are treated with as such, they are in all essential respects regarded and governed as subjects, and the government has, on several occasions, sanctioned the creation and removal of chiefs.

There is some reason to believe that the reluctance of Neamathla to remove from Florida was the result of a natural attention to his own interest. By a previous treaty, the United States, with a view to conciliate this respectable chief, now advanced in years, set apart for his private use a tract of land, remote from the residence of the main body of the nation. The tenure of such reservations is that of occupancy only, and as Neamathla could not sell the land, he of course desired to enjoy its use, and was unwilling to remove to a distant wilderness. In another view of the subject, the liberality of the government to this chief proved injurious, as it gave him a home remote from the villages of his people, among whom his influence was unbounded, and left them exposed to the intrigues of the mercenary individuals whose interest it was to promote dissension. That Neamathla desired to be at peace with the United States, was apparent from the whole tenor of his conduct, since the war which closed in 1815. He had maintained a strict discipline in his tribe, punishing the offences of his people, especially those committed against the whites, with uncompromising severity. His people feared, while they loved and respected him. The removal of such a man from among them was injudicious. It was proposed, therefore, to permit him to sell his reservation, under the expectation that he would convert the proceeds into cattle and horses, and be willing to remove with his people to the fertile lands provided for them. The arrangement was, however, not effected; and the influence of Neamathla being used in opposition to the views of the government, and of that which was esteemed the best interests of the Seminoles, he was deposed, upon which he abandoned the Seminoles and returned to the Creek nation. That he was well received by the Creeks, and recognized as a person of consideration, appears from the fact, that when Colonel M'Kenney, as United States commissioner, assembled the Creeks in general council at Tuckhabatchee, in 1827, to settle the controversy at that time going on between the United States and Georgia, and the Creek nation, Neamathla, took his seat among the principal men in the council, and gave proof of exercising considerable influence in their deliberations.

We have received from an authentic source an anecdote of this chief, which is highly characteristic of his race, and exhibits a remarkable coincidence in the opinions of Neamathla with those of other distinguished Indians. Pontiac, Red Jacket, Little Turtle, Tecumthe, and a few other of the master spirits among the red men, uniformly opposed all attempts to introduce the civilization and arts of the European race among the Indians, under the plausible argument that the Great Spirit had created the several races for different purposes, and had given to each the arts proper to its destination. These sagacious men saw that as the Indians adopted the habits of white men, they acquired new wants, which could only be supplied by an intercourse with civilized people, upon whom they thus became dependent. They felt that they were the weaker party in number, and the inferior in ingenuity; and as they knew of no contact between nations but that in which one must gain at the expense of the other, they believed that all intercourse between the white and red races must tend to the disadvantage of the latter. There can be no question as to the correctness of this reasoning, nor any doubt that every advance made by the Indians towards civilization, contributes to destroy their independence. We may think that they would be better off without such savage freedom, and in the enjoyment of the comforts that we possess; but they reason differently, and while they admit the advantages of our condition, they are not willing to purchase them at the expense of their national integrity. Their most sagacious men have, therefore, always viewed with jealousy our attempts to introduce our religion and our arts among them, and have ever considered the arms of the white man far less dangerous to their existence as a separate people than the education by which we would win them over to our customs.

By the sixth article of the treaty of Moultrie Creek, in the territory of Florida, concluded September 18th, 1823, it was provided, among other things, that the sum of one thousand dollars per annum, for twenty years, should be applied by the United States to the support of a school at the Florida agency, for the education of the children of the Indians. In carrying the provisions of the treaty into effect, the commissioner for Indian affairs at Washington received no information for some time touching that one for the establishment of the school, and supposed it to have been overlooked, when on inquiry it was found that the Indians declined receiving it. The delicate office of communicating this decision to the governor of Florida, was confided to Neamathla, or assumed by him as the head man ot the Seminoles. The Indians are ceremonious in the mode of conducting their public affairs, and in refusing to receive the proffered liberality of the government, the chief delivered his reasons at length in a speech, of which the following is a translation

"My father, we have listened to the message of our Great Father at Washington, who has taken pity on his red children, and would teach us to speak on paper like the children of the white men. It is very good to know all those things which the white people know, and it is right for them to teach them to their children. We also instruct ours in our own way: we teach them to procure food by hunting, and to kill their enemies. But we want no schools, such as you offer us. We wish our children to remain as the Great Spirit made them, and as their fathers are, Indians. The Great Spirit has made different kinds of men, and given them separate countries to live in; and he has given to each the arts that are suited to his condition. It is not for us to change the designs of the Great Master of Life. If you establish a school, and teach our children the knowledge of the white people, they will cease to be Indians. The Great Spirit wishes no change in his red children. They are very good as he made them; if the white man attempts to improve, he will spoil them.

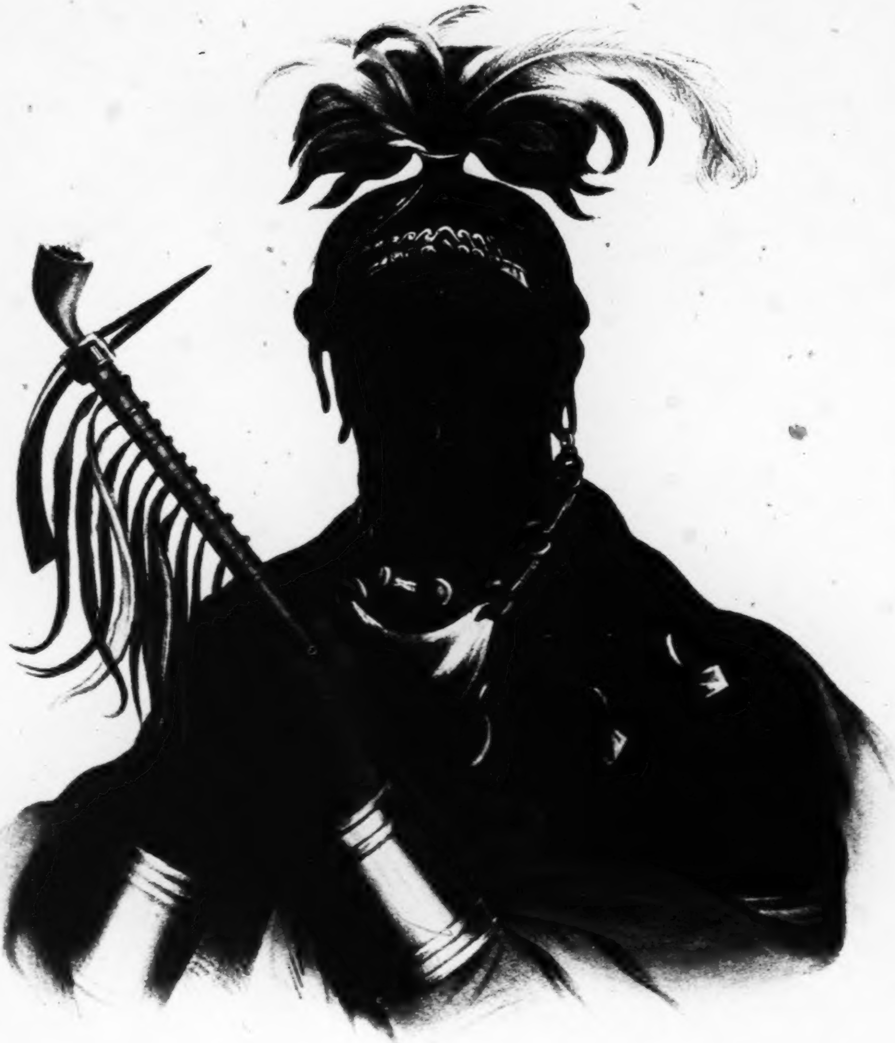
"Father, we thank you for your offer; but we do not wish our children to be taught the ways of your people.

"Listen, father, and I will tell you how the Great Spirit made man, and how he gave to men of different colors the different employments that we find them engaged in. After the world was made, it was solitary. It was very beautiful; the forests abounded in game and fruit: the great plains were covered with deer and elk, and buffalo, and the rivers were full of fish; there were many bears and beaver, and other fat animals, but there was no being to enjoy these good things. Then the Master of Life said, we will make man. Man was made; but when he stood up before his Maker, he was *white!* The Great Spirit was sorry: he saw that the being he had made was pale and weak; he took pity on him, and therefore did not unmake him, but let him live. He tried again, for he was determined to make a perfect man; but in his endeavor to avoid making another white man, he went into the opposite extreme, and when the second being rose up, and stood before him, he was *black!* The Great Spirit liked the black man less than the white, and he shoved him aside to make room for another trial. Then it was that he made the *red man;* and the red man pleased him.

"My father, listen—I have not told you all. In this way the Great Spirit made the white, the black, and the red man, when he put them upon the earth. Here they were—but they were very poor. They had no lodges nor horses, no tools to work with, no traps, nor any thing with which to kill game. All at once, these three men, looking up, saw three large boxes coming down from the sky. They descended very slowly, but at last reached the ground, while these three poor men stood and looked at them, not knowing what to do. Then the Great Spirit spoke and said, 'White man, you are pale and weak, but I made you first, and will give you the first choice; go to the boxes, open them and look in, and choose which you will take for your portion.' The white man opened the boxes, looked in, and said, 'I will take this.' It was filled with pens, and ink, and paper, and compasses, and such things as your people now use. The Great Spirit spoke again, and said, 'Black man, I made you next, but I do not like you. You may stand aside. The Red man is my favorite; he shall come forward and take the next choice; Red man, choose your portion of the things of this world.' The Red man stepped boldly up and chose a box filled with tomahawks, knives, war-clubs, traps, and such things as are useful in war and hunting. The Great Spirit laughed when he saw how well his red son knew how to choose. Then he said to the negro, 'You may have what is left, the third box is for you.' That was filled with axes and hoes, with buckets to carry water in, and long whips for driving oxen, which meant that the negro must work for both the red and white man, and it has been so ever since.

"Father, we want no change; we desire no school, and none of the teachings of white people. The Master of Life knew what was best for his children. We are satisfied. Let us alone."

This is a happy instance of the mode of illustration by parable, which, being the most simple and natural method of explanation, seems to have been adopted by all rude nations. The leading idea in the harangue of Neamathla was not original with him, but was the commonly received notion among the Indians, from the earliest times of which we have any account. The vast difference between them and the Europeans, both physical and moral, naturally suggested the idea that they were distinct races, created for different purposes; and the unhappy results of the intercourse between them, and of every attempt to unite them, gave additional strength to the opinion. The chiefs, who, like all other politicians, knew how to avail themselves of a popular prejudice, saw at once the great advantages of encouraging a belief which perpetuated their own authority, by excluding the foreign influences that would have destroyed alike the national character of the savages, and their existing forms of subordination. The wealth, the arts, and the numbers of the invading race alarmed their jealousy; for they had the sagacity to perceive that if amicable relations and an unrestricted familiar intercourse should be established with a people possessing such ample means of conquest, the latter must inevitably, either by force or ingenuity, obtain the complete ascendency. The fiction employed by Neamathla, to convey the ideas entertained by his people, is of his own invention, and is creditable to his ingenuity. It is a fair specimen of the Indian style of eloquence. They do not attempt what we would call argument; mere abstract reasoning is beyond their comprehension. But they are expert in the employment of figures, by which the familiar objects around them are made to represent their ideas. They have no theories nor traditions, in regard to the creation, which seem to have been derived from any respectable source, or to be venerated for their antiquity, nor any, indeed, which have much authority among themselves. Every tribe has its legends, fabricated by the chiefs or prophets to serve some temporary purpose; the most of which are of a puerile and monstrous character. Few of them are of much antiquity; and, being destitute alike of historical and poetic merit, they are soon forgotten.



KI-ON-TWOG-KY,

A SENECA CHIEF

Lith.d Col.d & Published by J. T. Bowen, Philad.a

CORN PLANT.

The Senecas, as we have already stated in another place, were a tribe of the Iroquois, or Five Nations; and, more recently, the Six Nations, when the Tuscaroras were added to the confederacy, which then consisted of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagoes, Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras. These Indians were among the earliest who were known to the English, who recognized them as a warlike and powerful people, and took no small pains to conciliate their friendship. In the year 1710, five chiefs of the Iroquois were induced by the British officers to visit England, under the expectation that their savage natures might be softened by kindness, or their fears alarmed by an exhibition of the power and magnificence of the British sovereign. This event excited much attention in London. Steele mentioned it in his Tattler of May 13, 1710, while Addison devoted a number of the Spectator to the same subject. Swift, who was ambitious to be a politician, and who suffered no occurrence of a public nature to escape his attention, remarks, in one of his letters to Mrs. Johnson; "I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he (Addison) has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too." Their portraits were taken, and are still preserved in the British Museum; and Steele says, of these illustrious strangers: "they were placed in a handsome apartment, at an upholsterer's in King street, Covent Garden."

In Oldmixon's History we find the following notice: "For the successes in Spain, and for the taking of Doway, Bethune, and Aire, by the Duke of Marlborough, in Flanders, there was a thanksgiving day appointed, which the Queen solemnized at St. James' chapel. To have gone, as usual, to St. Paul's, and there to have had *Te Deum* sung, on that occasion, would have shown too much countenance to those brave and victorious English generals who were fighting her battles abroad, while High Church was plotting, and railing, and addressing against them at home. The carrying of five Indian casaques about in the Queen's coaches, was all the triumph of the Harleian administration; they were called Kings, and clothed by the playhouse tailor, like other kings of the theatre; they were conducted to audience by Sir Charles Cotterel; there was a speech made for them, and nothing omitted to do honor to these five monarchs, whose presence did so much honor the new ministry."

In a work entitled "The Annals of Queen Anne's Reign, Year the IX, for 1710," written by Mr. Boyer, we find the following remarks: "On the 19th April, Te-ye-neen-ho-ga-prow, and Sa-ga-yean-qua-pra-ton, of the Maquas, Elow-oh-kaom, and Oh-neah-yeath-ton-no-prow, of the river Sachem, and the Genajoh-hore sachem, four kings, or chiefs, of the Six Nations, in the West Indies, which lie between New England and New France, or Canada, who lately came over with the West India fleet, and were clothed and entertained at the queen's expense, had a public audience of her majesty, at the palace of St. James, being conducted in two of her majesty's coaches, by Sir James Cotterel, master of ceremonies, and introduced by the Duke of Somerset, lord chamberlain." The historian then proceeds to recite a long speech, which these sachems *from the West Indies, between New England and Canada,* are supposed to have made to the British monarch, but which is so evidently of English manufacture, that we refrain from giving it a place. We are farther informed, that our chiefs remained in London, after their audience with her majesty, about a fortnight, and were entertained by several persons of distinction, particularly the Duke of Ormond, who regaled them likewise with a review of the four troops of life guards. In Smith's History of New York, we are told, "The arrival of these five sachems in England, made a great bruit throughout the whole kingdom. The mob followed wherever they went, and small cuts of them were sold among the people."

The visits of Indian chiefs to the more refined and civilized parts of the world are, unhappily, to be regarded only as a matter for curiosity, for we do not find that they have produced any beneficial results. The savage gazed with astonishment at the wonders of art and luxury which met his eye at every step, and returned to repeat the marvellous narrative of his travels to hearers who listened without understanding the recital, or being convinced of their own inferior condition. The distance between themselves and the white men was too great to be measured by their reasoning powers. There was no standard of comparison by which they could try the respective merits of beings so different, and modes of life so opposite; and they satisfied themselves with supposing that the two races were created with distinct faculties, and destined for separate spheres of existence. They took little pains to investigate any thing which was new or wonderful, but briefly resolved all difficulties by referring them to fatality, or to magic. A few of the more acute, obtained distant and misty glimpses of the truth, and were willing to spare the weaker intellects of their people, from a knowledge which filled themselves with dread and sorrow; for, in the little which they comprehended of European power, they saw the varied and overwhelming elements of a superiority which threatened their destruction. Hence their wisest and most patriotic chiefs have been prudently jealous of civilization; while the Indians in general have feared and distrusted that which they could not comprehend. A striking instance, in illustration of these remarks, may be found in the story of an individual belonging to the Iroquois confederacy, upon whom the experiment of a civilized education was fairly tried.

Peter Otsaquette—we give his name as we find it, disguised by an English prefix, and a French termination—was an Oneida Indian, of a distinguished family. At the close of the American revolution, he attracted the attention of Lafayette, whose benevolent feelings, strongly enlisted by the intelligence and amiable qualities of the savage boy, induced him to send the young Oneida to France. At the age of twelve, he was placed in the best schools of Paris, and not only became a good scholar, but attained a high degree of proficiency in music, drawing, fencing, and all the accomplishments of a gentleman. His was one of the few native stalks upon which the blossoms of education have been successfully engrafted. Delighted with the French metropolis, and deeply imbued with the spirit of its polite inhabitants, he seemed to have forgotten his native propensities, and to have been thoroughly reclaimed from barbarism. He returned to America an altered person, with a commanding figure, an intelligent countenance, the dress of the European, and the grace of a polished man. Proud of his acquirements, and buoyed up with the patriotic hope of becoming the benefactor of his tribe, and the instrument of their moral elevation, he hastened to his native forests. He was welcomed with hospitality; but on his first appearance in public, the Oneidas disrobed him of his foreign apparel, tearing it from his person with indignant violence, and reproaching him with apostacy in throwing off the garb of his ancestors. They forced him to resume the blanket, to grease his limbs with the fat of the bear, and to smear his body with paint. Nor was this enough; he was married to a squaw, and indoctrinated in the connubial felicities of the wigwam. The sequel of his story will be readily anticipated. With no relish for savage life, and without the prospect of happiness or distinction, he sank into intemperance, and so rapid was his degradation, that within three months after his return from Europe, he exchanged the portrait of Lafayette, the gift of his illustrious benefactor, for the means of gratifying the brutal propensity which was now his sole remaining passion.

As our object is to illustrate the Indian character, we may be permitted to extend this digression by relating, before we proceed to the proper subject of the article, another anecdote, which, while it exemplifies the self-possession of the Indian, and the readiness with which he adapts himself to circumstances, shows also how slight are the impressions made upon his mind by the finest incidents, or the most agreeable objects in civilized life. In 1819, an Indian warrior, named Makawitta, happened to be a passenger upon Lake Erie, in the steamboat Walk-in-the-water. On board the same vessel was a sprightly young lady, who, pleased with the fine appearance and manly deportment of the savage, played off upon him some of those fascinating coquetries, in which fair ladies are so expert, and which the wisest men are unable to resist, and unwilling to avoid. Makawitta was a youth of little over twenty years, neat in his dress, and graceful as well as dignified in his movements; we presume the lady was both witty and handsome, and we are assured that the passengers were highly amused at this encounter between a belle and a beau of such opposite nurture. For some time he sustained his part with admirable tact, but when his fair opponent drew a ring from her finger, and placed it on his, he stood for a moment in respectful silence, at a loss to understand the meaning of the ceremony. A gentleman who spoke his language, apprised him that the ring was a token of affection; upon which, placing himself in a graceful attitude, he addressed her in an oratorical style, which showed that he entered fully into the spirit of the scene, in the following words:

"You have conferred the best gift—this ring, emblem of love—of love that lives while the Great Spirit endures. My heart is touched—it is yours for ever.

"I will preserve this ring while I live. I will bear it with me over the mighty waters, to the land of good spirits.

"I am happy to be with you in this wonderful canoe, moved by the Great Spirit, and conducted by the Big Fist of the great deep.

"I wish to be with you until I go to the land where my fathers have gone. Take back the ring, and give me that which I value more—*yourself.*"

On the next day the ring was bartered for a drink of whisky!

Such is the singular race whose history we are endeavoring to exemplify—patient under hardship, subtle in war, inflexible in the stern purpose of revenge, but fickle in every good resolution, and irreclaimable in barbarism. In the multitude, bravery is a common virtue, a prominent and almost a single merit; while here and there a noble character shines like a bright peculiar star among the host of mere warriors, adorned with the highest qualities that dignify and soften the harsher features of manhood.

The name of *Corn Plant* is very familiar to most of our countrymen, yet we have been unable to obtain the materials for a connected account of his whole career. He was a chief of the Senecas, and the rival of Red Jacket, from whom he differed in character, while he equalled him in influence. Without the commanding genius of Red Jacket, he possessed a large share of the common sense which is more efficient in all the ordinary affairs of life. They were both able men; both acquired the confidence of their people; but the patriotism of Red Jacket was exhibited in an unyielding hatred of the whites, between whom and the red men, he would have cut off all intercourse; while Corn Plant adopted the opposite policy of conciliation, towards his more powerful neighbors. The one was a warrior of unblemished reputation, the other an orator of unrivalled eloquence; both were shrewd, artful, and expert negotiators, and they prevailed alternately over each other, as opportunities were offered to either for the exertion of his peculiar abilities. The one rose into power when the Senecas were embittered against the whites, and the other acquired consequence when it became desirable to cultivate friendly relations upon the frontier.

The father of Corn Plant was a white man, and is said to have been an Irishman; but nothing is now known of him, except what may be gathered from a letter of Corn Plant to the Governor of Pennsylvania. This singular production was, of course, dictated to an interpreter, who acted as amanuensis, but the sentiments are undoubtedly his own. It was dated in 1822, when the lands reserved for the Indians in the north-western part of Pennsylvania became surrounded by the farms of the whites, and some attempt was made to tax the property of the Seneca chief; in consequence of which he wrote this epistle to the governor.

"I feel it my duty to send a speech to the Governor of Pennsylvania, at this time, and inform him of the place where I was from—which was at Connewaugus on the Genessee river

"When I was a child I played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frogs; and as I grew up I began to pay some attention, and play with the Indian boys in the neighborhood, and they took notice of my skin being of a different color from theirs, and spoke about it. I inquired of my mother the cause, and she told me that my father was a residenter in Albany. I still eat my victuals out of a bark dish. I grew up to be a young man, and married me a wife, and I had no kettle nor gun. I then knew where my father lived, and went to see him, and found he was a white man, and spoke the English language. He gave me victuals while I was at his house, but when I started home, he gave me no provision to eat on the way. He gave me neither kettle nor gun, neither did he tell me that the United States were about to rebel against the government of England.

"I will now tell you, brothers, who are in session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, that the Great Spirit has made known to me that I have been wicked; and the cause thereof has been the revolutionary war in America. The cause of Indians being led into sin at that time, was that many of them were in the practice of drinking and getting intoxicated. Great Britain requested us to join with them in the conflict against the Americans, and promised the Indians land and liquor. I myself was opposed to joining in the conflict, as I had nothing to do with the difficulty that existed between the two parties. I have now informed you how it happened, that the Indians took a part in the revolution, and will relate to you some circumstances that occurred after the close of the war. General Putnam, who was then at Philadelphia, told me there was to be a council at Fort Stanwix; and the Indians requested me to attend on behalf of the Six Nations, which I did, and there met with three commissioners who had been appointed to nold the council. They told me that they would inform me of the cause of the revolution, which I requested them to do minutely. They then said that it originated on account of the heavy taxes that had been imposed upon them by the British government, which had been for fifty years increasing upon them; that the Americans had grown weary thereof, and refused to pay, which affronted the king. There had likewise a difficulty taken place about some tea which they wished me not to use, as it had been one of the causes that many people had lost their lives. And the British government now being affronted, the war commenced, and the cannons began to roar in our country.

"General Putnam then told me, at the council at Fort Stanwix, that by the late war the Americans had gained two objects; they had established themselves an independent nation, and had obtained some land to live upon, the division line of which from Great Britain run through the Lakes. I then spoke, and said I wanted some land for the Indians to live on, and General Putnam said that it should be granted, and I should have land in the State of New York for the Indians. He then encouraged me to use my endeavors to pacify the Indians generally; and as he considered it an arduous task, wished to know what pay I would require. I replied, that I would use my endeavors to do as he requested with the Indians, and for pay therefor, I would take land. I told him not to pay me money or dry goods, but land. And for having attended thereto, I received the tract of land on which I now live, which was presented to me by Governor Mifflin. I told General Putnam that I wished the Indians to have the exclusive privilege of the deer and wild game, to which he assented; I also wished the Indians to have the privilege of hunting in the woods and making fires, which he likewise assented to.

"The treaty that was made at the aforementioned council, has been broken by some of the white people, which I now intend acquainting the governor with. Some white people are not willing that Indians should hunt any more, whilst others are satisfied therewith; and those white people who reside near our reservation, tell us that the woods are theirs, and they have obtained them from the governor. The treaty has also been broken by the white people using their endeavors to destroy all the wolves, which was not spoken about in the council at Fort Stanwix by General Putnam, but has originated lately.

"It has been broken again, which is of recent origin. White people get credit from Indians, and do not pay them honestly according to agreement. In another respect, also, it has been broken by white people residing near my dwelling; for when I plant melons and vines in my field, they take them as their own. It has been broken again, by white people using their endeavors to obtain our pine trees from us. We have very few pine trees on our lands in the State of New York; and whites and Indians often get into dispute respecting them. There is also a great quantity of whisky brought near our reservation, and the Indians obtain it and become drunken.

"Another circumstance has taken place which is very trying to me, and I wish for the interference of the governor. The white people who live at Warren, called upon me some time ago to pay taxes for my land, which I objected to, as I never had been called upon for that purpose before; and having refused to pay, they became irritated, called upon me frequently, and at length brought four guns with them and seized our cattle. I still refused to pay, and was not willing to let the cattle go. After a time of dispute they returned home, and I understood the militia was ordered out to enforce the collection of the tax. I went to Warren, and, to avert the impending difficulty, was obliged to give my note for the tax, the amount of which was forty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents. It is my desire that the governor will exempt me from paying taxes for my land to white people; and also to cause that the money I am now obliged to pay, be refunded to me, as I am very poor. The governor is the person who attends to the situation of the people, and I wish him to send a person to Alleghany, that I may inform him of the particulars of our situation, and he be authorized to instruct the white people in what manner to conduct themselves towards the Indians.

"The government has told us that, when difficulties arose between the Indians and the white people, they would attend to having them removed. We are now in a trying situation, and I wish the governor to send a person authorized to attend thereto, the fore part of next summer, about the time that the grass has grown big enough for pasture.

"The governor formerly requested me to pay attention to the Indians, and take care of them. We are now arrived at a situation in which I believe the Indians cannot exist, unless the governor should comply with my request, and send a person authorized to treat between us and the white people, the approaching summer. I have now no more to speak."

It is unfortunate that most of the interpreters through whom the productions of the aboriginal intellect have reached us, have been so entirely illiterate as to be equally incapable of appreciating the finer touches of sentiment and eloquence, and of expressing them appropriately in our language. The letter of Corn Plant is distinguished by its simplicity and good sense, and was no doubt dictated in the concise, nervous, and elevated style of the Indian orator, while we have received it in a garbled version of very shabby English. His account of his parentage is simple and touching; his unprotected yet happy infancy, when he *played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frog*, is sketched with a scriptural felicity of style; there is something very striking in the description of his poverty, when he *grew up to be a young man, and married a wife, and had no kettle nor gun;* while the brief account of his visit to his father is marked by the pathos of genuine feeling. It is to be regretted that he did not pursue the narrative, and inform us by what steps he rose from his low estate to become the head of a tribe. We learn from other sources that he was a successful warrior, and it is probable that the traders and the missionaries, whose interest he espoused, in opposition to Red Jacket, aided in his elevation. In the latter part of the letter he has given a synopsis of the evils which his nation endured in consequence of their alliance with the whites, and which invariably attended the unnatural contact of civilized and savage men.

Corn Plant was one of the parties to the treaty at Fort Stanwix, in 1784, when a large cession of territory was made by the Indians; at the treaty of Fort Harmer, five years afterwards, he took the lead in conveying an immense tract of country to the American government, and became so unpopular that his life was threatened by his incensed tribe. But this chief, and those who acted with him, were induced to make these liberal concessions by motives of sound policy; for the Six Nations having fought on the royal side during the war of the revolution, and the British government having recognized our independence, and signed a peace without stipulating for her misguided allies, they were wholly at our mercy. In an address sent to the President of the United States, in 1790, by *Corn Plant, Half Town,* and *Big Tree,* we find the following remarks in allusion to these treaties:

"*Father:*—We will not conceal from you that the Great Spirit, and not men, has preserved Corn Plant from the hands of his own nation, for they ask continually, 'where is the land upon which our children, and their children after them, are to lie down? You told us that the line drawn from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario would mark it for ever on the east, and the line running from Beaver Creek to Pennsylvania would mark it on the west, and we see it is not so; for, first one comes, and then another, and takes it away, by order of that people which you tell us promised to secure it to us. He is silent, for he has nothing to answer. When the sun goes down he opens his heart before the Great Spirit, and earlier than the sun appears again upon the hills, he gives thanks for his protection during the night; for he feels that among men become desperate by the injuries they have sustained, it is God only that can protect him."

In his reply to this address, President Washington remarked:—"The merits of Corn Plant, and his friendship for the United States, are well known to me, and shall not be forgotten; and as a mark of the esteem of the United States, I have directed the Secretary of War to make him a present of two hundred and fifty dollars, either in money or goods, as the Corn Plant shall like best."

It would be tedious to pursue the history of this chief through the various vicissitudes of his life. His reputation as a warrior was gained previous to the American revolution, and during that war. Shortly after that struggle, the lands reserved for the Senecas became surrounded by the settlements of the American people, so as to leave them no occasion nor opportunity for hostilities with other tribes. In his efforts to preserve peace with his powerful neighbors, Corn Plant incurred, alternately, the suspicion of both parties—the whites imputing to him a secret agency in the depredations of lawless individuals of his nation, while the Senecas have sometimes become jealous of his apparent fame with the whites, and regarded him as a pensionary of their oppressors. His course, however, has been prudent and consistent, and his influence very great

He resided on the banks of the Alleghany river, a few miles below its junction with the Connewango, upon a tract of fine land, within the limits of Pennsylvania, and not far from the line between that state and New York. He owned thirteen hundred acres of land, of which six hundred were comprehended within the village occupied by his people. A considerable portion of the remainder he cultivated as a farm, which was tolerably well stocked with horses, cattle, and hogs. Many of his people cultivated the soil, and evinced signs of industry. The chief favored the Christian religion, and welcomed those who came to teach it. He lived in simple style, surrounded with plenty, and practising a rude hospitality, while his sway was kind and patriarchal.

In 1815, a missionary society had, at his earnest solicitation, established a school at his village, which at that time promised success. We are not aware that any permanent results were attained by the effort.

Corn Plant imbibed, in the feebleness of age, the superstition of the less intellectual of his race. His conscience reproached him for his friendship towards the whites, and in a moment of alarm, fancying that the Great Spirit had commanded him to destroy all evidence of his connection with the enemies of his race, he burned an elegant sword and other articles which he had received as presents. A favorite son, who had been carefully educated at one of our schools, became a drunkard, adding another to the many discouraging instances in which a similar result has attended the attempt to educate the Indian youth. When, therefore, the aged chief was urged to send his younger sons to school, he declined, remarking, in broken English, "It entirely spoil Indian."

Corn Plant died on his reservation on the Alleghany river, some time in the winter of 1836—supposed to have been over ninety years old. His Indian name was Ki-on-twog-ky. The likeness we have given of him was taken in New York, about the year 1788, and when the original is supposed to have been in his forty-eighth year. It was intended for some friend of the Indians, in London, but Captain M'Dougall, who, at that time, commanded a merchant ship, between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and who was to have conveyed it to Liverpool, sailing without it, the portrait fell into the hands of Timothy Matlock, Esq., who cherished it, not only because of its admirable and close resemblance to the original, but because he was indebted to Corn Plant for his life. At his death the portrait was still cherished by his daughter. It was from that original the copy before the reader was taken.

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CAATOUSEE.

It is, perhaps, not to be regretted, that some of the portraits contained in our gallery, are those of persons of little repute; for, although many of the biographies may, on this account, be less interesting in themselves, a greater variety of the aspects of the Indian character will, on the whole, be presented to our readers.

The wandering savages who inhabit the sterile and inhospitable shores of the northern lakes, are the most miserable and degraded of the native tribes. Exposed to the greatest extremities of climate, and forced by their situation to spend the greater portion of their lives in obtaining a wretched subsistence, they have little ambition, and few ideas, which extend to the supply of their most immediate and pressing wants. The region which they inhabit affords but little game; and when the lakes are frozen, and the land covered with deep snow, there are seasons in which scarcely any living animal can be found, but the wretched tenant of the wigwam, whose habitual improvidence has prevented him from laying up any store for the winter. Lingering at the spot of his temporary residence until the horrors of starvation press him to instant exertion, he must then fly to some distant region, to which the wild animals of the plain, with a truer instinct, have already retreated, or seek a sheltered haunt where he may subsist by fishing. Many perish during these long journeys, or are doomed to disappointment on reaching the place of their destination, and thus they drag out, month after month, their weary existence, in the eager search for food.

We know not how the individual before us came to be designated by the name attached to the portrait. The true name is A-qua-o-da, which signifies *Creeping out of the Water*. His usual residence is La Pointe, or Shagoimekoong, upon Lake Superior. He is a person of little repute, either with white or red men. He is too idle to hunt, and has no name as a warrior; nor is his character good in other respects. He is, however, an expert fisherman and canoeman, in which capacity he is occasionally employed by the traders. He has never advanced any pretensions to chieftainship, except to be a chief among the dancers, and in his profuse use of paints and ornaments.

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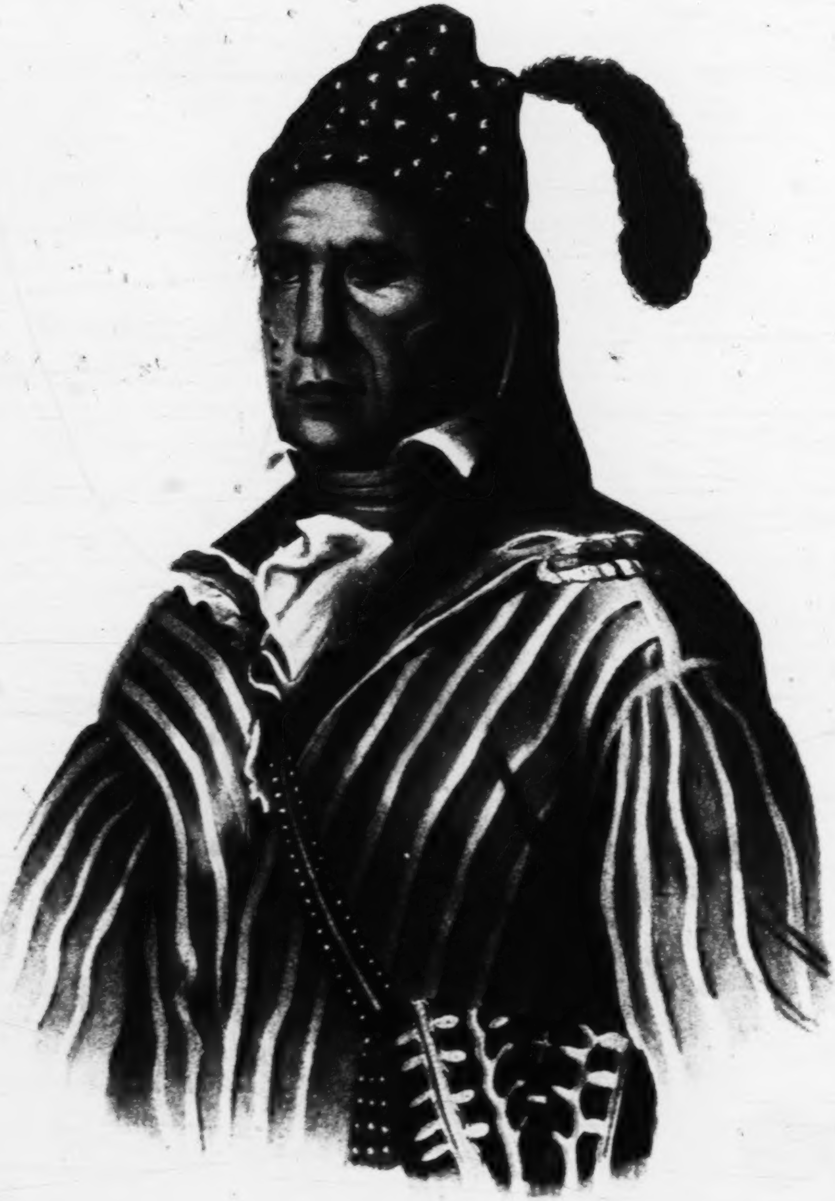


MENAWA.

This chief is a half-blooded Creek, of the Oakfuskee towns, which lie on the Tallapoosa river, in Alabama. He was formerly called Hothlepoya, or *The crazy war hunter*, in consequence of his daring feats as a marauder upon the frontiers of Tennessee, at an early period in the settlement of that state. He was in the habit of passing over annually to the Cumberland river, for the purpose of stealing horses, or, as the fierce clansmen of Scotland would have phrased it, driving cattle. The great modern novelist has designated treason as a gentlemanly crime, and border warriors, of whatever race, have, in like manner, considered the occupation of transferring each other's horses, either by stealth or violence, as a reputable martial employment. Hothlepoya was widely known and feared by the new settlers along the border, as a bold and successful adept in this species of warfare, which he practised with the least possible breach of the public peace—seldom shedding blood if unresisted, but fighting with desperation when opposed. Various are the adventures attributed to him while thus engaged, in some of which he is represented as pursuing his object with daring audacity, and in others obtaining it by ingenious trickery. On one occasion,

> "As bursts the levin in its wrath,
> He shot him down the winding path.
> Rock, wood and stream rung wildly out,
> To his loud step and savage shout;"

while again the honest farmer, bereaved of his noblest steed, suspected not the felonious deed until the *crazy war hunter* was far beyond the reach of pursuit.

14

The stories told of this individual are so numerous as to warrant the inference that his celebrity in the peculiar species of horse-jockeyship to which he devoted his attention, induced those who suffered injury at his hand to give him credit, not only for his own exploits, but those of his various contemporaries, as the Greeks attributed to their deified Hercules the deeds of numerous heroes who bore that name. Some of these adventures are too marvellous to be readily believed; many, that seem plausible enough, want confirmation, and but few have reached us, in detail, in such an unquestionable shape as to be worthy of repetition. We pass them over, therefore, with the single remark, that while enough is known to establish the character of Hothlepoya as an adroit and bold taker of the horses of his civilized neighbors, we are unable to give so minute a detail of these enterprises as would be edifying to the public, or instructive to the youthful aspirant after similar honors.

One incident is well vouched for, which shows that our marauder could emulate the liberality of the famous Robin Hood. Returning once from a successful excursion, he fell in with a tired pedestrian, trudging along the trail that in those days led from Augusta to the Tombigbee. The latter was a white man, who had lost his good nag; whether, like Fitz James,

"——— touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse,"

we are not told, but we learn that he was on foot, in a cheerless wilderness, with no other companion than a hound, who,

"With drooping tail and humble crest,"

followed the fallen fortunes of his master. Had Hothlepoya encountered this traveller mounted upon a good horse, the probability is that he would, either by stratagem or force, have despoiled him of the animal. As it was he gave him a fine steed, worth two hundred dollars, which he had just stolen at the hazard of his life, and received in exchange the stranger's hound—not as an equivalent, for the dog was of little value, but as a something to stand in place of the horse, and to be shown as a trophy on his return home. The acquisitive propensity of so heroic a person is not excited by the value of the thing stolen, but by the glory of the capture.

When Tecumthe visited the southern Indians, about the year 1811, for the purpose of endeavoring to unite them with the northern tribes in a general conspiracy against the whites, the subject of this notice was second chief of the Oakfuskee towns, and had acquired the name of Menawa, which means, *The Great Warrior;* and the politic Shawanoe leader distinguished him as one of those whose co-operation would be necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose. He made a special visit to Menawa, and formally communicated his plan, in a set speech, artfully framed to foment the latent hatred of the Creek chief towards the whites, and to awaken the ambition which he well knew must form a prominent feature in a character so daring and restless. Menawa heard his illustrious visitor with deep attention, for he loved war, and was not unwilling to strike the pale faced enemy of his race. War is always a popular measure among the Indians, and the chiefs readily indulge their followers in a propensity that diverts their attention from domestic affairs, and keeps up the habit of subordination in these wild and factious bands, who are at all times ruled with difficulty, but more especially when peace brings its season of idleness, intemperance, and license. Another reason which, doubtless, had a powerful though secret influence upon the mind of the Oakfuskee chief, was his jealousy of the growing power of McIntosh, whom he disliked, and who was known to favor the whites. A murder had recently been committed upon some white men, in the direction of the Oakfuskee towns, in revenge for which the people of Georgia, charging the crime upon Menawa's band, had burned one of his villages. It was secretly rumored, and believed by Menawa, that McIntosh, who feared to attack him openly, and perhaps had no plausible pretence for a public rupture with his rival, had instigated the murder, and had then caused it to be charged to the Oakfuskee band, for the express purpose of exposing the latter to the vengeance of the Georgians; and he was soured alike at the whites who had chastised his people without a cause, and at McIntosh, who was the supposed author of the injury. The proposed war had, therefore, the additional recommendation, that as McIntosh would most probably join the whites, he would be converted from a secret enemy, protected by rank and position, into an open foe, leagued with the oppressors of his race.

We have already spoken of the Creek war, and we now recur to it to detail the part acted by Menawa, who engaged in it with great alacrity. Although he was the second chief of his band, his reputation for valor and military skill placed him foremost on occasions when danger threatened, or when enterprise was required. The principal chief was a medicine man, who relied more on his incantations than upon the rifle or tomahawk—a peaceable person, who probably inherited his station, and owed his elevation to good blood rather than a meritorious character. He wore around his body a number of gourds, containing the herbs and other articles which constituted his medicine, and which he believed had power to repel the bullets of the enemy, to preserve his own life, and give success to his party. Menawa, though a man of vigorous intellect, was slightly infected with the superstition of his people, and from habit venerated the character of his chief; but the miracles which were said to have followed the visit of Tecumthe, and which we alluded to elsewhere, so far outshone the gourds of the Oakfuskee juggler, as to create some little contempt, and perhaps distrust towards the spells of the latter. But the faith of the principal chief only waxed stronger and stronger, and he continued to juggle without intermission, and to prophesy with confidence, while the Indians, partaking of his fanaticism, generally believed in him, and relied upon his power.

Thus incited by the blind zeal of fanaticism, added to the many existing causes of hatred against the whites, and to the belief that a general war to be waged under supernatural guidance was about to afford the opportunity for ample revenge, the Creeks proceeded in earnest to actual hostilities. We pass over a number of engagements that occurred in this war, in several of which Menawa acted a leading part, sparing our readers from the mere details of bloodshed, which could afford them but little interest, and passing on to the great battle of the Horseshoe, wherein it was the fate of this chief to act and suffer as became the military head of a gallant people. The scene of this disastrous conflict has already been described in another part of our work; and we shall only repeat here, that the Indians were posted on a small tongue of land, surrounded by the river Tallapoosa on all sides but one, where it was joined to the main land by a narrow isthmus, across which they had thrown a strong breastwork of logs. The Oakfuskee prophet, after performing certain incantations, informed his followers that the impending assault would be made in the rear of their position, which was swept by the river; and by presumptuously assuming to predict the plan which would be adopted by his enemy, unintentionally misled the Indians, who, instead of trusting to their own natural sagacity, arranged their defences in reference to an imaginary plan of assault. General Jackson, who, to an inflexible firmness of purpose, united a vigorous judgment, perceived the impregnable nature of the points the Indians had prepared to defend, and conceived the bold as well as judicious step of assailing the breastwork that extended across the isthmus. The movement of the American General was so rapid, that its object was not discovered until his cannon were planted in front of the intrenchment. But when the battery was opened upon this point, when the Tennesseeans were seen rushing forward with impetuous valor, and it was discovered that the main force of the American army was about to be precipitated upon the breastwork, Menawa, enraged at his chief, whose juggling had betrayed the Indians into a fatal error, flew at the unfortunate prophet, and, aided by others alike incensed, slew him upon the spot. He then placed himself at the head of the Oakfuskee braves, and those of the neighboring towns, and uttering, with a voice of unusual compass, a tremendous war-whoop, leaped the breastwork and threw himself in the midst of the assailants. A Greek or Roman leader, who had thus slain his chief, assumed the command, and abandoning the shelter of his fortifications, plunged into the thickest ranks of the enemy, to conquer or die for his people, would have been immortalized in classic story; while in the American savage such conduct will only be remembered as among the evidences of the extraordinary ferocity of his race.

The comrades of Menawa followed him into the battle, and fought at his side with desperate valor, until nearly all were slain, and he fell wounded by seven balls. The whole fight was of the most desperate character. The waters of the Tallapoosa river were red with blood. The ferocity with which the Indians fought may be attributed in part to their custom of not suffering themselves to be taken as prisoners, while their position cut them off from retreat, and still more perhaps to the fact that the ground of the Horseshoe was a consecrated spot, where they considered themselves protected by friendly spirits, and were nerved to desperation by a faith like that which excites the frantic valor of the Mahometan. Of nine hundred warriors led into that sanguinary fight by Menawa, only seventy survived, and one only, who fled at the first discharge of cannon, escaped unwounded.

When the storm of the battle subsided, Menawa remained on the field, lying in a heap of the slain, devoid of consciousness. Recovering his senses, he found himself weltering in blood, with his gun firmly grasped in his hand. The battle had ceased, or swept by, but straggling shots announced that the work of death was not over. Raising himself slowly to a sitting posture, he perceived a soldier passing near him, whom, with a deliberate aim, he shot, but at the same moment received a severe wound from a bullet, which, entering his cheek near the ear, and carrying away several of his teeth, passed out on the opposite side of the face. Again he fell among the dead, retaining, however, so much of life as to feel the victors treading upon his body as they passed over it, supposing him to be slain. When night came he felt revived, and the love of life grew strong in him. He crawled cautiously to the bank of the river, and descending to its margin, found a canoe, which he entered, and, by shaking it from side to side, loosed it from the shore. The canoe floated down the river until it reached the neighborhood of a swamp at Elkahatchee, where the Indian women and children had been secreted previous to the battle. Some of these wretched beings, who were anxiously looking out for intelligence from the scene of action, espied the canoe, and upon going to it, discovered the mangled chief lying nearly insensible in its bottom.

Menawa was removed to a place of rendezvous which had been appointed on the Elkahatchee creek, where he was joined by the unhappy survivors of that dreadful battle. For the purpose of brooding over their grief, mourning for the dead, and deciding upon the measures necessary to be adopted in consequence of the recent disaster, a silent council was held, that lasted three days, during which time these moody warriors neither ate nor drank, nor permitted their wounds to be dressed. At the expiration of the third day it was determined that the Indians should return to their respective homes, submit to the victors, and each man make his own peace as best he might. Their wounds were then dressed by the women, who usually officiate as surgeons, as did the ladies of Europe in the days of chivalry. The Indians are said to display, under such circumstances, a remarkable tenacity of life, and to recover rapidly from the effects of the most serious wounds, in consequence probably of their active and abstemious habits, rather than of the absence of physicians. They soon dispersed, and all of them surrendered formally to the American authorities, except Menawa, whose wounds prevented him from leaving his retreat until after the close of the war. As soon as he was able to travel he sought his home, at the Oakfuskee towns, but found neither shelter nor property. The desolating hand of war had swept all away. Before the breaking out of hostilities, Menawa was among the richest of the Indians of the upper towns. Like many of his nation, of the mixed blood, he had partially adopted the habits of the white man, keeping large herds of cattle, which he exchanged for merchandise, and bartering the latter with his own people for the products of the chase. He had entirely abandoned the predatory habits of his early life, was the owner of a store, and of more than a thousand head of cattle, an equal number of hogs, and several hundred horses. He carried on a brisk trade with Pensacola, and was known to load, at one time, a hundred horses with furs and peltries. Like the famous Rob Roy, he was by turns a chieftain, a drover, and a marauder, a high mettled warrior, and a crafty trader; and like him, his propensity for war was unfortunately stronger than his prudence. All his earnings were now destroyed. He found his village burned; not a vestige remained of all his property—horses, cattle, and merchandise, had alike disappeared. The Oakfuskee chief was as poor as the most abject individual of his band, and has lived in poverty ever since that fatal campaign. He could never be prevailed upon afterwards to revisit the battle-ground at the Horseshoe. It is believed that he entertained a superstitious dread of the spot, at which he supposed a malign influence existed, fatally hostile to his people and himself. This is not improbable, and is entirely consistent with the Indian character. But this aversion may be attributed to a more natural cause. Men of high spirit are liable to strong prejudices and obstinate antipathies, and Menawa may have felt an unconquerable reluctance to revisit a spot so replete with humiliating recollections—the scene of signal defeat and mortification to himself, as a man and as a chieftain. Napoleon, bereft of imperial power, would have taken no pleasure in retracing the road to Moscow.

Menawa regained his health, reassumed his authority over the remnant of the Oakfuskee band, and became an influential person in the Creek nation. In the conflict of opinion which for many years distracted this unfortunate people, he acted with those who resisted the encroachments of the whites, refused to sanction further cessions of territory, and opposed every measure which would lead to the compulsory emigration of his people. McIntosh, as we have seen, espoused the opposite side, and when that chief was sentenced to death for having signed a treaty of cession in violation of the known wishes of the majority, Menawa was selected to execute the fatal decree. Between these leaders there had never existed any friendly feeling, nor is it supposed that Menawa would have been seduced into the imprudent measure of taking up arms against the American government, but for the spirit of rivalry mutually entertained, and the belief of the one that he had been deeply injured by the other. The knowledge of these facts, as well as their confidence in the firmness and bravery of Menawa, may have led the Creeks to select him as the executioner of their sentence. He at first declined the office, and requested the council to intrust it to a more impartial hand; but that body adhering to their choice, he accepted the trust, and discharged it in the manner we shall relate in our sketch of McIntosh.

The subject of this notice was one of the delegation sent by the Creeks to Washington, in 1826, to remonstrate against the treaty of the Indian Springs, and to effect some compromise which should quiet the troubles that preceded and ensued the death of McIntosh. His conduct on that occasion was calm and dignified, and the force of his character was felt in all the negotiations which took place at the seat of government. He was decidedly opposed to the emigration of the entire Creek people, but was willing to sell the country, reserving certain lands to be parcelled out to such individuals as might choose to remain, to be held by them severally in fee simple. By this plan the entire sovereignty and jurisdiction of the country would have been yielded, the Creeks as a nation would have retained nothing, but any individual choosing to continue within the ceded territory, would have had a tract of land granted to him in perpetuity, which he would hold under the state government. None would have accepted these conditions but such as proposed to subsist by agriculture, or some of the kindred arts, and were willing to submit to the restraints of law. The untamed Indian who preferred his own savage mode of life, would have sought a home more congenial to his taste in the forests and prairies of the West. This plan is more consonant with justice than any other that has been suggested; whether it would have satisfied the people of Georgia, or have ultimately promoted the happiness of the Indians, we do not pretend to decide. Failing in this proposition, he succeeded in getting a provision inserted in the treaty, by which it was agreed that patents should be issued after five years to such Indians as might choose to occupy land. As it turned out, eventually, this provision afforded no benefit to himself, for, by an arbitrary mode adopted of making the allotment, the tract on which he had resided—his *home*—was given to another, and the land offered to himself not being acceptable, he sold it and purchased other land in Alabama.

Menawa was not only brave and skilful, but was a gentleman in appearance and manners. Although he was a savage in the field, or in the revel, he could at any moment assume the dignity and courtesy proper to his high station. Not long after his return from Washington, a gentleman, to whom we are indebted for some of the incidents related in this memoir, called upon this chief. He found him surrounded by his braves, engaged in a deep carouse; but Menawa had too much tact to receive his visitor under such circumstances. As the gentleman approached the house in which the Indians were carousing, he was met by an aid of the chief, who directed him to another house, where he was requested to remain until the next morning. The hint was taken. In the morning early Menawa was seen approaching well mounted, and in the full uniform of a general officer, from chapeau to spurs—being the dress presented to him at Washington at the conclusion of the treaty. At the door of the house at which his visitor was lodged he reined up his steed, and gracefully dismounted. Advancing with his chapeau under his arm, and bowing to the stranger, he desired to know the business of the latter which had induced his call. Being informed, he said promptly, "I am now engaged with my people in a frolic. I must return to them, but will see you to-morrow, and attend to your business." Whereupon he remounted, bowed, and galloped off. Punctual to his promise, he returned on the following morning, and adjusted the matter of business.

Notwithstanding the hostility of Menawa towards the whites, and the injuries he had received, he remained inviolably faithful to the treaty he had made, and the pacific policy to which he was pledged. He said that, when at Washington, he had smoked the pipe of peace with his Great Father, and had buried the tomahawk so deep that he never again could dig it up. When, therefore, in 1836, the temporary successes of the Seminoles kindled a contagious spirit of insurrection among the Creeks, Menawa was among the first to tender his services to the authorities of Alabama; and his offer being accepted, he collected his braves and led them to the field, in combination with those of Opothle Yoholo. On this occasion he was dressed in a full suit of American uniform, and affected the conduct of a civilized leader, whose sole object was to prevent the effusion of blood. In addition to his own services, he sent his oldest son to Florida to aid in the defence of the country against the Seminoles. Under these circumstances he had reason to expect that he should be gratified in his ardent wish to spend the remnant of his days in his native land, and lay his bones with those of his forefathers. He paid a visit to the Catawba Indians, in North Carolina, to see how they prospered under the laws of that state; and having satisfied himself that there was no insurmountable objection to such a mode of life, used every exertion to be excluded from the emigrating party. He was at last, in consideration of his recent services, gratified with the promise of being permitted to remain. But this act of justice had scarcely been conceded to him when, by some strange inadvertence, or want of faith, he was ordered to join the emigrating camp. We hope and believe that this, with many other wanton acts of injustice towards the Indians, are not chargeable to our government. The complicated relations with the tribes are necessarily intrusted to numerous agents, acting far from the seat of government, and vested with discretionary powers, which are not always discharged in good faith; nor is it easy for the executive to arrive at the truth in reference to such transactions, where some of the parties are interested, some unprincipled, and the majority both lawless and illiterate.

On the eve of his departure, this veteran chief said to a highly reputable gentleman, who is our informant, presenting him at the same time with his portrait—a copy of the one which accompanies this sketch—"I am going away. I have brought you this picture—I wish you to take it and hang it up in your house, that when your children look at it, you can tell them what I have been. I have always found you true to me, but great as my regard for you is, I never wish to see you in that new country to which I am going—for when I cross the great river, my desire is that I may never again see the face of a white man!"

When it was suggested to him that many supposed his repugnance against emigrating arose from the apprehension that he would meet in Arkansas the hostility of the McIntosh party, who had preceded him, he shook his head and said, "They do not know me who suppose I can be influenced by fear. I desire peace, but would not turn my back on danger. I know there will be blood shed, but I am not afraid. I have been a man of blood all my life; now I am old and wish for peace."

Before he took a final leave of the land of his fathers, he requested permission to revisit the Oakfuskee town, which had been his favorite residence. He remained there one night. The next morning he commenced the long dreaded journey towards the place of exile. After crossing the Tallapoosa he seemed for some time abstracted and uneasy. His conduct was that of one who had forgotten something, and under this supposition it was proposed to him to return for the purpose of correcting the omission. But he said, "No! Last evening I saw the sun set for the last time, and its light shine upon the tree tops, and the land, and the water, that I am never to look upon again. No other evening will come, bringing to Menawa's eyes the rays of the setting sun upon the home he has left *for ever!*"

The portrait of this distinguished chief, in the gallery of the War Department, which we copy, was taken in 1826, when he was supposed to be about sixty years of age. It is one of the most spirited of the works of that gifted artist, King, and has been often recognized by Menawa's countrymen, who, on seeing it, have exclaimed, "Menawa!" and then, fired by the remembrance of the deeds which gained him the name of the *Great Warrior*, they have gone on to recount them. If this extraordinary person be yet living, he is far from his native land and all the scenes of a long and most eventful career, and is forming new associations at a period of life beyond the three score and ten allotted to man.

KAI-POL-E-QUA,

Nº 12

A SAUKIE BRAVE

KAIPOLEQUA.

THIS distinguished warrior is the chief of a division of the Saukie nation, which forms part of a singular institution, that, so far as we know, is peculiar to that people.

The warriors of the Saukie nation are divided into two bands, or parties, one of which is called Kishkoquis, or the Long Hairs, and the other Oshcush, or the brave; the former being considered as something more than merely brave. In 1819 each party numbered about four hundred warriors; in 1826 they numbered about five hundred each, but have not increased since that time. The Kishkoquis, or Long Hairs, are commanded by the hereditary war chief Keokuk, whose standard is red; the head man of the Oshcushies is Kaipolequa, the subject of this sketch, whose standard is blue. The Long Hairs take precedence in point of rank. The formation of these parties is a matter of national concern, and is effected by a simple arrangement. The first male child who is born to a Kishkoqui, is marked with white paint, the distinguishing color of the Kishkoquis, and belongs to that party; the next male of the same family is marked with black paint, and is attached to the Oshcushies, and so on alternately—the first son belonging to the same band with his father, and the others being assigned in turn, first to one band, and then to the other. Thus all the warriors are attached to one or the other band, and the division is as nearly equal as it could be by any arrangement commencing with infancy.

Whenever the whole nation, or any large party of warriors, turns out to engage in a grand hunt, or a warlike expedition, or for the purpose of performing sham battles, or ball plays, the individuals belonging to the two bands are distinguished by their appropriate colors. If the purpose of the assemblage is for sham fighting, or other diversion, the Kishkoquis daub their bodies all over with white clay, and the Oshcushies blacken themselves with charcoal; the bands are ranged under their respective leaders, and play against each other, rallying under the red and blue banners. In war and hunting, when all must be ranged on one side, the white and black paints are mingled with other colors, so that the distinction is kept up, and after the close of the expedition, the scalps, plunder, game, and other trophies of each band collectively, are compared, and the deeds of each repeated.

The object of these societies will be readily seen. They form a part of the simple machinery of a military government, and are founded in consummate wisdom, with the view of exciting emulation, and of placing every warrior in the nation under the constant observation of all the others. From early youth each individual is taught to feel, that, whether engaged in war, in hunting, or in athletic sports, the honor of his band, as well as his own, is concerned in his success or failure, and thus a sense of responsibility is awakened and kept alive, which has all the moral force of a constant and rigid discipline.

Kaipolequa attained the high rank of leader of his band through his military abilities; and he is considered as one of the most distinguished braves of the nation.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

TSHUSICK,

AN OJIBWAY WOMAN.

N°14

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers.

TSHUSICK.

A PORTION only of the history of this extraordinary woman has reached us. Of her early life we know nothing; but the fragment which we are enabled to present, is sufficiently indicative of her strongly marked character, while it illustrates with singular felicity the energy of the race to which she belongs In tracing the peculiar traits of the Indian character, as developed in many of the wild adventures related of them, we are most forcibly struck with the boldness, the subtlety, the singleness of purpose, with which individuals of that race plan and execute any design in which they may be deeply interested.

The youth of ancient Persia were taught to speak the truth. The lesson of infancy, inculcated with equal care upon the American savage, is, to keep his own counsel, and he learns with the earliest dawnings of reason the caution which teaches him alike to deceive his foe, and to guard against the imprudence of his friend. The story of Tshusick shows that she possessed those savage qualities, quickened and adorned by a refinement seldom found in any of her race; and we give it as it was communicated to the writer by the gentleman who was best acquainted with all the facts.

In the winter of 1826–27, on a cold night, when the snow was lying on the ground, a wretched, ill-clad, way-worn female knocked at the door of our colleague, Colonel McKenney, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at the city of Washington. She was attended by a boy, who explained the manner in which she had been directed to the residence of Colonel McKenney. It seems that, while wandering through the streets of Georgetown, in search of a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, she was allured by the blaze of a furnace in the shop of Mr. Haller, a tin worker. She entered, and eagerly approached the fire. On being asked who she was, she replied, that she was an Indian, that she was cold and starving, and knew not where to go. Mr. Haller, supposing that Colonel McKenney, as Commissioner for Indian Affairs, was bound to provide for all of that race who came to the seat of government, directed her to him, and sent his boy to conduct her. On this representation the Colonel invited her into his house, led her to a fire, and saw before him a young woman, with a ragged blanket around her shoulders, a pair of man's boots on her feet, a pack on her back, and the whole of her meagre and filthy attire announcing the extreme of want. She described herself to be, what her complexion and features sufficiently indicated, an Indian, and stated that she had travelled alone, and on foot, from Detroit. In reply to questions which were put to her, for the purpose of testing the truth of her story, she named several gentlemen who resided at that place, described their houses, and mentioned circumstances in reference to their families which were known to be correct. She then proceeded, with a self-possession of manner, and an ease and fluency of language that surprised those who heard her, to narrate the cause of her solitary journey. She said she had recently lost her husband, to whom she was much attached, and that she attributed his death to the anger of the Great Spirit, whom she had always venerated, but who was no doubt offended with her, for having neglected to worship Him in the manner which she knew to be right. She knew that the red people did not worship the Great Spirit in an acceptable mode, and that the only true religion was that of the white men. Upon the decease of her husband, therefore, she had knelt down, and vowed that she would immediately proceed to

Washington, to the sister of Mrs. Boyd, who, being the wife of the great father of the white people, would, she hoped, protect her until she should be properly instructed and baptized.

In conformity with this pious resolution, she had immediately set out, and had travelled after the Indian fashion, not by any road, but directly across the country, pursuing the course which she supposed would lead her to the capital. She had begged her food at the farmhouses she chanced to pass, and had slept in the woods. On being asked if she had not been afraid when passing the night alone in the forest, she replied, that she had never been alarmed, for that she knew the Great Spirit would protect her.

This simple, though remarkable recital, confirmed as it was by its apparent consistency, and the correctness of the references to well-known individuals, both at Detroit and Mackinaw, carried conviction to the minds of all who heard it. The Mrs. Boyd alluded to, was the wife of a highly respectable gentleman, the agent of the United States for Indian affairs, residing at Mackinaw, and she was the sister of the lady of Mr. Adams, then President of the United States. It seemed natural that a native female, capable of acting as this courageous individual had acted, should seek the protection of a lady who held the highest rank in her nation, and whose near relative she knew and respected. There was something of dignity, and much of romance, in the idea of a savage convert seeking, at the mansion of the chief magistrate, the pure fountain of the religion which she proposed to espouse, as if unwilling to receive it from any source meaner than the most elevated.

Colonel McKenney recognized in the stranger a person entitled alike to the sympathies of the liberal, and the protection of the government, and, in the exercise of his official duty towards one of a race over whom he had been constituted a sort of guardian, immediately received his visitor under his protection, and conducted her to a neighboring hotel, secured her a comfortable apartment, and placed her under the especial care of the hostess, a kind and excellent woman, who promised to pay her every requisite attention.

On the following morning, the first care of the commissioner was to provide suitable attire for the stranger, and, having purchased a quantity of blue and scarlet clothes, feathers, beads, and other finery, he presented them to her; and Tshusick, declining all assistance, set to work with alacrity, and continued to labor without ceasing, until she had completed the entire costume in which she appears arrayed in the portrait accompanying this notice—except the moccasons and hat, which were purchased. There she sits, an Indian belle, decorated by her own hands, according to her own taste, and smiling in the consciousness that a person to whom nature had not been niggard, had received the most splendid embellishments of which art was capable.

Tshusick was now introduced in due form at the presidential mansion, where she was received with great kindness; the families of the secretary of war, and of other gentlemen, invited and caressed her as an interesting and deserving stranger. No other Indian female, except the Eagle of Delight, was ever so great a favorite at Washington, nor has any lady of that race ever presented higher claims to admiration. She was, as the faithful pencil of King has portrayed her, a beautiful woman. Her manners had the unstudied grace, and her conversation the easy fluency, of high refinement. There was nothing about her that was coarse or common-place. Sprightly, intelligent, and quick, there was also a womanly decorum in all her actions, a purity and delicacy in her whole air and conduct, that pleased and attracted all who saw her. So agreeable a savage has seldom, if ever, adorned the fashionable circles of civilized life.

The success of this lady at her first appearance on a scene entirely new to her, is not surprising. Youth and beauty are in themselves always attractive, and she was just then in the full bloom of womanhood. Her age might have been twenty-eight, but she seemed much younger. Her dress, though somewhat gaudy, was picturesque, and well calculated to excite attention by its singularity, while its adaptation to her own style of beauty, and to the aboriginal character, rendered it appropriate. Neat in her person, she arranged her costume with taste, and, accustomed from infancy to active exercise, her limbs had a freedom and grace of action too seldom seen among ladies who are differently educated. Like all handsome women, be their color or nation what it may, she knew her power, and used it to the greatest advantage.

But that part of Tshusick's story which is yet to be related is, to our mind, the most remarkable. Having attended to her personal comforts, and introduced her to those whose patronage might be most serviceable, Colonel McKenney's next care was to secure for her the means of gratifying her wish to embrace the Christian religion. She professed her readiness to act immediately on the subject, and proposed that the Colonel should administer the rite of baptism—he being a great chief, the father of the Indians, and the most proper person to perform this parental and sacerdotal office. He of course declined, and addressed a note to the Reverend Mr. Gray, Rector of Christ Church, in Georgetown, who immediately called to see Tshusick. On being introduced to him, she inquired whether he spoke French, and desired that their conversation might be held in that language, in order that the other persons who were present might not understand it, alleging, as her reason for the request, the sacredness of the subject, and the delicacy she felt in speaking of her religious sentiments. A long and interesting conversation ensued, at the conclusion of which Mr. Gray expressed his astonishment at the extent of her knowledge, and the clearness of her views, in relation to the whole Christian scheme. He was surprised to hear a savage, reared among her own wild race, in the distant regions of the northern lakes, who could neither read nor write, speak with fluency and precision in a foreign tongue, on the great doctrine of sin, repentance, and the atonement. He pronounced her a fit subject for baptism; and accordingly that rite was administered, a few days afterwards, agreeably to the form of the Episcopalian church, in the presence of a large company. When the name to be given to the new convert was asked by Mr. Gray, it appeared that none had been agreed on; those of the wife and daughter of the then secretary of war were suggested on the emergency, and were used. Throughout this trying ceremony, she conducted herself with great propriety. Her deportment was calm and self-possessed, yet characterized by a sensibility which seemed to be the result of genuine feeling.

Another anecdote shows the remarkable tact and talent of this singular woman. On an occasion when Colonel McKenney introduced her to a large party of his friends, there was present a son of the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone, a young Frenchman of uncommon genius and attainment. This gentleman no sooner heard Tshusick converse in his native tongue, than he laughed heartily, insisted that the whole affair was a deception, that Colonel McKenney had dressed up a smart youth of the engineer corps, and had gotten up an ingenious scenic representation for the amusement of his guests—because he considered it utterly impossible that an Indian could speak the French language with such purity and elegance. He declared that her dialect was that of a well educated Parisian. We do not think it surprising that a purer French should be spoken on our frontier, than in the province of France. The language was introduced among the Indians by the priests and military officers, who were educated at Paris, and were persons of refinement, and it has remained there without change.* The same state of facts may exist there which we know to be true with regard to the United States. The first emigrants to our country were educated persons, who introduced a pure tongue; and the English language is spoken by Americans with greater correctness, than in any of the provincial parts of Great Britain.

We shall only add to this part of our strange eventful history, that all who saw Tshusick at Washington, were alike impressed with the invariable propriety of her deportment; her hostess especially, who had the opportunity of noticing her behavior more closely than others, expressed the most unqualified approbation of her conduct. She was neat, methodical, and pure in all her habits and conversation. She spoke with fluency on a variety of subjects, and was, in short, a most graceful and interesting woman. Yet she was a savage, who had strolled on foot from the borders of Lake Superior to the American capital.

When the time arrived for Tshusick to take her departure, she was not allowed to go empty handed. Her kind friends at Washington loaded her with presents. Mrs. Adams, the lady of the President, besides the valuable gifts which she gave her, intrusted to her care a variety of articles for her young relatives, the children of Mr. Boyd, of Mackinaw. It being arranged that she should travel by the stage coaches as far as practicable, her baggage was carefully packed in a large trunk; but as part of her journey would be through the wilderness, where she must ride on horseback, she was supplied with the means of buying a horse; and a large sack, contrived by herself, and to be hung like panniers across the horse, was made, into which all her property was to be stowed. Her money was placed in a belt to be worn round her waist; and a distinguished officer of the army, of high rank, with the gallantry which forms so conspicuous a part of his character, fastened with his own hand this rich cestus upon the person of the lovely tourist.

Thus pleasantly did the days of Tshusick pass at the capital of the United States, and she departed burdened with the favors and good wishes of those who were highest in station and most worthy in character. On her arrival at Barnum's hotel in Baltimore, a favorable reception was secured for her by a letter of introduction. Mrs. Barnum took her into her private apartments, detained her several days as her guest, and showed her the curiosities of that beautiful city. She then departed in the western stage for Frederick; the proprietors of the stages declined receiving any pay from her, either for her journey to Baltimore, or thence west, so far as she was heard of.

Having thus, with the fidelity of an impartial historian, described the halcyon days of Tshusick, as the story was told us by those who saw her dandled on the knee of hospitality, or fluttering with childlike joy upon the wing of pleasure, it is with pain that we are obliged to reverse the picture. But beauties, like other conquerors, have their hours of glory and of gloom. The brilliant career of Tshusick was destined to close as suddenly as that of the conqueror of Europe at the field of Waterloo.

On the arrival of the fair Ojibway at Washington, Colonel McKenney had written to Governor Cass, at Detroit, describing, in glowing language, the bright stranger who was the delight of the higher circles at the metropolis, and desiring to know of the Governor of Michigan her character and history. The reply to this prudent inquiry was received a few days after the departure of the subject of it. The governor, highly amused at the success of the lady's adventure, congratulated his numerous friends at Washington, on the acquisition which had been gained to their social circle, and, in compliance with the request of his friend, stated what he knew of her. She was the wife of a short squat Frenchman, who officiated as a scullion in the household of Mr. Boyd, the Indian agent at Mackinaw, and who, so far from having been spirited away from his afflicted wife, was supporting her absence without leave with the utmost resignation. It was not the first liberty of this kind she had taken. Her love of adventure had more than once induced her to separate for a season the conjugal tie, and to throw herself upon the cold charity of a world that has been called heartless, but which had not proved so to her. She was a sort of female swindler, who practised upon the unsophisticated natures of her fellow men, by an aboriginal method of her own invention. Whenever stern necessity, or her own pleasure, rendered it expedient to replenish her exhausted coffers, her custom had been to wander off into the settlements of the whites, and, under a disguise of extreme wretchedness, to recite some tale of distress; that she had been crossed in love; or was the sole survivor of a dreadful massacre; or was disposed to embrace the Christian religion; and such was the effect of her beauty and address, that she seldom failed to return with a rich booty. She had wandered through the whole length of the Canadas to Montreal and Quebec; had traced the dreary solitudes of the northern lakes, to the most remote trading stations; had ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony, and had followed the meanders of that river down to St. Louis, comprising, within the range of her travels, the whole vast extent of the northern and north-western frontier, and many places in the interior. Her last and boldest attempt was a masterpiece of daring and successful enterprise, and will compare well with the most finished efforts of the ablest impostors of modern times.

It will be seen that Tshusick had ample opportunities for obtaining the information which she used so dexterously, and for beholding the manners of refined life, which she imitated with such success. She had been a servant in the families of gentlemen holding official rank on the frontier, and, in her wanderings, been entertained at the dwellings of English, French, and Americans, of every grade. Her religious knowledge was picked up at the missionary stations at Mackinaw, and from the priests at Montreal; and her excellent French resulted partly from hearing that language well spoken by genteel persons, and partly from an admirable perception and fluency of speech that are natural to a gifted few, and more frequently found in women than in men. Although an impostor and vagrant, she was a remarkable person, possessing beauty, tact, spirit, and address, which the highest born and loveliest might envy, and the perversion of which to purposes of deception and vice affords the most melancholy evidence of the depravity of our nature.

Tshusick left Washington in February, 1829, and in the month of June following, Colonel McKenney's official duties required him to visit the north-western frontier. On his arrival at Detroit, he naturally felt some curiosity to see the singular being who had practised so adroitly on the credulity of himself and his friends, and the more especially, as he learned that the presents with which she had been charged by the latter, had not been delivered. On inquiry, he was told she had just gone to Mackinaw. Proceeding on his tour, he learned at Mackinaw that she had left for Green Bay; from the latter place she preceded him to Prairie du Chien; and when he arrived at Prairie du Chien, she had just departed for St. Peters. It was evident that she had heard of his coming, and was unwilling to meet him; she had fled before him, from place to place, probably alone, and certainly with but slender means of subsistence, for more than a thousand miles, giving thus a new proof of the vigilance and fearlessness that marked her character.

In reciting this singular adventure, we have not been able to avoid entirely the mention of names connected with it, but we have confined ourselves to those of persons in public life, whose stations subject them, without impropriety, to this kind of notice. The whole affair affords a remarkable instance of the benignant character of our government, and of the facility with which the highest functionaries may be approached by any who have even a shadow of claim on their protection. Power does not assume, with us, the repulsive shape which keeps the humble at a distance, nor are the doors of our rulers guarded by tedious official forms, that delay the petitions of those who claim either mercy or justice.

The beautiful stories of Elizabeth, by Madame Cottin, and of Jeannie Deans, by Scott, are both founded on real events, which are considered as affording delightful illustrations of the heroic self-devotion of the female heart; of the courage and enthusiasm with which a woman will encounter danger for a beloved object. Had the journey of Tshusick been undertaken, like those alluded to, to save a parent or a sister, or even been induced by the circumstances which she alleged, it would have formed a touching incident in the history of woman, little inferior to any which have ever been related. She came far, and endured much; emerging from the lowest rank in society, she found favor in the highest, and achieved, for the base purpose of plunder, the success which would have immortalized her name, had it been obtained in a virtuous cause.

This remarkable woman is still living, and, though broken by years, exhibits the same active and intriguing spirit which distinguished her youth. She is well known on the frontier; but, when we last heard of her, passed under a different name from that which we have recorded.

ONG-PA-TONGA

AN OMAHAW CHIEF

ONGPATONGA.

There are few aboriginal chiefs whose character may be contemplated with so much complacency as that of the individual before us, who is not only an able but a highly estimable man. He is the principal chief of his nation, and the most considerable man among them in point of talent and influence. He uses his power with moderation, and the white men who have visited his country all bear testimony to his uniform fair dealing, hospitality, and friendship. He is a good warrior, and has never failed to effect the objects which he has attempted; being distinguished rather by the common sense and sagacity which secure success, than by the brilliancy of his achievements.

While quite a young man, he performed an exploit which gained him great credit. The Omahas had sent a messenger of some distinction upon an embassy to the Pawnee Loups, who, instead of receiving him with the respect due to his character, as the representative of his nation, treated him with contempt. Ongpatonga, though young, was a chief of some distinction, and immediately took upon himself to revenge the insult. He determined to do this promptly, before the aggressors could be aware of his intention, and while the sense of injury was glowing in the bosoms of his people. Placing himself at the head of the whole population of his village, men, women, and children, he proceeded to the Pawnee town, and attacked it so suddenly, and with such a show of numbers, that the inhabitants deserted it without attempting a defence. He then destroyed the village and retired, taking with him a considerable booty, consisting chiefly of horses.

The Omahas inhabit the shores of the Missouri river, about eight hundred miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. They of course hunt over those beautiful and boundless prairies which afford pasturage to the buffalo, and are expert in the capture of that animal, and the management of the horse. They have but one permanent village, which consists of huts formed of poles, and plastered with mud. A fertile plain, which spreads out in front of their town, affords ground for their rude horticulture, which extends to the planting of corn, beans, pumpkins, and watermelons. This occupation, with the dressing of the buffalo skins, procured in the previous winter's hunt, employs the spring months of the year; and, in June, they make their arrangements for a grand hunting expedition. A solemn council is held in advance of this important undertaking, at which the chiefs, the great warriors, and the most experienced hunters, deliberately express their opinions in relation to the route proposed to be pursued; the necessary preparations, and all other matters connected with the subject. A feast is then given by an individual selected for the purpose, to which all the chief men are invited, and several of the fattest dogs are roasted for their entertainment. Here the principal chief introduces again the great subject of debate, in a set speech, in which he thanks each person present for the honor of his company, on an occasion so important to the nation, and calls upon them to determine whether the state of their stock of provisions will justify their remaining longer, to allow the squaws time to weed their corn, or whether they shall proceed at once to the pastures of the game. If the latter be the decision of the company, he invites them to determine whether it would be advisable to ascend the running water, or seek the shores of the Platte, or extend their journey to the black hills of the south-west, in pursuit of wild horses. He is usually followed by some old chief, who compliments the head man for his knowledge and bravery, and congratulates the tribe on their good fortune in having so wise a leader. Thus an Omaha feast very much resembles a political dinner among ourselves, and is improved as a fit occasion for great men to display their eloquence to the public, and their talent in paying compliments to each other. These consultations are conducted with great decorum, yet are characterized by the utmost freedom of debate; every individual, whose age and standing are such as to allow him, with propriety, to speak in public, giving his opinion. A sagacious head man, however, is careful to preserve his popularity by respecting the opinion of the tribe at large, or, as we should term it, *the people;* and for that purpose, ascertains beforehand, the wishes of the mass of his followers. Ongpatonga was a model chief in this respect; he always carefully ascertained the public sentiment before he went into council, and knew the wishes of the majority in advance of a decision; and this is, probably, the most valuable talent for a public speaker, who may not only lead, by echoing the sentiments of those he addresses, but, on important points, insinuates with effect, the dictates of his own more mature judgment.

After such a feast as we have described, others succeed; and the days of preparation for the grand hunt are filled with games and rejoicings; the squaws employing themselves in packing up their movables, and taking great care to make themselves important by retarding or accelerating the moment of departure. At length the whole tribe move off in grand cavalcade, with their skin lodges, dogs, and horses, leaving not a living thing in their deserted village, and proceed to the far distant plains, where the herds of buffalo "most do congregate." About five months in the year are spent by this nation at their village, during which they are occupied in eating, sleeping, smoking, making speeches, waging war, or stealing horses; the other seven are actively employed in chasing the buffalo or the wild horse.

The Omahas have one peculiarity in their customs, which we have never noticed in the history of any other people. Neither the father-in-law nor mother-in-law is permitted to hold any direct conversation with their son-in-law; it is esteemed indelicate in these parties to look in each other's faces, or to mention the names of each other, or to have any intercourse, except through the medium of a third person. If an Omaha enters a tent in which the husband of his daughter is seated, the latter conceals his head with his robe, and takes the earliest opportunity to withdraw, while the ordinary offices of kindness and hospitality are performed through the female, who passes the pipe or the message between her father and husband.

Ongpatonga married the daughter of Mechapa, or the Horsehead. On a visit to his wife one day, he entered the tent of her father, unobserved by the latter, who was engaged in playing with a favorite dog, named Arrecattawaho, which, in the Pawnee language, signifies Big Elk—being synonymous with Ongpatonga in the Omaha. This name the father-in-law was unluckily repeating, without being aware of the breach of good manners he was committing, until his wife, after many ineffectual winks and signs, struck him on the back with her fist, and in that tone of conjugal remonstrance which ladies can use when necessary, exclaimed: "You old fool! have you no eyes to see who is present? You had better jump on his back, and ride him about like a dog!" The old man, in surprise, ejaculated "Wah!" and ran out of the tent in confusion. We know scarcely any thing so odd as this singular custom, which seems to be as inconvenient as it is unmeaning.

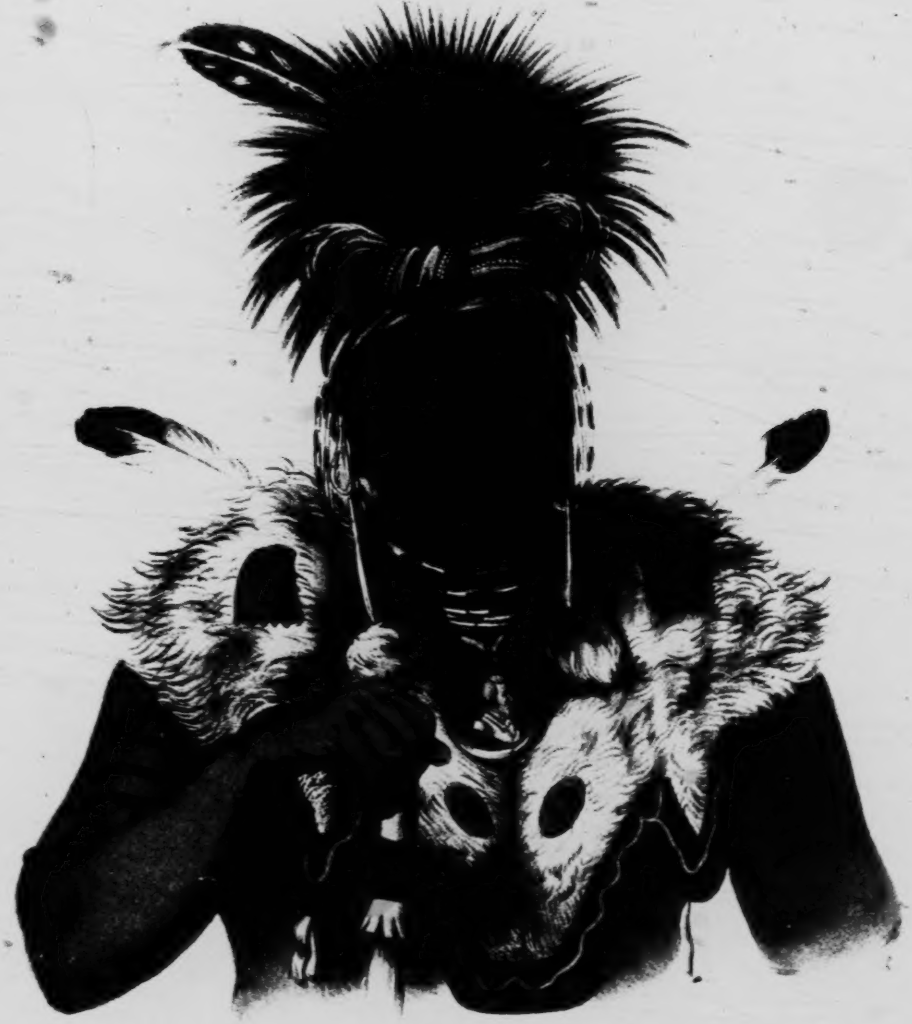
The Big Elk has been a very distinguished orator; few uneducated men have ever cultivated this art with more success. We have before us a specimen of his oratory, which is very creditable to his abilities. In 1811, a council was held at the Portage des Sioux, between Governor Edwards and Colonel Miller, on the part of the American government, and a number of Indian chiefs, of different nations. One of the latter, the Black Buffalo, a highly respected Sioux chief, of the Ietan tribe, died suddenly during the conference, and was buried with the honors of war. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Ongpatonga made the following unpremeditated address to those assembled: "Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best of men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is past, and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged nor displeased, that in visiting your father here, you have lost your chief. A misfortune of this kind, under such afflicting circumstances, may never again befall you; but this loss would have occurred to you, perhaps, at your own village. Five times have I visited this land, and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in one path; they grow every where. How unhappy am I that I could not have died this day, instead of the chief that lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death, would have been doubly repaid by the honors of such a burial. They would have wiped off every thing like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, instead of a noble grave, and a grand procession, the rolling music, and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving over my head, I shall be wrapped in a robe, and hoisted on a slender scaffold, exposed to the whistling winds, soon to be blown down to the earth—my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones trodden on the plain by wild beasts. Chief of the soldiers! (addressing Colonel Miller,) your care has not been bestowed in vain. Your attentions shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that our white friends pay to the dead. When I return, I will echo the sound of your guns." Had this speech been uttered by a Grecian or Roman orator, it would have been often quoted as a choice effusion of classic eloquence. It is not often that we meet with a funeral eulogium so unstudied, yet so pointed and ingenious.

This chief delivered a speech to the military and scientific gentlemen who accompanied Colonel Long in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in 1819–20, in which he asserted, that not one of his nation had ever stained his hands with the blood of a white man.

The character of Ongpatonga is strongly contrasted with that of Washinggusaba, or the Black Bird, one of his predecessors. The latter was also an able man, and a great warrior, but was a monster in cruelty and despotism. Having learned the deadly quality of arsenic from the traders, he procured a quantity of that drug, which he secretly used to effect his dreadful purposes. He caused it to be believed among his people, that if he prophesied the death of an individual, the person so doomed would immediately die; and he artfully removed by poison every one who offended him, or thwarted his measures. The Omahas were entirely ignorant of the means by which this horrible result was produced; but they saw the effect, and knew, from mournful experience, that the displeasure of the chief was the certain forerunner of death; and their superstitious minds easily adopted the belief that he possessed a power which enabled him to will the destruction of his enemies. He acquired a despotic sway over the minds of his people, which he exercised in the most tyrannical manner; and so great was their fear of him, that even when he became superannuated, and so corpulent as to be unable to walk, they carried him about, watched over him when he slept, and awoke him, when necessary, by tickling his nose with a straw, for fear of disturbing him too abruptly. One chief, the Little Bow, whom he attempted ineffectually to poison, had the sagacity to discover the deception, and the independence to resist the influence of the impostor; but being unable to cope with so powerful an oppressor, he withdrew with a small band of warriors, and remained separated from the nation until the decease of the Black Bird, which occurred in the year 1800. It is creditable to Ongpatonga, who shortly after succeeded to the post of principal chief, that he made no attempt to perpetuate the absolute authority to which the Omahas had been accustomed, but ruled over them with a mild and patriarchal sway.

In a conversation which this chief held, in 1821, with some gentlemen at Washington, he is represented as saying—"The same Being who made the white people made the red people; but the white are better than the red people;" and this remark has been called a degrading one, and not in accordance with the independent spirit of a native chief. We think the comment is unjust. Having travelled through the whole breadth of the United States, and witnessed the effects of civilization, in the industry of a great people, he might readily infer the superiority of the whites, and make the observation with a candor which always formed a part of his character. But, it is equally probable, that the expression was merely complimentary, and was uttered in the same spirit of courtesy with the wish, which he announced at the grave of the Ietan, that he had fallen instead of the deceased.

This chief is a person of highly respectable character. His policy has always been pacific; he has endeavored to live at peace with his neighbors, and used his influence to keep them upon good terms with each other. He has always been friendly to the whites, and kindly disposed towards the American government and people; has listened to their counsels, and taken pains to disseminate the admonitions which have been given for the preservation and happiness of the Indian race. He is a man of good sense and sound judgment, and is said to be unsurpassed as a public speaker. He bears an excellent reputation for probity; and is spoken of by those who know him well, as one of the best men of the native tribes. He is one of the few Indians who can tell his own age with accuracy. He is sixty-six years old.



NE-SOU-A-QUOIT,

A FOX CHIEF

Nº 16

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NESOUAQUOIT.

Nesouaquoit, being interpreted, means, the Bear in the forks of a tree. The portrait before the reader was taken at the city of Washington, in the winter of 1837, Nesouaquoit being, at that time, about forty years of age. He is full six feet high, and in his proportions is a model of manly symmetry. He is a Fox Indian, and the son of the famous chief Chemakasee, or the Lance. This chief is yet living, but being old and superannuated, has retired from the chieftainship of his band, having conferred upon his son, Nesouaquoit, all his authority and dignity.

In 1812, soon after the United States had declared war against Great Britain, the agents of that kingdom, then among us, sought to draw the band, of which Chemakasee was chief, into an alliance with them. A council was held, at which a proposal to this effect was formally made. Chemakasee answered, by saying, "We will not fight *for* the red coats, but we will fight *against* them." This laconic response being final, a strong excitement was produced, which threatened not only the peace, but the lives, of Chemakasee's band. To relieve them from this perilous situation, the United States government directed that they should be removed to a place of security, and protected both against the British and their Indian allies. General Clark, being charged with this order, caused them to be removed to Fort Edwards, where they were kept, and fed, and clothed at the expense of the United States, till the termination of the war. The band numbered then about four hundred souls.

After the war, Chemakasee, instead of returning to his former position, and renewing his relations with the Sauks and Foxes of the Mississippi, determined to avoid the one and decline the other—so he sought a country by ascending the Missouri, until, arriving at La Platte, he settled on that river, near the Black Snake hills, where he continues to reside.

In 1815, a treaty was concluded between this band and the United States; the third article of which stipulates, that a just proportion of the annuities, which a previous treaty had provided to be paid to the Sauk and Fox Indians, should be paid to the Foxes of La Platte. By some strange oversight, this provision of the treaty had been overlooked—unintentionally, no doubt, by the government, whilst the age and infirmities of Chemakasee, it is presumed, caused him to forget it. An arrearage of twenty years had accumulated, when Nesouaquoit, having succeeded to the chieftainship of his band, resolved to ascertain why the government had so long delayed to fulfil this stipulation. He first held a conference with the agent; but this officer had no power over the case. He then resolved to visit Washington, and plead the cause of his people before his great father; and, if he should fail there, to present it to Congress. But he had one great difficulty to overcome, and that was to raise the money to pay his expenses to Washington. To accomplish this he opened a negotiation with a Mr. Risque, of St. Louis, who agreed to pay his expenses to Washington and home again, for "*three boxes and a half of silver*"—equivalent to three thousand five hundred dollars. That he might be punctual in paying the loan, he ordered his hunters to collect furs and peltries of sufficient value, and have them ready for the St. Louis market, in time to redeem his pledge for the return of the money. This being done, he started upon his mission. Arriving at Washington, he explained the object of his visit. This he did in a firm and decided manner. The authorities recognized his claim, and he was assured that the provisions of the treaty in favor of his people, though so long overlooked, should be scrupulously fulfilled, and respected in future. Having attained the object of his mission, he returned home, highly pleased with the result.

This chief is, perhaps, the only Indian of whom it can be said—*he never tasted a drop of spirituous liquor or smoked a pipe!* Of many thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands, it might be truly affirmed, that they never tasted a drop of spirituous liquor, but that was before this bane of the Indians had found its way into their country; but, with this single exception, we believe it can be said of no Indian—*he never smoked a pipe!* It is certainly remarkable that, in the present abundance of these aboriginal luxuries, Nesouaquoit should have the firmness to abstain from both.

His antipathy to whisky extends to those who sell it. He will not permit a whisky dealer to enter his country. Indeed, whenever a trader, not informed of the determined purpose of this chief to keep his people free from the ruinous effects of whisky, has strolled within his borders, he has been known to knock in the heads of his casks, and with the staves beat him out of the country. Though thus temperate, and free from the exciting influence of whisky and tobacco, Nesouaquoit is known to be as brave an Indian as ever made a moccason track between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers.

This chief has seven wives, who live, as Indian wives generally do, in the most perfect harmony with each other. He is remarkable for his generosity, giving freely of what he has to all who need assistance. To those who visit his lodge he is represented as being most courteous; and this exterior polish he carefully preserves in his intercourse with his people. But his aversion to traders is perfect. He has long since formally interdicted marriage between them and the women of his band. So stern is his resolution on this point, that no union of the kind has been known since he succeeded to the rank of chief. In his deportment towards the whites he is most friendly, but he maintains his own rights with firmness and dignity.

PETALESHARRO,

No 17 A PAWNEE BRAVE

PETALESHARRO.

We have been accustomed from childhood to hear but little of the Indians, except in connection with scenes of blood. The border wars, with their tales of horror, are among the nursery stories that have left the deepest impressions on our memories. This strife, between the red and the white man, is coeval with the first settlement of the country, and it continues even to this day. The prominent feature in this long period of excitement and of war, and that on which all eyes are more intensely fixed, is the bloodthirsty cruelty of the Indian. This has been so often dwelt upon, and presented to our view under so many shocking forms, as to keep almost constantly before our eyes the war-club, the scalping-knife, and the tomahawk, together with the ferocious red man clad in the skins of beasts, the glare of whose eyes, with his attitude, and his blood-stained limbs, have all combined to fill our minds with terror, and our hearts with revenge. Indeed, we have been taught to consider the Indian as *necessarily* bloodthirsty, ferocious, and vindictive, until we have viewed him as a being deprived, at the creation of his species, of those faculties whence come the nobler and more generous traits which are the boast and glory of his civilized brother. It is certainly true of the Indian, that his mode of warfare is barbarous. He spares neither age nor sex; and his victim is often subjected to the severest tortures. But it is no less true, that he has never been taught those lessons of humanity which have, under the guidance of civilization and Christianity, stript war of all its more appalling horrors, and without which we should be no less savage than the Indians. Indeed it would be easy to demonstrate, that even when aided by the light of civilization, and professing to be Christians, the white man is no less cruel than the red man; and often, in our conflicts with each other, we come fully up to the savage man in all that is barbarous and revolting.

In our wars with the Indians we have been our own chroniclers. And how rarely has it happened that justice has been done the Indians, not only as to the causes of these wars, but to the conduct of the parties to them? Every thing of a palliative nature has been minutely registered, to justify or excuse the white man, whilst the red man has been held up to the view of the world, and consigned over to the judgment of posterity, not only as *the cause* of sanguinary and vindictive conflicts, but as the Moloch of the human race. The Indian has never been able to leave a record of his wrongs; to illustrate his own position, or to justify the desperate means he has resorted to in defence of his inheritance and his life.

However true it is that the Indian mode of warfare is exclusively savage, yet there are exceptions to its barbarities; and we have well authenticated instances of the most refined humanity, confirming our decided belief, that the Indian is not, by any law of his nature, bereft of the more noble qualities which are the pride and boast of civilized man, or that he is *necessarily* savage. We might enumerate many cases in which the untutored Indian has melted into pity at sight of the perilous condition of the white man, and at the very moment when he was looked upon as an invader and enemy. The most beautiful illustration of the existence of this feeling in the Indian, is in the intervention of Pocahontas, to save the life of Captain Smith. History has recorded that deed, and the civilized world has united in awarding its plaudits to that noble princess. Her memory has been embalmed by a grateful posterity. At the siege of Detroit, the garrison owed its safety to the agency of an Indian woman, who made known to the commanding officer the plans of Pontiac for its destruction and massacre. Indeed, the Indian women are remarkable for the exercise of this generous feeling—even among the Indians it is a common occurrence for them, in times of excitement, to secrete knives and guns, and all kinds of instruments of death; and, by so doing, often prevent the shedding of blood.

But this feeling of compassion, this boast of the civilized man and Christian, is not confined to the Indian women. We are not without examples of the same sort among the men. The famous Logan, notwithstanding the wrongs he was made to endure, in his own person, and in the persons of his family and kindred, until he exclaimed, in all the bitterness of bereavement, "*There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature*," has left behind him, in honor of his memory, a noble specimen of this humane feeling, in counselling one of his own captives, who was condemned by the council to undergo the severe tortures of the gauntlet, how to escape it; and when, afterwards, this same captive was condemned to be burned, and Logan, finding that his efforts and his eloquence in his behalf all failed, nobly and bravely advanced, and with his own hands released the prisoner from the stake to which he was bound.

But we hasten to sketch the character of *Petalesharro*, whose portrait is before the reader.

Petalesharro was a brave of the Pawnee tribe. His father, *Letalashaw*, was chief of his band, and a man of renown. Petalesharro early imbibed his father's spirit; often, no doubt, charmed with the songs of the chief, in which he recounted the battles he had fought, and told of the scalps he had taken, his youthful bosom heaved, and his heart resolved to imitate these deeds; and, in his turn, to recount his warlike exploits—tell of his victories, and count the scalps he had taken. Thus impressed, he went early into battle, and soon won the renown and the title of a "*brave*"

We saw him in Washington in 1821, whither he was sent as one of a deputation from his tribe, to transact business with the government. He was dressed, so far as his half-length discloses it, precisely as he is seen in the portrait. He wore a head-dress of the feathers of the war eagle, which extended, in a double series, down his back to his hips, narrowing as it descended. His robe was thrown carelessly but gracefully over his shoulders, leaving his breast, and often one arm, bare. The usual garments decorated his hips and lower limbs; these were the *auzeum*, the leggins, and the moccason, all ornamented. The youthful and feminine character of his face, and the humanity of its expression, were all remarkable. He did not appear to be older than twenty years, yet he was then believed to be twenty-five.

A fine incident is connected with the history of this Indian. The Pawnee Loups had long practised the savage rite, known to no other of the American tribes, of sacrificing human victims to the *Great Star*, or the planet Venus. This dreadful ceremony annually preceded the preparations for planting corn, and was supposed to be necessary to secure a fruitful season. To prevent the failure of the crop, and a consequent famine, some individual was expected to offer up a prisoner, of either sex, who had been captured in war, and some one was always found who coveted the honor of dedicating the spoil of his prowess to the national benefit. The intended victim, carefully kept in ignorance of the fate that impended, was dressed in gay apparel, supplied with the choicest food, and treated with every tenderness, with the view of promoting obesity, and preparing an offering the more acceptable to the deities who were to be propitiated. When, by the successful employment of these means, the unhappy victim was sufficiently fatted, a day was appointed for the sacrifice, and the whole nation assembled to witness the solemn scene.

Some short time before Petalesharro was deputed to visit Washington, it chanced that an Itean maid, who had been taken prisoner, was doomed by her captor to be offered up to the Great Star, and was prepared with the usual secrecy and care for the grand occasion. The grief and alarm, incident to a state of captivity, had been allayed by deceptive kindness, and the grateful prisoner became happy in the society of strangers, who bestowed upon her a degree of adulation to which she had probably not been accustomed. Exempt from labor, and exalted into an unwonted ease of life, she soon acquired that serenity of mind, and comeliness of person, which rendered her worthy of being offered to the Great Star, as a full equivalent for an abundant harvest.

The reader will now fancy himself in view of the great gathering of the Pawnees, and that he is in sight of the multitude assembled in honor of the sacrifice. In his near approach he will hear their orgies. In the midst of the circle a stake is brought; its end is sharpened, when it is driven deep into the ground. Yells and shouts announce that all is ready. In the distance is seen a company of Pawnees; by the side of the leader is a delicate girl. They approach near. He who made her captive enters the circle—shouts welcome him. He takes the girl by the hand, and leads her to the fatal spot. Her back is placed against the stake; cords are brought, and she is bound to it. The fagots are now collected, and placed around the victim. A hopeless expression is seen in her eye—perhaps a tear! Her bosom heaves, and her thoughts are of home, when a torch is seen coming from the woods hard by. At that moment a young brave leaps into the midst of the circle—rushes to the stake—tears the victim from it, and springing on a horse, and throwing her upon another, and putting both to the top of their speed, is soon lost in the distance. Silence prevails—then murmurs are heard—then the loud threats of vengeance, when all retire. The stake and the fagot are all that remain to mark the spot which, but for this noble deed, ashes and bones would have distinguished. Who was it that intrepidly released the captive maid? It was the young, the brave, the generous *Petalesharro!*

Whether it was panic, or the dread of Latalashaw's vengeance that operated, and kept the warriors from using their bows and arrows, and rifles, is not known, but certain it is they did not use them.

Our readers will, perhaps, expect to hear that Petalesharro conducted the maiden to her own people, and received the reward which valor deserves from beauty. But mere gallantry formed no part of this adventure. It was not induced, nor rewarded, by love. The Indian is very scriptural in his belief that man is the head of the woman; but he is equally strong in the faith, that the female, if she has fair play, is quite as able to take care of herself as a man. Having escorted her into the broad plains, beyond the precincts of the Pawnee village, and supplied her with provisions, he admonished her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was distant about four hundred miles, and left her to her fate and her reflections. She lost no time in obeying such salutary counsel, and had the good fortune, the next day, to fall in with a war party of her own people, by whom she was safely carried home.

Can the records of chivalry furnish a parallel to this generous act? Can the civilized world bring forward a case demonstrating a higher order of humanity, united with greater bravery? Whence did the youthful Petalesharro learn this lesson of refined pity? Not of civilized man. Great as have been the efforts of the good and the merciful, from the days of Eliot and Brainard to our own times, to enlighten the Indians, none had ever yet reached the *Pawnees*, to instruct them, or to enrapture their thoughts by such beautiful illustrations of the merciful. It was the impulse of nature—nature cast in a more refined mould; and, probably, as the sequel will show, nurtured by the blood and spirit of a noble though untaught father.

The tidings of this deed accompanied Petalesharro to Washington. He and his deed soon became the theme of the city. The ladies, especially, as is their nature, hastened to do him honor. A medal was prepared. A time was appointed for conferring upon him this merited gift. An assembly had collected to witness the ceremony. He was told, in substance, that the medal was given him in token of the high opinion which was entertained of his act in the rescue of the Itean maid. He was asked, by the ladies who presented it, to accept and wear it for their sake; and told, when he had another occasion to save a captive woman from torture, and from the stake, to look upon the medal, think of those who gave it, and save her, as he had saved the Itean girl. The reply of Petalesharro was prompt and excellent, but the interpretation of it was shocking! He was made to say, "I did it (rescued the girl) in *ignorance*. I did *not know that I did good!* I now know that I did good, by your giving me this medal." We understood him to mean this; and so, we have no doubt, he spoke, in substance, though not in our words:—"He did not know, till now, that the act he had performed was meritorious; but, as his white brothers and sisters considered it a good act, and put upon it so high a value, he was *glad they had heard of it.*" We would almost venture to represent the words of the brave in reply to the compliment. We saw the medal put on his neck, and saw him take it in his hand, and look at it. Holding it before him, he said—"This brings rest to my heart. I feel like the leaf after a storm, and when the wind is still. I listen to you. I am glad. I love the pale faces more than ever I did, and will open my ears wider when they speak. I am glad you heard of what I did. I did not know the act was so good. It came from my heart. I was ignorant of its value. I now know how good it was. You make me know this by giving me this medal."

The rescue of the Itean girl might, if a solitary act, be looked upon as the result of impulse, and not as proceeding from a generous nature. It happens, however, not to stand alone, as the only incident of the sort in the life of Petalesharro. One of his brother warriors had brought in a captive boy. He was a Spaniard. The captor resolved to offer him in sacrifice to the Great Star. The chief, Letalashaw, had been for some time opposed to these barbarous rites. He sent for the warrior, and told him he did not wish him to make the sacrifice. The warrior claimed his right, under the immemorial usages of the tribe. They parted. Letalashaw sent for his son, and asked what was to be done to divert the captor from his purpose. Petalesharro promptly replied: "I will take the boy, like a brave, by force." The father thought, no doubt, that danger would attend upon the act, and resolved on a more pacific mode. It was to buy the boy. He accordingly gave out his intention, and those who had goods of any kind, brought them to his lodge, and laid them down as an offering on the pile which the chief had supplied from his own stores. The collection having been made, the captor was again sent for, and, in the authoritative tone of a chief, thus addressed: "Take these goods, and give me the boy." He refused, when the chief seized his war-club and flourished it over the head of the captor. At the moment, Petalesharro sprang forward, and said—"Strike! and let the wrath of his friends fall on me." The captor, making a merit of necessity, agreed, if a few more articles were added, to give up the boy to the chief. They were added, and thus the captive was saved. The merchandise was sacrificed instead of the boy. The cloth was cut into shreds, and suspended upon poles, at the spot upon which the blood of the victim had been proposed to be shed, and the remainder of the articles burned. No subsequent attempt to immolate a victim was made.

Petalesharro succeeded his father in the chieftainship of his tribe, and became highly distinguished in that station.

We conclude this sketch with the following stanzas, published, some years ago, in the "New York Commercial Advertiser," on the rescue of the Itean maid.

THE PAWNEE BRAVE.

The summer had fled, but there linger'd still
A warmth in the clear blue skies;
The flowers were gone, and the night wind's chill
Had robed the forest and the woody hill
In richest of Autumn dyes.

The battle was fought, and the deadly strife
Had ceased on the Prairie plains;
Each tomahawk—spear—and keen-edged knife
Was red with the current of many a life
It bore from the severed veins.

The Pawnee followed his victor band
That sped to their home afar—
The river[*] is passed, and again they stand,
A trophied throng, on their own broad land,
Recounting the deeds of war.

A beautiful captive maid was there,
Bedeck'd as a warrior's bride—
The glossy braids of her ebon hair,
Interwoven with gems, and adorned with care,
With the jet of the raven vied.

Her beaded robes were skilfully wrought
With shells from the river isles,
The fairest that wash from the ocean, brought
From the sands by a brave young Chief, who sought
The meed of her sweetest smiles.

Beneath the boughs of an ancient oak,
They came to the council ground:

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[*] The battle alluded to was fought with a trans-Mississippian tribe.

No eloquent tongue for the maiden spoke,
She was quickly doomed,—and their shouts awoke
The woods to the piercing sound.

And when on her olive cheek, a tear
Stole out from her lustrous eye,
A youth from th' exulting crowd drew near,
And whispered words in her startled ear
That told she was *not* to die.

They hurried away to the fatal spot,
Deep hid in the forest shade,
And bound her fast; but she murmured not;—
They bared her breast for the rifle shot,
And brow for the scalping blade.

Then forth to the work of death they came,
While the loud death song was heard:
A hunter skilled in the chase, whose aim
Ne'er missed the heart of his mountain game—
He waited the signal word.

One instant more, ere the maid should bleed,
A moment and all were done—
The Pawnee sprang from his noble steed,
Unloosed her hands, and the captive freed—
A moment—and they were gone!

Then swift as the speed of wind, away
To her distant home they hied—
And just at the sunset hour of day,
Ere the evening dew on the meadow lay,
She stood at her father's side.

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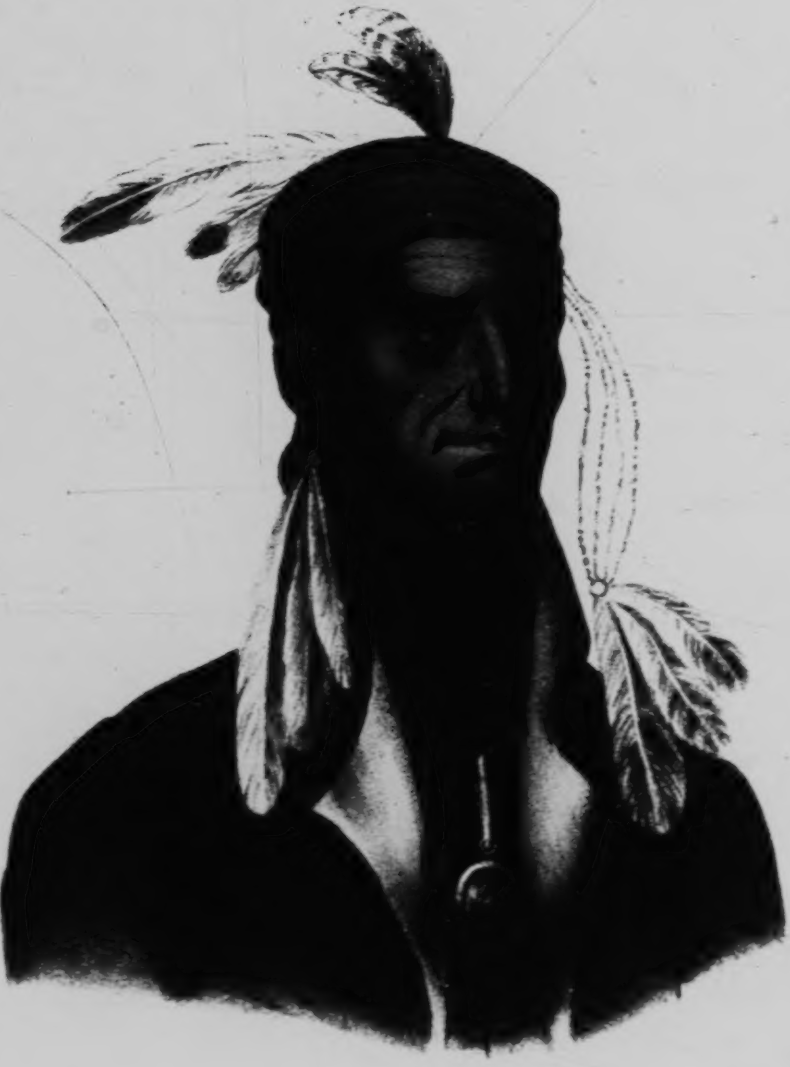

N° 8

SHIN-GA-BA-W'OSSIN.

A CHIPPEWA CHIEF

SHINGABA W'OSSIN.

SHINGABA W'OSSIN, or *Image Stone,* was a Chippewa, and first chief of his band. In summer, he lived on the banks of the St. Mary's, at the outlet of Lake Superior—in winter, he retired with his band to his hunting-grounds. Fish was his food in summer; in winter, he subsisted on the carcasses of animals, whose fur was the great object of his winter's toils, it being the medium of exchange with the traders for blankets, strouds, calico, ammunition, vermilion, &c., and such articles of necessity or of ornament, as he and his people required.

Shingaba W'Ossin was one of the most influential men in the Chippewa nation. He was deservedly esteemed, not only by the Indians, but by the whites also, for his good sense, and respectful and conciliating deportment. In his person he was tall, well proportioned, and of a commanding and dignified aspect. In council, he was remarkable for a deliberate and thoughtful manner; in social intercourse, no less so for his cheerfulness. He was disposed to be familiar, yet never descended to frivolity. He was of the totem of the Crane, the ancient badge of the chiefs of this once powerful band.

War is the glory of the Indian. He who dissuades from war is usually regarded as a coward; but Shingaba W'Ossin was the uniform advocate of peace, yet his bravery was never questioned. Perhaps his exemption from the imputation of cowardice was owing to his having, when but a youth, joined several war parties against the Sioux, those natural and implacable enemies of his people, to reach whom he had to travel at least five hundred miles. He is said to have distinguished himself at the great battle on the St. Croix, which terminated the feud between the Chippewas and the Foxes. In that battle he fought under the northern Alaric, *Waab-Ojeeg*.

We hope to be excused for introducing, in this place, some remarks upon this extraordinary chieftain, especially as the few incidents we shall use are from our own work, published in 1827.

We made our voyage up Lake Superior in 1826. So late as that, the name of Waab-Ojeeg was never spoken but in connection with some tradition exemplifying his great powers as a chief and warrior. He was a man of discretion, and far in advance of his people in those energies of the mind which command respect, wherever and in whomsoever they are found. He was, like Pontiac and Tecumthe, exceedingly jealous of the white man. This jealousy was manifested when the hand of his daughter, *O-shaw-ous-go-day-way-gua*, was solicited by Mr. Johnson, the accomplished Irish gentleman, who resided so many years after at the Sault de St. Mary, and who was not better known for his intelligence and polished manners, than for his hospitality. He lived long enough to merit and receive the appellation of *Patriarch of the Sault*. This gentleman was a native of Dublin or Belfast, in Ireland. In the course of his travels, he arrived at Montreal, when he determined to ascend the great chain of lakes to the head waters of Lake Superior. On arriving at Michael's Island, he heard of Waab-Ojeeg, whose village lay across the strait which divides the island from the main. He made him a visit. Being well received, he remained some time, formed an attachment to his daughter, and solicited permission to marry her. Waab-Ojeeg replied to his request thus:—"White man, I have noticed your behavior. It has been correct. But, white man, *your color is deceitful*. Of you, may I expect better things? You say you are going to return to Montreal—go; and if you return, I shall be satisfied of your sincerity, and will give you my daughter." Mr. Johnson, being honest in his professions, went to Montreal, and returned, when the chief fulfilled his promise. The amiable, excellent, and accomplished Mrs. Schoolcraft, wife of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., so favorably known as a tourist and mineralogist, and a family of as interesting children as we met with in our travels, are the fruits of this marriage.

Waab-Ojeeg used to stimulate his warriors to battle by singing a favorite war song. Doubtless Shingaba W'Ossin, on the memorable occasion referred to, felt the stirring influence of this song. We received the following translation of it from Mr. Johnson, to whom the Chippewa language was quite familiar.

On that day when our heroes lay low, lay low,
On that day when our heroes lay low;
I fought by their side, and thought, ere I died,
Just vengeance to take of the foe, the foe,
Just vengeance to take of the foe.

On that day when our chieftains lay dead, lay dead,
On that day when our chieftains lay dead;
I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band,
And here on my breast have I bled, have I bled,
And here on my breast have I bled.

Our chiefs shall return no more, no more,
Our chiefs shall return no more;
And their brothers in war, who can't show scar for scar,
Like women their fates shall deplore, deplore,
Like women their fates shall deplore.

Fine winters in hunting we'll spend, we'll spend,
Fine winters in hunting we'll spend;
Then our youth grown to men, to the war lead again,
And our days like our fathers we'll end, we'll end,
And our days like our fathers we'll end.

It is not surprising that, under such a leader, Shingaba W'Ossin should acquire fame sufficient to make good his claims to bravery in after life. Thus fortified at the point where the Indian, no less than the white man, is peculiarly sensitive, he could counsel his band to cultivate peace, and attend to the more important concerns of hunting, without the danger of losing his influence over them. "If my hunters," he would say, "will not take the game, but will leave the chase and join the war parties, our women and children must suffer. If the game is not trapped, where will be our packs of furs? And if we have no furs, how shall we get blankets? Then when winter comes again, we shall perish! It is time enough to fight when the war drum sounds near you—when your enemies approach—then it is I shall expect to see you painted for war, and to hear your whoops resound in the mountains; and then you will see me at your head with my arm bared—

'Just vengeance to take on the foe.'"

Besides thus wisely counselling his people to live in peace, and follow the chase, he gave much of his time to attending the public councils convened under the authority of our government. These councils, in those regions especially, had for their principal object the adjustment of boundaries between the tribes—encroachments upon each other's territory being the principal cause of war. Councils of pacification were held in 1825, at Prairie du Chien, on the Upper Mississippi; at the Fond du Lac Superior, in 1826; and at the Butte des Morts, on the Fox river of Lake Michigan, in 1827. Shingaba W'Ossin attended each of these councils, and signed the treaties. We were present at the two last, and witnessed the good conduct and extraordinary influence of the subject of this brief memoir. At the council of Fond du Lac, Shingaba W'Ossin was the first to respond to the commissioners. He spoke as follows:

"*My relations*—Our fathers have spoken to us about the line made at the Prairie. With this I and my band are satisfied. You who live on the line are most interested. To you I leave the subject. The line was left unfinished last summer, but will be finished this.

"*My relations*—The land to be provided for my half-breeds, I will select. I leave it to you to provide your reserves for your own.

"*My friends*—Our fathers have come here to establish a school at the *Sault*. Our great father over the hills (meaning the President of the United States) has said this would be well. I am willing. It may be a good thing for those who wish to send their children.

"*My brothers*—Our fathers have not come here to speak hard words to us. Do not think so. They have brought us bread to eat, clothing to wear, and tobacco to smoke.

"*My brothers*—Take notice. Our great father has been at much trouble to make us live as one family, and to make our path clear. The morning was cloudy. The Great Spirit has scattered those clouds. So have our difficulties passed away.

"*My friends*—Our fathers have come here to embrace their children. Listen to what they say. It will be good for you. If you have any copper on your lands, I advise you to sell it. It is of no use to us. They can make articles out of it for our use. If any one has any knowledge on this subject, I ask him to bring it to light.

"*My brothers*—Let us determine soon. We, as well as our fathers, are anxious to go home."

This talk was taken down as it was interpreted, and in the words of the interpreter. A good deal of the speaker's style is no doubt lost. Critics tell us that Pope, in his admirable translation of Homer, has failed to show the father of poetry to his readers in his original costume. It is not surprising, therefore, that an Indian interpreter should make the Indian talk like a white man. There is enough in this address of the old chief, however, to show that he was a man of sense and discretion. A few explanatory remarks may make this more apparent. The "line," to which he referred, was the proposed boundary between the Sioux and Chippewas. He and his band, living five hundred miles from it, were not so immediately interested as were those bands who bordered it. Hence, although he and his band were satisfied with it, he referred it to his "relations," who were more immediately concerned, and whose peace and lives depended upon its suitable and harmonious adjustment, to decide for themselves.

The next subject was one of great importance to the whole Chippewa nation. It had for some time engaged the attention of Shingaba W'Ossin; and the proposition originated with him. It was, that reservations of land should be laid off in the most genial and productive situations, and assigned to the half-breeds, to be cultivated by them. The wisdom and humanity of the measure will appear, when the reader is informed that, almost the whole country of the Chippewas is sterile, and that scarcely any vegetables do, or can grow in it. The soil is cold and barren; and winter pervades so much of the year, that if seed of any kind be sown, except in the most favorable situations, the frosts overtake and destroy the hoped for increase before it arrives at maturity. The Chippewas suffer greatly by reason of their climate, and when, from any cause, they fail in their hunts, many of them perish with cold and of starvation. The frequent recurrence of this calamity led Shingaba W'Ossin to consider how it might be provided against. He saw the military gardens at the Sault, and those of Mr. Johnson, producing, by the culture that was bestowed upon them, large crops of potatoes and other roots. It occurred to him, that, if the half-breeds of his nation could be induced to profit by such examples, they might husband away these products of the earth, and when the dreaded famine should threaten them, they could retire to the neighborhood of those provisions and be preserved. In pursuance of his earnest entreaties, and seeing in the plan everything to recommend it, and nothing to oppose it, the commissioners inserted an article in the treaty making the provision, and accompanied it with a schedule of the names of those half-breeds that were given in by the chiefs of the various bands, and who, it was intended, should engage in this new employment. The persons, to whom it was proposed to make these grants, were prohibited the privilege of conveying the same, without the permission of the President of the United States.

This article in the treaty was not ratified by the Senate. So the old chief was saved the trouble of selecting situations of the half-breeds of his band; as were his "relations," to whom he left it to "provide reserves" for theirs.

Shingaba W'Ossin was the patron of the school that has since been established at the Sault for the education of Indian children, and advised that the thousand dollar annuity, the only annuity that the tribe receives, should be appropriated for its support. It was accordingly done. He was not an advocate for school knowledge in his own family, but remarked that some of the Chippewas might profit by it. In this he gave proof of his disinterestedness.

The largest mass of virgin copper, of which we have any knowledge, is in the Chippewa country. It is supposed to weigh from twenty-five hundred to three thousand pounds. The existence of this mass, and the fact that pieces of copper were brought in by the Indians who assembled from many parts of their country to attend the council, induced the belief that the country abounded in this metal. The commissioners endeavored to obtain all the knowledge they could on this subject, and their inquiries were responded to by Shingaba W'Ossin, in the manner as indicated in his talk.

It may not be out of place to remark, that this huge specimen of virgin copper lies about thirty-five miles above the mouth of the Ontanagon of Lake Superior; and on the west bank of that river, a few paces only above low water mark. An intelligent gentleman, who accompanied a party sent by the commissioners from the Fond du Lac, for the purpose of disengaging this specimen of copper from its bed, and transporting it down the lakes to the Erie Canal, and thence to New York and Washington, says:—"It consists of pure copper, ramified in every direction through a mass of stone (mostly serpentine, intermixed with calcareous spar) in veins of one to three inches in diameter; and in some parts exhibiting masses of pure metal of one hundred pounds weight."

It was found impossible, owing to "the channel of the river being intercepted by ridges of sandstone, forming three cataracts, with a descent in all, of about seventy feet," to remove this great national curiosity. Specimens were broken from it, some of which we ascertained were nearly as pure as a silver dollar, losing, in fusion, a residuum of only one part in twenty-seven. Evidences were disclosed, in prying this rock of copper from its position, confirming the history of the past, which records the efforts of companies to extract wealth from the mines that were supposed to abound there. These evidences consisted in chisels, axes, and various implements which are used in mining. It is highly probable that this copper rock may have once been of larger dimensions—since those who worked at it, no doubt, took away specimens, as have all persons who have since visited it.

It was in reference to the wish of the commissioners to obtain every possible information respecting the existence of copper in the Chippewa country, that Shingaba W'Ossin was induced to say—"If any one has any knowledge on this subject, I ask him to bring it to light." In doing this, as will be seen in the sequel, he placed himself above the *superstitions* of his people, who regard this mass of copper as a *manitou*.

Being weatherbound at the portage of Point Kewewena, we had an opportunity of observing the habits of Shingaba W'Ossin; and occasionally to hear him talk. During this time, the old chief made frequent visits to our tent, always in company with a young Indian who attended him. At this time he was a good deal concerned about a blindness which threatened him. He spoke principally of this, but never without saying something in favor of his attendant. Among other things, he said—"Father, I have not the eyes I once had. I now am old. I think soon this great world will be hid from me. But the Great Spirit is good. I want you, father, to hear me. This young man is eyes to me, and hands too. Will you not be good to him?" At each visit, however, inflamed as were the old chief's eyes, he would, like other Indians, be most grateful for a little whisky; and like them, too, when he tasted a little, he wanted more. It is impossible to conceive the ratio with which their wants increase, after a first taste. The effects are maddening. Often, to enjoy a repetition of the beverage, have instances occurred, in which life itself has been taken, when it stood between the Indian and this cherished object of his delight. Shingaba W'Ossin would indulge in the use of this destructive beverage, occasionally; but even when most under its influence, he was harmless—so generally had the kindly feelings taken possession of him. On the occasion referred to, we found him to be gentle, obliging, and free from all asperities of manner or temper. He was then in his sixty-third year, and used to assist in the management of his canoe, and in all the business connected with the prosecution of his voyage. He kept company with us to the Fond du Lac; not always, however, encamping where we did. The old man and his party partook of our refreshments; and when he would meet with any of his people who had been taking fish, he never failed to procure some, and always divided his good luck with us—appearing happy to have something to offer in return for our attentions to him.

Shingaba W'Ossin's father was named *Maid-O-Saligee.* He was the chief and chronicler of his tribe. With him died much of their traditionary information. He was also noted for the tales which he related for the amusement of the young. But he was a voluptuary. He married four wives, three of whom were sisters. By these wives he had twenty children. Each of the male children, in time, deemed himself a legitimate chief, and attached to himself some followers. Political divisions were the consequence. The harmony of the band was thus destroyed, and the posterity of the ancient chief scattered along the waters of the St. Mary's.

The superior intellect of Shingaba W'Ossin, in these times of contention for the supremacy, became manifest. He secured the respect and confidence of his band, and was at last acknowledged as the *Nittum*, or first man. His band became more and more attached to him, until, on all hands, the choice was admitted to be well ordered, and that he upon whom it had fallen, merited the distinction. Having secured the general confidence, he counselled his charge in all their trials, and enabled them to overcome many difficulties, whilst by his kindness and general benevolence of character, he made himself beloved. He was on all occasions the organ for expressing the wants and wishes of his people, and through him, also, they received both presents and advice from the officers and agents of our government.

During the late war, in 1813, Shingaba W'Ossin went to York, in Canada, and had an interview with Proctor and Tecumthe Nothing is known of the object or result of this interview, except that one of his brothers joined the British, and fought and fell in the battle of the Thames in Upper Canada. His death was deeply lamented by Shingaba W'Ossin—so much so as to induce the belief that he counselled, or at least acquiesced in, his joining the British standard.

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STUM-A-NU,

A FLAT HEAD BOY

No. 19

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

STUMANU.

The Chinnooks are a tribe of Indians inhabiting the shores of the Columbia river, near the Pacific ocean. They practise the savage custom of flattening the foreheads of their infants by means of a board applied to that part, whence they are called Flatheads by the whites, as others are called Nez Perces, Pierced Nose Indians, although neither of these terms is used among themselves. Most of those Indians who flatten the head also pierce the nose. These singular customs were found, by the first discoverers, among the savages on the shores of the Atlantic; but they seem to have become extinct in our country, except in the distant region of the Columbia. The name Flathead having been arbitrarily given, some explanation is necessary to avoid confusion.

The term Flathead was formerly applied, vaguely, to all the Indians inhabiting the unexplored regions about the Rocky Mountains, except the Blackfeet; but as the country became better known, the name was confined to a small nation, who still bear it, and are not recognized among us by any other, and who live chiefly in the gorges of the mountains, and on the plains on either side. They do not, however, flatten the head, nor have they any term in their language to express this idea. Beyond them, on the Columbia river, are numerous tribes who pierce the nose and flatten the forehead, who are mostly included under the name of Nez Perces—but the name Flathead is not commonly used in reference to them.

The nation, to which our hunters and trappers apply the name of Flathead—the Flatheads of the Rocky Mountains—are a very interesting people. They are honest, hospitable, and kindly disposed towards the whites. They excel most other Indians in simplicity and frankness of character. The Blackfeet, a numerous tribe inhabiting the same region, a treacherous, vindictive, and warlike people, are the implacable enemies of the Flatheads, and harass them continually. This war is of the most uncompromising character; the Blackfeet pursue their enemies with unceasing hostility, driving them from place to place, hunting them down with untiring vigilance, and allowing them no rest. But though forced to fly from their foes, in consequence of their vastly inferior numbers, the Flatheads singly are more than a match for their enemies in boldness and physical strength; and as they never receive any quarters from their cruel oppressors, they fight with the most desperate courage when forced into action. Exposed to the greatest extremes and hardships to which the savage state is incident, and chased continually by their enemies, who use every artifice to decoy and surprise them, they are as wild, as watchful, and almost as fleet as the antelope of the prairies.

They are admirable horsemen. Without any fixed residence, roving throughout the year, engaged often in hunting the buffalo, and more frequently in rapid flight from imminent danger, the Flathead and his horse are inseparable; and such is the skill acquired by constant practice, that one of this tribe will mount an unbroken horse without saddle or bridle, and retain his seat, in spite of all the efforts of the enraged animal to dislodge him. A friend of the writer saw this feat performed by Incilla, the present chief of the tribe, on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains. The chief threw himself upon the back of a wild horse recently taken, holding in one hand a small flag, and in the other a hoop covered with a skin, after the fashion of a tamborine. On being turned loose, the animal dashed off, rearing and pitching, and using the most violent exertions to disengage himself from his fearless rider, who, clinging with his heels, maintained his seat, in spite of the efforts of the horse to throw him. When he wished to check the speed of the animal, he blinded him by throwing the flag across his face; while he guided him, by striking him with the tamborine, on the one side or the other of the head. This exercise he continued, scouring the plain at full speed, and directing the course of the furious steed at will, until the latter was wearied out and subdued.

Westward of the Flatheads, a number of small tribes are found scattered along the shores of the Columbia, to the Pacific ocean, all of whom belong to the Nez Perces nation, by which we mean only, that they acknowledge the tie of kindred, and speak a common language, for they do not appear to be united by any other bond, and have no national organization. They are on friendly terms with the Flatheads, but have not the bold and manly character of that tribe; on the contrary, they are ignorant and timid. They subsist by hunting and fishing, but chiefly by the latter; are miserably poor, inoffensive, and peaceable. They pierce the dividing cartilage of the nose, and thrust a bone several inches in length through the orifice, to remain until the wounded part is completely healed; and they flatten the head by confining it between boards, one of which passes across the forehead, flattening that part, so that the ascent from the nose to the top of the head is almost without a curve. The effect produced is said to be extremely disgusting.

The Indians in the vicinity of the mountains excel in horsemanship; those on the Columbia are expert in the management of their canoes, in which they embark fearlessly on the waves of the Pacific in the roughest weather; and such is their skill that they keep afloat amid the angry billows, when it would seem impossible that such frail vessels could live. The upsetting of a canoe, in such circumstances, is of little consequence, for these Indians are such admirable swimmers, that they right their canoes when overturned, bail out the water, and resume their seats; or if necessary, abandon them, and swim to the shore.

The women are admitted to a greater degree of equality with the men, than among the other American tribes, because in fishing and in managing the canoe, they are equally expert, and as they share all the toils and dangers of the other sex, they naturally become the companions and equals, and in virtue of their superior industry, the *better* halves, of their lords and masters. In the savage state, where the employments of the men are confined to war and hunting, a certain degree of contempt attaches to the weaker sex, who are unfit for such rude toils, and a timid or imbecile man is, in derision, compared to a woman. But a different relation exists between the sexes, where the employments are such that both engage in them alike, and where both contribute equally to the support of their families.

The Columbia river was discovered by Captain Grey of Boston, in the ship Columbia, from which it received its name. Afterwards, Captains Lewis and Clark, of the army of the United States, with a small escort, performed a journey over land to the mouth of that river, under the auspices of the government, and for the purpose of exploration. This was one of the most remarkable journeys of which we have any account; the extent of the territory explored, the dangers and privations encountered, the great number of the savage tribes visited, and the successful prosecution of the enterprise, display a degree of courage and perseverance never excelled by any scientific travellers. A well digested account of the expedition was published, written, from the notes of Lewis and Clark, by a gentleman who, in that work, gave to his country the first fruits of a genius, which, in its riper brilliancy, has since become the pride and admiration of his countrymen. The discoveries made by these tourists, turned the attention of the mercantile world to this wild and unfrequented region, which now became the scene of an animated competition. John Jacob Astor, of New York, a German by birth, who came in early life an indigent adventurer to our shores, and had, by his unwearied industry and unrivalled talents for business, amassed a princely fortune, matured a plan for securing to his adopted country the fur trade of that coast. The government, to whom he communicated his project, was too weak, at that time, to give any aid to an uncertain enterprise, which might involve a heavy expenditure, and by possibility endanger its relations with foreign powers; and could only encourage the scheme by its approbation. A fine ship was equipped for the voyage by Mr. Astor, and placed under the charge of Captain Thorn, an intelligent officer bred in the American navy, and who had been but a short time previous, enrolled in the gallant band that gained so much glory in the Tripolitan war; while a party of hardy men, under Mr. Theodore Hunt, set out from St. Louis, to cross the continent, and meet the vessel at the mouth of the Columbia. After a prosperous voyage round Cape Horn, the ship reached her destination; but an unfortunate affray occurring with the natives, Captain Thorn suffered himself to be surprised; the whole crew were massacred, and the vessel destroyed. Mr. Hunt was more successful. After a protracted journey, attended by toils and perils the most incredible and discouraging, this dauntless party found themselves on the shores of the Columbia river, but in a condition too exhausted to enable them to carry out the plan proposed. They had accomplished much in overcoming the difficulties of the journey, and inspecting that vast field for commercial enterprise, of which scarcely any thing had been known but its existence. Mr. Astor persevered in his design; a trading post, called Astoria, was established on the Columbia, a few miles from its mouth, and hunters were employed who scattered themselves over the whole region watered by the tributaries of that river. The British fur traders, who had already pervaded the whole of the vast territory lying north of the great lakes, as well as the wilderness country lying within the north-western boundaries of the United States, penetrated also into these solitudes, and established a strong post, called Fort Vancouver, in honor of the navigator, for whom, without any sufficient evidence, the discovery of the Columbia was claimed, and another called Fort Colville. When the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, was declared, the Americans were compelled to abandon this country, to which their government could not extend its protection; but when, by the treaty of peace negotiated at Ghent, it was provided that the belligerent parties should mutually surrender the places taken during the war from each other, Astoria was formally delivered up by the British government, which, by this act, distinctly recognized the territorial rights of the American people. Subsequently, however, the question of jurisdiction was opened, and to prevent collision, it was agreed, that, for a period of ten years, the subjects and citizens of both governments might occupy the disputed territory for the purpose of hunting and traffic, without prejudice to the claims of either country. Since then, the whole region west of the Rocky Mountains, has been traversed by numerous bands of British and American trappers. A few wealthy and enterprising individuals residing chiefly at St. Louis, in the state of Missouri, have organized regular companies, for the purpose of carrying on this trade, which has been prosecuted with an admirable degree of efficiency and success. Large parties, composed of hunters, well mounted and armed, annually leave St. Louis, attended by pack horses, and on some occasions by wagons, carrying merchandise and stores for the expedition. The leaders are men of talent and courage, and the discipline that of a rigid military police. After passing the settlements of the United States, and the hunting-grounds of the Indian tribes with whom pacific relations have been established by treaty, they have to traverse immense wilds inhabited by the Blackfeet, and other roving bands, who live in perpetual war, and among whom safety can be secured only by unceasing vigilance. The march is conducted with the greatest precaution, and the camp is always guarded by sentinels. All this is beautifully told in Washington Irving's Astoria, a work which is not more commendable for the gracefulness of its style, than for the fidelity with which it describes the adventures of the trappers in the wilderness. The subject is one with which we are familiar, and we therefore refer to Mr. Irving's delightful work with confidence; and forbear from repeating what has been narrated with an ease of style which would render dull the recital of any other pen, upon the same topic.

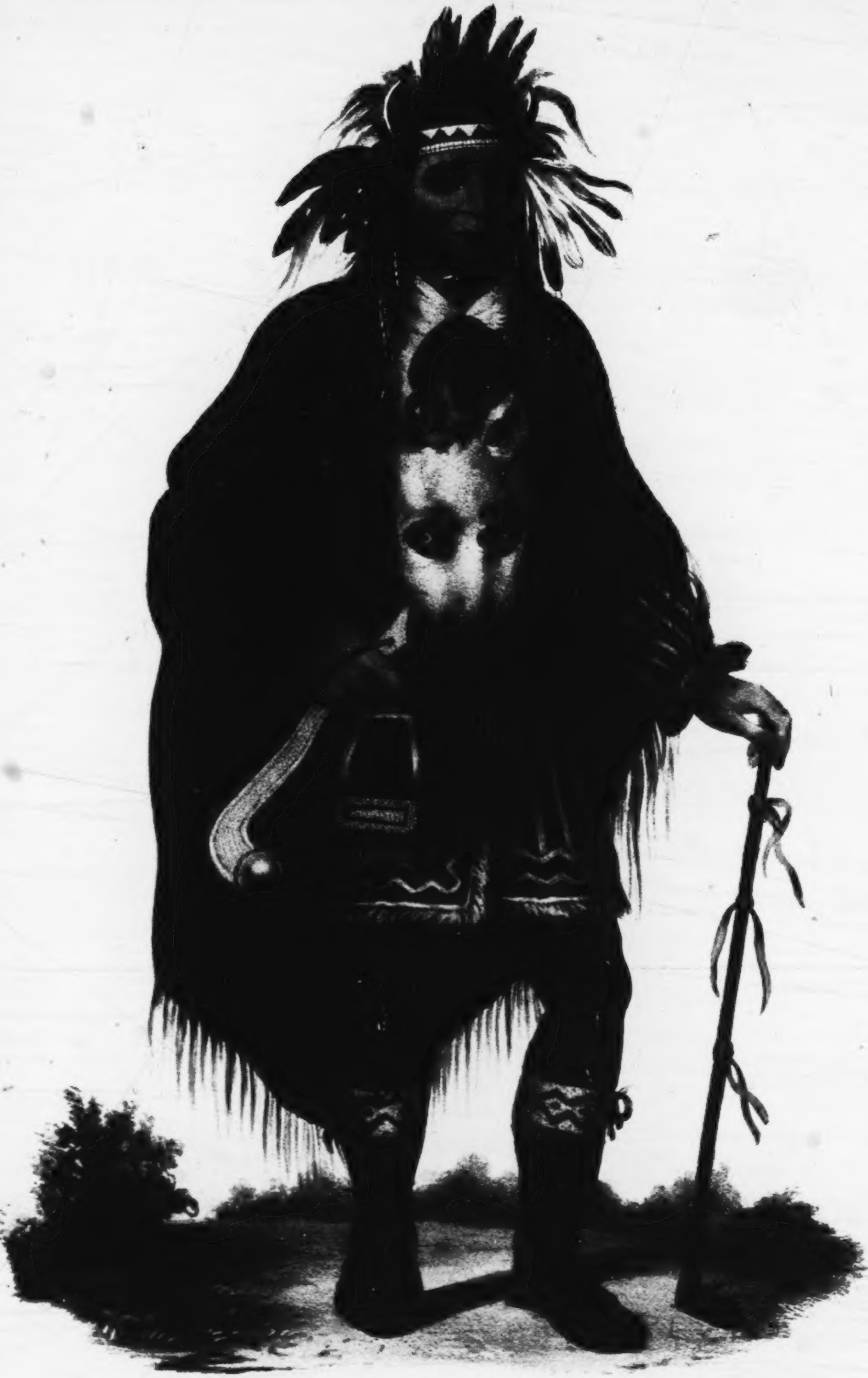
Those who have seen those wild and hardy trappers, and who know any thing of the severe privations and fearful dangers, encountered by them in the wilderness, would scarcely expect to find science or religion marching in such rude companionship. But danger itself is alluring to the ardent temperament, while true piety, and the genuine love of science are unappalled by its terrors. Many gentlemen have been induced by curiosity alone, to accompany these parties, and a valuable family of missionaries, under the charge of the Rev. Jason Lee, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has already settled on the Wallamette river, a branch of the Columbia. Although missions have not, heretofore, been successful, among the Indians, we think that, considering the pacific character of the people, and the favorable auspices under which this attempt has been commenced, much good from it may be confidently expected.

The portrait which accompanies this article, represents an interesting individual. He is one of that distant tribe inhabiting the most western extremity of our continent—a Chinnook, belonging to a band of the great family of Nez Perces. The name Stumanu has no particular meaning that we have been able to discover; the only account he could give of it himself, is that he was called by it after his grandfather, who is still living. He was born at a Chinnook village on the Columbia river, about seven miles from its mouth; and having lost his father, when he was but two years old, was brought up by an uncle, who at an early age initiated him in the business of fishing, and in such other employments as engage the attention of that indolent race. In speaking of the skill of his tribe in the management of their canoes, he stated that he had often been alone on the ocean, when overtaken by storms, and had never felt the slightest alarm, but would right his little vessel, when overturned, and pursue his voyage as if nothing had happened.

Shortly after the establishment of the mission family on the Wallamette, this youth, being favorably impressed in regard to the advantages of civilization, voluntarily determined to place himself at the school, and applied to Doctor M'Laughlin, a benevolent gentleman, at the British Fort Vancouver, who had taken a lively interest in the missionary enterprise, for his advice on the subject. He cheerfully gave the applicant a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Lee, superintendent of the Wallamette station; and thus encouraged, Stumanu, taking his younger brother by the hand, proceeded to the school, to offer himself and his brother as pupils. They were cheerfully admitted, and this youth soon proved himself a valuable acquisition to the school. He quickly showed a great fondness, as well as an aptitude, for learning, was industrious and useful on the farm, and won esteem by the most amiable qualities of temper. He possessed, what was remarkable in an Indian, a decidedly mechanical genius, and excelled in the construction of tools and implements, and in the imitation of any simple articles of furniture that came under his notice, so that the mission family were fully repaid for the expenses of his education and subsistence by his labor. His good sense, sobriety of temperament, and equability of disposition, rendered him altogether a person of uncommon interest.

Stumanu was about twenty years of age when this portrait was taken; he was about five feet in stature, thick set, and strongly made. He was on a visit to the Atlantic cities in company with the Rev. Mr. Lee, who was on a tour for the purpose of raising funds to support his valuable establishment. At New York, Philadelphia, and other places, the young Indian addressed large congregations, in his native tongue, on the destitute condition of his people, their readiness to learn from the white people, and the ample field that was spread open to those whose benevolence might induce them to take pity on the poor savages of the farther west. Some of these addresses were of a very impressive character, and Mr. Lee, who interpreted them, assured the congregations that what Stumanu said was wholly his own in conception and language.

On the eve of the departure of the Rev. Mr. Lee to the scene of his labors on the Wallamette, Stumanu, flushed with the prospect of once more mingling with his kindred and friends, and gratified with all he had seen of the white man's capacity and powers, was taken suddenly ill, in New York, and after a short but severe attack, died on the 29th of May, 1839.



OKEE-MAKEE-QUID.

N°20 A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

OKEEMAKEEQUID.

Our acquaintance with Okeemakeequid began and ended in 1826, at La Fond du Lac Superior. On arriving there, among the multitude of Indians, collected for the purpose of attending a treaty, our interest was at once excited in relation to Okeemakeequid. His countenance was intellectual, and wore an unusually civilized expression. After having been at La Fond du Lac for some days, we determined to have built a first rate canoe of bark, which is the only kind of canoe used in these lake regions. On inquiring for an experienced hand among the Indians, for that purpose, we were referred to Okeemakeequid. He appeared directly, and the bargain was soon made. On expressing our apprehensions that the structure of the canoe might consume more time than we could spare, we were told to name our own time. We did so, and the answer was, *it shall be done.* In a moment afterwards, we saw Okeemakeequid and his assistant striding in the direction of a piece of level ground, bordering the water, and about two hundred yards from our encampment, followed by a train of women and children. Then the squaws reappeared, bearing on their backs rolls of birch bark, followed by the little children with rolls of wattap, (the root of the red cedar, or fir,) which is used to confine the bark of a canoe to its frame. Mr. Schoolcraft, in an admirably drawn poetic description of the birch canoe, says—

The bright leafy bark of the betula tree,
A flexible sheathing provides;

And the fir's thready roots drew the parts to agree,
And bound down its high swelling sides.

All the materials being ready, the work was commenced with great spirit. As it has not fallen to the lot of many persons, into whose hands this work may fall, to witness the building of a birchen canoe, we will avail ourselves of an extract from our work—"Tour to the Lakes," to describe the process. The ground being laid off, in length and breadth, answering to the size of the canoe, (this was thirty-six feet long, and five feet wide in its widest part,) stakes are driven at the two extremes, and thence on either side, answering, in their position, to the form of the canoe. Pieces of bark are then sewn together with wattap, and placed between those stakes, from one end to the other, and made fast to them. The bark thus arranged, hangs loose, and in folds, resembling in general appearance, though without their regularity, the covers of a book, with its back downwards, the edges being up, and the leaves out. Cross pieces are then put in. These press out the rim, and give the upper edges the form of the canoe. Next, the ribs are forced in—thin sheathing being laid between these and the bark. The ribs press out the bark, giving form and figure to the bottom and sides of the canoe. Upon these ribs, and along their whole extent, large stones are placed. The ribs having been previously well soaked, they bear the pressure of these stones, till they become dry. Passing round the bottom, and up the sides of the canoe to the rim, they resemble hoops cut in two, or half circles. The upper parts furnish mortising places for the rim; around, and over which, and through the bark, the wattap is wrapped. The stakes are then removed, the seams gummed, and the fabric is lifted into the water, where it floats like a feather.

We soon learned that Okeemakeequid was one of ten children of the most remarkable old squaw in those parts. Her name was Oshegwun. From childhood this woman had been the subject of affliction. When about fourteen years old, she accompanied her father, with five lodges of his band, amounting to forty persons, on a hunting expedition. They had killed a deer, and were in the act of cooking it, when they were attacked by about one hundred Sioux. Fifteen of the Chippewas were killed; three only surviving the first assault. Oshegwun ran off—was overtaken and tied. A contention arose between two Sioux for the captive. One of them struck his war-club into her back, and otherwise wounded her. She fell, crying, "They are killing me." At this moment, she heard the crack of a rifle, when she became unconscious. Towards evening she was aroused by the pressure of a hand upon her arm. It was her father's. He saw the struggle between the two Sioux for his child, when, levelling his rifle, he killed them both. He was too much engaged in the fight to go to the spot, but sought it afterwards. On arriving at it, he found his daughter gone, she having crawled a quarter of a mile. He tracked her by her blood on the snow. She was scalped in two places, on the right and left of her crown—the knife passing round her throat, cut a deep gash, driving in pieces of wampum, which remained there. She survived, however, and lived to marry three husbands, all of whom treated her unkindly, and to be the mother of nine sons and one daughter. She was subsequently cured of a disease in the forefinger, by Okeemakeequid, after the Indian fashion, by placing it on a block, laying a knife across it, and with a single blow upon the knife with the eye of a hatchet, cutting it off.

We were shown all these wounds; and also witnessed a scalping scene, by her two sons, Okeemakeequid and his brother, who went through the blank motions over the head of the mother, to show how the Sioux performed that ceremony. At this time, 1826, Oshegwun was about sixty years of age.

The dress in which Okeemakeequid appears is not a Chippewa, but a Sioux dress. The Indians would often jibe him about the circumstances under which he got it. At the treaty of Prairie du

Chien, in 1825, peace was concluded, which terminated a war of nearly two hundred years' duration, between the Sioux and Chippewas. In memorial of this occurrence a Sioux warrior proposed to exchange dresses with Okeemakeequid. The latter acceded to the proposition. After the exchange had been made, the Sioux, looking Okeemakeequid archly in the face, and pointing to the head-dress, said, "*Brother*, when you put that dress on, feel up there—there are five feathers; I have put one in for each scalp I took from your people—remember that!"

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

MOA - NA - HON - GA

Nº 21 AN IOWAY CHIEF RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers.

MOANAHONGA.

Moanahonga, which signifies Great Walker, was an Ioway brave. This name was conferred upon him, not for his having performed any great feat as a walker against time, as in the case of the Sioux Killer, but on account of his great muscular strength, which enabled him to endure the toils of the chase, and to lead war parties over a vast extent of country, without appearing to be fatigued. This brave, like the Sioux Killer, was called by another name, by which he was more generally known, viz., *Big Neck;* and he was also known by the name of Winaugusconey, or the man who is not afraid to travel; the meaning of which is, that he would traverse large tracts of country alone, utterly reckless of danger, relying for protection and defence, upon his courage, and great physical strength, both of which he possessed in an extraordinary degree.

Moanahonga was of a morose and sour disposition; the result, doubtless, of his having been the descendant of obscure parents, which circumstance much impeded his advancement to the higher honors, to which his bravery, skill, and talents entitled him. He was emulous of glory, but found himself always held in check by the lowness of his origin. There was nothing which he valued so highly as the honors and dignity of a chieftain, and to this elevation he constantly aspired; seeking ardently, by daring exploits, to challenge the admiration of his nation, and in the midst of some blaze of glory, to extinguish all recollection of the meanness of his descent. As was natural, under such circumstances, he was envious of distinction in others; and the more exalted the incumbent, the more he disliked him. He even avoided those who were in command, because of his aversion to being the subordinate of any; and, acting under the influence of this feeling, he would separate himself from his band and people, build a lodge of his own, and, taking with him as many as had been won over to him by his bravery, exercise the authority of their chief.

This brave was one of a party led by General Clark to Washington, in 1824, at which time he united with Mahaskah in concluding a treaty, by which they ceded all their lands lying within the State of Missouri, amounting to some millions of acres, for the remuneration of five hundred dollars per annum, for ten years, in connection with some other paltry considerations. It appears that he did not comprehend the import of the treaty; and, on his return to his country, finding it overrun with the whites, who had taken possession of the ground that covered the bones of his ancestors, he is said to have become greatly affected. He sought relief, but was told the treaty was made, and that he and Mahaskah had sold the country. He continued to endure this state of things until 1829, when, unable to sustain it any longer, he determined to go to St. Louis, and state his grievances to General Clark. On his way thither, he encamped on the borders of the river Chariton, his party consisting of about sixty persons. While there, resting his comrades from the fatigues of their march, a party of whites came up, having with them some kegs of whisky. It was not long before the Indians were completely besotted, when the whites plundered them of their blankets and horses, and whatever else was of value, and retired. Recovering from their debauch, the Indians felt how dearly they had paid for the whisky with which the whites had regaled them, and being hungry, one of the young men shot a hog. Big Neck rebuked him, saying, "That is wrong; it is true, we are poor, and have been robbed, but the hog was not ours, and you ought not to have shot it."

It was soon rumored along the borders that the Indians were destroying the property of the settlers, and the dead hog was brought in evidence to prove the charge; whereupon a company of about sixty white men was raised, and marched to the Indian camp. They ordered Big Neck to leave the country instantly, adding, if he delayed, they would drive him out of it with their guns. Big Neck thought it prudent to retire, and leaving his encampment, he went fifteen miles higher up into the country, to a point which, he believed, was beyond the boundary of the state. While there, this same party, having pursued them, arrived. Seeing them coming, and not suspecting that there was now any cause of quarrel, Big Neck stepped from his lodge unarmed, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hand extended towards the leader of the party, in token of friendship. The pipe is a sacred thing; and is, among most of the Indian tribes, the emblem of peace; nor have they ever been known to permit any outrage to be committed upon a man who advances towards another with this symbol of peace in his mouth. While in the act of reaching his hand to the leader of the party, and as the Indians came out of their lodges to see the cavalcade of white men, they were fired upon. One child was killed, as was also the brother of Big Neck, who fell at his side. Enraged by this assault, the Indians flew to their arms, their number of fighting men being about thirty; and, against such fearful odds, Big Neck, supported by Maushemone, or the Big Flying Cloud, resolved to contend. The white man who had shot the child, was killed on the spot. Big Neck shot James Myers, the leader of the party, in the thigh; at about the same moment, a white man, named Win, shot a squaw, sister of Big Neck; as she fell, she exclaimed, "Brother! I am going to die innocent—avenge my blood!" She had scarcely spoken, when an Indian, sometimes called Ioway Jim, and at others, Major Ketcher, levelled his rifle and discharged its contents into Win's thigh, fracturing the bone. A furious fight ensued, in which the whites were defeated, and driven from the ground.

Win, being unable to escape, was found on the battle-ground by his exasperated enemies, who immediately prepared to burn their victim. A pile was raised around him, and fired. As the flame began to encircle Win, Big Neck, pointing to the dead and wounded, thus addressed the murderer of his people:

"See there! look! You have killed all that was dear to me—my brother, my brother's wife, and her child. See the blood—it flows before you. Look at that woman; her arm was never raised against an American; the child never wronged you—it was innocent; they have gone to the Great Spirit. I came to meet you with the pipe of peace in my mouth. I did you no wrong; you fired upon me, and see what you have done—see my own squaw with her head bleeding; though not dead, she is wounded. Now listen—you are not a *brave*, you are a *dog*. If you were a *brave*, I would treat you as a *brave*, but as you are a *dog*, I will treat you as a *dog*."

Here Big Neck paused, listened to the crackling of the fagots, and, with his knife drawn, eyed his victim for a moment, when, as the flames burst forth, and were approaching the body, he sprang over them, scalped the fated Win, and, while yet alive, cut open his breast, tore out his heart, bit off a piece, then throwing it back into the flames, it was consumed with the body.

The tidings of this affair soon reached the settlements; every where it was proclaimed, "The Indians are killing the whites." Most of the border settlers abandoned their homes. An order was issued from Jefferson Barracks, to the officer in command at Fort Leavenworth, to march forthwith against the Indians. A large detachment of United States infantry was sent from Missouri in a steamboat, whilst the governor ordered out the militia. The agent of the Ioways, General Hughes, was required to co-operate. The militia were marched direct to the battle-ground, and thence back again, having accomplished nothing. The first step taken by the agent was to deliver eleven of the principal men of the Ioway nation as hostages for the good conduct of that people. With these, General Leavenworth returned with his command to St. Louis. The agent then proceeded with four men to the battle-ground; taking the trail from thence, he pursued Big Neck and his party to the upper Mississippi, and to the waters of the lower Ioway river, a distance but little, if any, short of four hundred miles. Here he fell in with Taimah, or the Bear whose screams make the rocks tremble, and his son, Apamuse, who were on the Polecat river, near Fort Madison. From Taimah and his son, he learned where Big Neck was encamped, and was accompanied to the spot by a party of Sauks and Foxes. Caution became necessary; and, as they approached Big Neck's party, they lay concealed in the day, and advanced upon it only in the night. Just before day, having had the camp in view the previous evening, when all was still, the agent approached, and stepped quickly into Big Neck's lodge. Here he was safe; for, in accordance with the Indian practice, no outrage is ever permitted upon any person, though an enemy, who takes refuge within a lodge; no blood is allowed to stain the ground within its precincts. Big Neck was just in the act of raising himself from his buffalo skin, as the agent entered his lodge. The object of the visit was explained. But few words were spoken, when Big Neck said, "I'll go with you; a brave man dies but once—cowards are always dying." Whereupon he surrendered himself and his party. They were marched to the Rapide Des Moines. On arriving there, Big Neck ordered his squaws to return. The agent at once interpreted the object, and turning to his four men, said, "Get your guns ready, for Big Neck means to kill us." The squaws ascended the hill that rises from the margin of the river at that place, and were clustering about its summit; and just as they were turning to witness the murder of the agent and his four men, a point which makes out into the river was suddenly turned by the advance of a little fleet of five boats, filled with United States troops, under the command of

Lieutenant Morris. The squaws, seeing this, rushed suddenly down the hill, with howls and cries, and throwing themselves at the agent's feet, begged for their lives. The inference was, that they supposed the plot for the destruction of the agent and his companions had been discovered, and that the Indians would be made to atone for it with their lives. A moment longer, and the agent and his men would have been slain. This was one of those rare and timely interpositions that can be resolved into nothing short of the agency of Providence.

Eleven of the principal Indians, including Big Neck, were transferred to these boats, and conveyed to St. Louis, whilst the residue, in charge of one of General Hughes's men, were sent across the country in the direction of their homes. Arriving at St. Louis, arrangements were made for the trial of the prisoners, on a charge of murder, which, it was alleged, had been committed in Randolph county. The trial was then ordered to take place in that county, whither the prisoners were conveyed. The jury, without leaving their box, brought in a verdict of *not guilty*.

Big Neck, being now on friendly terms with the agent, agreed to accompany him to his village. He was in deep distress, and went into mourning, by blacking his face, nor did he ever remove this symbol of grief to the day of his death. He was asked his reason for this. He answered, "I am ashamed to look upon the sun. I have insulted the Great Spirit by selling the bones of my fathers—it is right that I should mourn."

About five years after his trial, Big Neck led a war party of about fifty men in pursuit of a party of Sioux, who had penetrated the country to his village, and stole nine of his horses. He took with him in this expedition a famous brave, called Pekeinga, or the Little Star. The party soon came within sight of the Sioux, who fled, throwing behind them their leggins and moccasons, and dried buffalo meat, which indicated their defeat. Big Neck, however, was resolved on punishing them, and ordered his men to charge.

The Sioux had taken refuge in a large hazel thicket, above which towered trees, thick set with foliage, into two of which, two Sioux, one a chief, had climbed. Each of these Sioux selected his man, one of them Big Neck, the other, the Little Star, and as the party rushed into the thicket, they both fired—Big Neck was shot through the breast; the Little Star fell dead from his horse. Seeing them fall, the two Sioux sprang from the trees to take their scalps. The Sioux chief, who had shot Big Neck, hastened to his body, and while in the act of taking his scalp, the dying savage drew his knife with one hand, and with the other grasped the Sioux, brought him in contact with him, threw him, and then, with his remaining strength, fell upon the body of the Sioux, and stabbed, and scalped him. When they were found, that was their position—the Sioux on the ground, and Big Neck lying across his dead body, with his scalp dripping with blood in one hand, and his knife firmly grasped in the other.

On witnessing this spectacle, both parties retired from the fight, each deeply deploring the death of their favorite chief, and interpreting so great a calamity unto the anger of the Great Spirit, they made peace, and remain friends to this day.

PUSH-MA-TA-HA,

A CHOCTAW WARRIOR

Nº 22. RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

PUSHMATAHA.

THIS individual was a distinguished warrior of the Choctaw nation, and a fair specimen of the talents and propensities of the modern Indian. It will have been noticed, by those who have paid attention to Indian history, that the savage character is always seen in a modified aspect, among those of the tribes who reside in juxtaposition with the whites. We are not prepared to say that it is either elevated, or softened, by this relation; but it is certainly changed. The strong hereditary bias of the wild and untamed rover of the forest, remains in prominent development, while some of the arts, and many of the vices of the civilized man, are engrafted upon them. The Choctaws have had their principal residence in that part of the country east of the Mississippi river, which now forms the State of Mississippi, and have had intercourse with the European race, from the time of the discovery of that region by the French, nearly two centuries ago. In 1820, that tribe was supposed to consist of a population of twenty-five thousand souls. They have always maintained friendly relations with the American people, and have permitted our missionaries to reside among them; some of them have addicted themselves to agriculture, and a few of their females have intermarried with the white traders.

Pushmataha was born about the year 1764, and at the age of twenty was a captain, or a war chief, and a great hunter. In the latter occupation, he often passed to the western side of the Mississippi, to hunt the buffalo, upon the wide plains lying towards our southern frontier. On one occasion, while hunting on the Red river, with a party of Choctaws, he was attacked by a number of Indians of a tribe called the Callageheahs, near the Spanish line, and totally defeated. He made his own escape, alone, to a Spanish settlement, where he arrived nearly starved; having, while on the way, given a little horse, that he found grazing on the plains, for a single fish. He remained with the Spaniards five years, employing himself as a hunter, brooding over the plans of vengeance which he afterwards executed, and probably collecting the information necessary to the success of his scheme. Wandering back to the Choctaw country, alone, he came by stealth, in the night, to a little village of the enemies by whom he had been defeated, suddenly rushed in upon them, killed seven of the inhabitants, and set fire to the lodges, which were entirely consumed before the surviving occupants recovered from their alarm.

After this feat, he remained in his own nation about six years, increasing his reputation as a hunter, and engaging occasionally in the affairs of his tribe. He then raised a party of his own friends, and led them to seek a further revenge for the defeat which still rankled in his bosom. Again he surprised one of their towns upon Red river, and killed two or three of their warriors without any loss on his own side. But engaging in an extensive hunt, his absence from home was protracted to the term of eight months. Resting from this expedition but ten days, he prevailed on another party of Choctaw warriors to follow his adventurous steps in a new enterprise against the same enemy, and was again victorious, bringing home six or seven of the scalps of his foes, without losing a man. On this occasion, he was absent seven or eight months. In one year afterwards, he raised a new party, led them against the foe whom he had so often stricken, and was once more successful.

Some time before the war of 1812, a party of Creek Indians, who had been engaged in a hunting expedition, came to the Choctaw country, and burned the house of Pushmataha, who was in the neighborhood intently occupied in playing ball, a game at which he was very expert. He was too great a man to submit to such an injury, and, as usual, immediate retaliation ensued. He led a party of Choctaws into the Creek country, killed several of that nation, and committed as great destruction of their property as was practicable in his rapid march; and he continued from time to time, until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Great Britain, to prosecute the hostilities growing out of this feud with relentless vigor; assailing the Creeks frequently with small parties, by surprise, and committing indiscriminate devastation upon the property or people of that tribe. Such are the quarrels of great men; and such have been the border wars of rude nations from the earliest times.

In the war that succeeded, he was always the first to lead a party against the British or their Indian allies; and he did much injury to the Creeks and Seminoles, during that contest. His military prowess and success gained for him the honorary title which he seems to have well deserved; and he was usually called *General* Pushmataha.

This chief was not descended from any distinguished family, but was raised to command, when a young man, in consequence of his talents and prowess. He was always poor, and when not engaged in war, followed the chase with ardor and success. He was brave and generous; kind to those who were necessitous, and hospitable to the stranger. The eagerness with which he sought to revenge himself upon his enemies, affords no evidence of ferocity of character; but is in strict conformity with the Indian code of honor, which sanctions such deeds as nobly meritorious.

It is curious to observe the singular mixture of great and mean qualities in the character of a barbarous people. The same man who is distinguished in war, and in the council, is often the subject of anecdotes which reflect little credit on his character in private life. We shall repeat the few incidents which have reached us, in the public and private history of Pushmataha.

He attended a council held in 1823, near the residence of Major Pitchlynn, a wealthy trader among the Choctaws, and at a distance of eighty miles from his own habitation. The business was closed on the third of July, and on the following day, the anniversary of our independence, a dinner was given by Major Pitchlynn, to Colonel Ward, the agent of the government of the United States, and the principal chiefs who were present. When the guests were about to depart, it was observed that General Pushmataha had no horse; and as he was getting to be too old to prosecute so long a journey on foot, the government agent suggested to Mr. Pitchlynn, the propriety of presenting him a horse. This was readily agreed to, on the condition that the chief would promise not to exchange the horse for whisky; and the old warrior, mounted upon a fine young animal, went upon his way rejoicing. It was not long before he visited the Agency on foot, and it was discovered that he had lost his horse in betting at ball-play. "But did you not promise Mr. Pitchlynn," said the agent, "that you would not sell his horse?" "I did so, in the presence of yourself and many others," replied the chief, "but I did not promise that I would not risk the horse on a game of ball."

It is said that, during the late war, General Pushmataha, having joined our southern army with some of his warriors, was arrested by the commanding general for striking a soldier with his sword. When asked by the commander, why he had committed this act of violence, he replied that the soldier had been rude to his wife, and that he had only given him a blow or two with the side of the sword, to teach him better manners—"but if it had been you, general, instead of a private soldier," continued he, "I should have used the sharp edge of my sword, in defence of my wife, who has come so far to visit a great warrior like myself."

At a time when a guard of eight or ten men was kept at the Agency, one of the soldiers having become intoxicated, was ordered to be confined; and as there was no guard-house, the tem porary arrest was effected by tying the offender. Pushmataha seeing the man in this situation, inquired the cause, and on being informed, exclaimed, "is that all?" and immediately untied the unfortunate soldier, remarking coolly, "many good warriors get drunk."

At a meeting of business at the Agency, at which several American gentlemen, and some of the chief men of the Choctaw nation were present, the conversation turned upon the Indian custom of marrying a plurality of wives. Pushmataha remarked that he had two wives, and intended to have always the same number. Being asked if he did not think the practice wrong, the chief replied, "No; is it not right that every woman should be married?—and how can that be, when there are more women than men, unless some men marry more than one? When our Great Father the President, caused the Indians to be counted last year, it was found that the women were most numerous, and if one man could have but one wife, some women would have no husbands."

In 1824, this chief was at the city of Washington, as one of a deputation sent to visit the President, for the purpose of brightening the chain of friendship between the American people and the Choctaws. The venerable Lafayette, then upon his memorable and triumphal tour through the United States, was at the same metropolis, and the Choctaw chiefs came to pay him their respects. Several of them made speeches, and among the rest, Pushmataha addressed him in these words: "Nearly fifty snows have melted since you drew the sword as a companion of Washington. With him you fought the enemies of America. You mingled your blood with that of the enemy, and proved yourself a warrior. After you finished that war, you returned to your own country; and now you are come back to visit a land, where you are honored by a numerous and powerful people. You see every where the children of those by whose side you went to battle, crowding around you, and shaking your hand, as the hand of a father. We have heard these things told in our distant villages, and our hearts longed to see you. We have come, we have taken you by the hand, and are satisfied. This is the first time we have seen you; it will probably be the last. We have no more to say. The earth will part us for ever."

The old warrior pronounced these words with an affected solemnity of voice and manner. He seemed to feel a presentiment of the brevity of his own life. The concluding remark of his speech was prophetic. In a few days, he was no more. He was taken sick at Washington, and died in a strange land. When he found that his end was approaching, he called his companions around him, and desired them to raise him up, to bring his arms, and to decorate him with all his ornaments, that his death might be that of a man. He was particularly anxious that his interment should be accompanied with military honors, and when a promise was kindly given that his wishes should be fulfilled, he became cheerful, and conversed with composure until the moment when he expired without a groan. In conversation with his Indian friends, shortly before his death, he said, "I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers, and hear the birds sing, but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you shall come to your home, they will ask you, *Where is Pushmataha?* and you will say to them, *He is no more.* They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods."

The only speech made by Pushmataha, on the occasion of his visit to Washington, was the following. It was intended by him to be an opening address, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have followed by another more like himself. We took it down as he spoke it. The person addressed was the Secretary of War.

"*Father*—I have been here some time. I have not talked—have been sick. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have no doubt heard of me—*I am Pushmataha*

"*Father*—When in my own country, I often looked towards this

Council House, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, Father, I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face, and now hear me speak.

"*Father*—When I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house. I can boast, and say, and tell the truth that none of my fathers, or grandfathers, nor any Choctaw ever drew bows against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out.

"*Father*—I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country till it is very small. I repeat the same about the land east of the Tombigby. I came here when a young man to see my Father Jefferson. He told me if ever we got in trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like a man who meets another, and says, How do you do? Another will talk further."

The celebrated John Randolph, in a speech upon the floor of the Senate, alluded thus to the forest chieftain, whose brief memoirs we have attempted to sketch: "Sir, in a late visit to the public grave-yard, my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw Chief Pushmataha. He was, I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such—where the red man and the white man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, I read these words: '*Pushmataha, a Choctaw Chief, lies here. This monu-*

ment to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation, in the year 1824, *to the government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council, eloquent in an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man's friend. He died in Washington, on the* 24*th of December,* 1824, *of the croup, in the* 60*th year of his age.*'" Among his last words were the following: "When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me."

This chief had five children. His oldest son died at the age of twenty-one, after having completed an excellent English education. The others were young at the time of the decease of their father. A medal has been sent by the President to the oldest surviving son, as a testimony of respect for the memory of a warrior, whose attachment to our government was steady and unshaken, throughout his life.

The day after the funeral of Pushmataha, the deputation visited the office in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The countenances of the chiefs wore a gloom which such a loss was well calculated to create. Over the face of one of the deputation, however, was a cloud darker than the rest, and the expression of his face told a tale of deeper sorrow. Ask that young man, said the officer in charge of the Bureau, what is the matter with him. The answer was, "*I am sorry.*" Ask him what makes him sorry. The loss, the answer was expected to be, of our beloved chief—But no—it was, "*I am sorry it was not me.*" Ask him to explain what he means by being sorry that it was not him. The ceremonies of the funeral, the reader will bear in mind, were very imposing. The old chief had said, "When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me;" and they were fired. Besides the discharge of minute guns on the Capitol Hill, and from the ground contiguous to the place of interment, there was an immense concourse of citizens, a long train of carriages, cavalry, military, bands of music, the whole procession extending at least a mile in length; and there were thousands lining the ways, and filling the doors and windows, and then the military honors at the grave, combined to produce in this young chief's mind a feeling of regret that he had not been, himself, the subject of these honors—Hence his reply—"*I am sorry it was not me*·" and so he explained himself.

N°23.

SHI-ZUN-HAU-KAU.

TSHIZUNHAUKAU.

Tshizunhaukau, or *He who runs with the deer*, is a Winnebago warrior, of remarkable genius and singular character. He unites the characters of the conjurer and medicine-man with that of the brave, without losing any of his reputation for manliness and courage.

It is a peculiarity of savage life, that but one high road to distinction exists. War is the only occupation which is considered as capable of giving exercise to the highest powers of manhood. Hunting is the business of their life, and expertness in this employment, and in the various arts belonging to it, is highly estimated; but to be a successful hunter confers respectability rather than distinction. The spoils of the chase afford sustenance, and to the able or fortunate hunter give that competency which stands in the place of wealth; but the standing gained by this employment, in its best aspect, is only equal to that of a successful man of business in civilized communities. Oratory ranks a little higher, and carries with it a certain degree of popular influence, which is eagerly sought after by the aspiring savage. Strength, swiftness, expertness in horsemanship, and other qualities which enable their possessor to triumph in athletic sports, and give grace and manliness to his movements, are highly prized. But all these are but the accomplishments considered desirable to give finish to the character of the warrior; for without military distinction all else is as the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

A few men among the Indians have gained high repute, and maintained a commanding influence through life, without the aid of a military reputation. One of these was Red Jacket, who never attained any standing as a warrior, nor set up any pretensions to martial skill or fame; and some other instances have been recorded in this work. But these were men of consummate ability, whose talents were useful to their people, and whose genius elevated them above the operation of general rules; and, in the case of Red Jacket, there were a nationality, a zeal, and tenacity, with which he adhered to the side of his own people, right or wrong, in all their controversies with the whites, and clung to the customs and prejudices of his ancestors, that endeared him to the Senecas. But these are rare examples, in which the strong law of human nature prevails over the peculiarities of national character.

It follows, that those who are incapacitated by indolence, bodily debility, and mental weakness, from earning laurels on the field of battle, sink into insignificance and even contempt, unless they can strike out some other mode of securing respectability. The same causes which render them unfit for warriors, operate equally against their success in either of the occupations we have alluded to. But no debility, either physical or mental, prevents a man from becoming a doctor; as in this occult science, skilful practice and skilful imposture approach as nearly as the sublime and the ridiculous. We think that the majority of the Indian prophets, conjurers, and medicine-men, have their origin in this principle. Though indolent, or pusillanimous, or unfortunate in laboring under some physical deficiency, they have been compensated by a sufficient portion of that cunning which Nature bestows upon inferior creatures, to enable them to impose on the credulity of the people. A few of these persons have undoubtedly been fanatics, who were self-deluded; but we suppose the greater part of them to be crafty impostors, whose highest motive is to gain a livelihood, without incurring the danger and fatigue of war or hunting, and to rise above the contempt of a wholly idle and useless life.

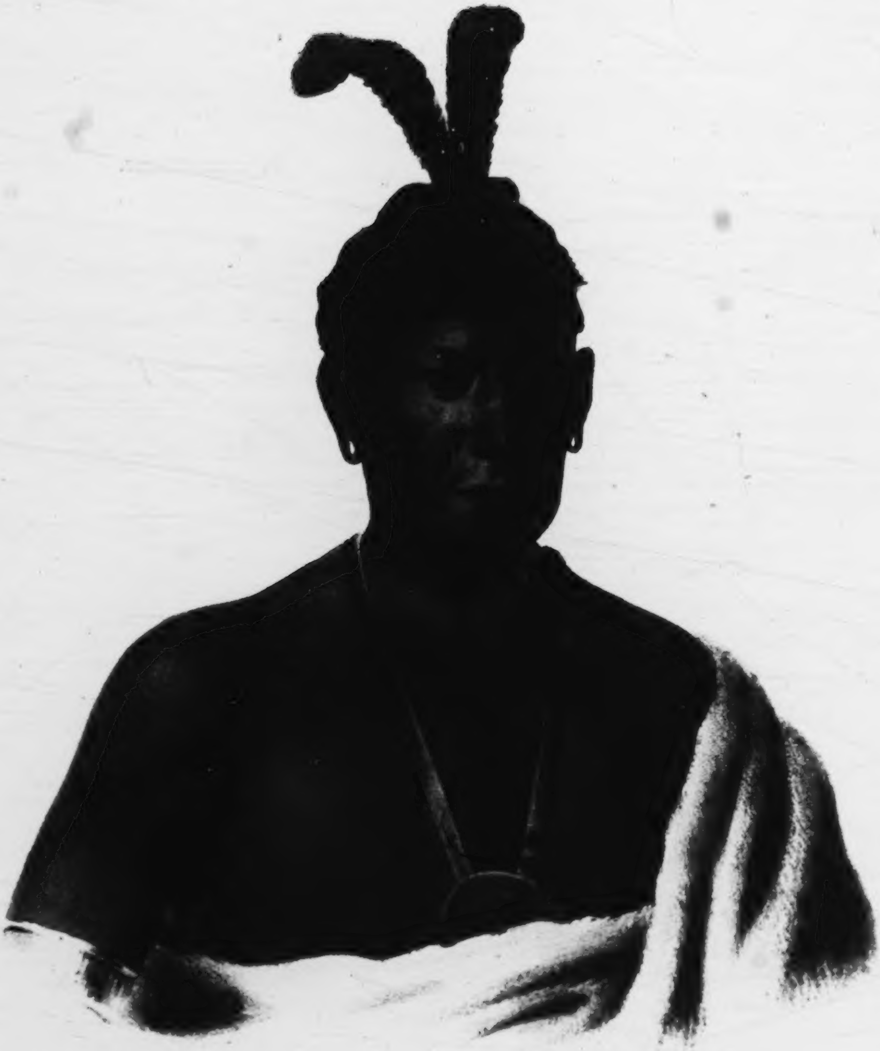
The standing of this class may be readily imagined. A savage people, without arts or literature, who scarcely ever reason, and act almost entirely from impulse, are easily imposed upon. Superstition is one of the thriftiest plants in the wilderness of an uncultivated intellect; it flourishes under the rude culture of the most bungling impostor. The number of such persons is small, for the reasons indicated above; inactive employments are unsuited to the habits and genius of the savage; few will condescend to follow such pursuits, and still more few will undertake the mental exertion of thought and deception required for the office. The conjurers, therefore, rank high, because they are a small class, practising an occult art, among a superstitious people.

The failures of this class, on the other hand, are numerous, because the capital of intellect embarked in it is small, and the indolence and improvidence of the race are such, that few persevere long in any occupation requiring continued attention. The medicine-men and prophets, therefore, often fall into disrepute, either from repeated want of success in their incantations and predictions, or from the laziness or dissoluteness of life consequent upon a brief harvest of successful practice; and the same man who was revered on account of his supposed intercourse with the world of spirits, is heartily despised when discovered to be a cheat. The brother of Tecumthe, whose reputation was very high, and whose influence, extending through several tribes besides his own, lasted for several years, dwindled into a very insignificant person, and in his old age there were "none so poor to do him reverence." There are some who, from honesty of purpose, or great native sagacity, become skilful in public business, or useful counsellors in sickness and domestic calamity, and retain the confidence of the people; but we think that usually this class of persons, like the quacks and humbugs of civilized society, enjoy a short-lived celebrity; the delusion itself survives in ever-blooming vigor; the gullibility of mind which sustains it remains fresh and prolific as the bountiful earth, while the impostors flourish and fade, like the annual plants, in rapid succession.

We need not enlarge upon the practice of the Indian conjurer, for although the details of the modes of operation may exhibit considerable variety, none of them exhibit much ingenuity, and the leading features are few, and exceedingly superficial. The Indians are not an imaginative people; they have no poetry, no sprightliness of fancy, scarcely any perceptible creative faculty. They have no mythology, no belief nor theory in regard to another world, which is general, or which lasts from one generation to another. The whole subject is to them a blank. The conception or idea, inseparable from the existence of spirit, and which the human mind, in a sane state, nourishes under every modification of life, of a hereafter, and a superhuman power, is prevalent among them; but the conception is so vague and feeble as to be fruitless of any practical result. No system of worship obtains amongst them, no fabric of superstition has been reared. When their minds awaken for a moment from the lethargy that benumbs them, and soar into the regions of speculation, the flight is too feeble, and the newly acquired vision too dim, to yield materials for any connected chain of reasoning, and the only product of such efforts, consists of the most puerile and shapeless vagaries. A few traditions are handed down from times past, but so mutilated as to be scarcely traced from one generation to another. The legends, dreams, and visions in current circulation, are mostly of modern date, but are fabricated from the fragments and reminiscences of other times.

Their knowledge of the medicinal qualities of herbs is not extensive. The medicine-men have a few simple remedies of this character, which are efficacious in ordinary cases of disease and injury, and in the use of these the women are equally expert. In more difficult cases they resort to incantations and prayers addressed to good or evil spirits. To produce dreams they resort to fasting and bodily penance, carried often to the utmost power of endurance, and by these means a disturbed state of mind is induced, which gives rise to visions of more or less coherence. Great confidence is placed in these dreams; and this circumstance affords a sufficient temptation to cunning men to feign them, while it points out to sagacious chiefs an efficient mode through which a secret though powerful influence may be exerted over the people.

Tshizunhaukau was not a regular medicine-man, but he practised the art when it suited his convenience, and had the reputation of possessing the gift. He was a sagacious man, who knew and thought more than those around him. He noticed the seasons and changes of the atmosphere, and had a strong memory for dates and events. The portrait represents him holding in his hand a rod, which was an invention of his own, and was covered with marks and figures representing the divisions of time, and certain changes of the seasons, to which were added signs, indicating the results of certain calculations he had made respecting the weather. It was a curious and original invention, the fruit of an inquisitive and active mind, and the indication of a spirit that rose above the sluggish incuriousness of his race. He had noticed the phenomena which took place around him, with deep attention, and had recorded upon the tablet of a retentive memory all that seemed worthy of remark. He had endeavored, to the extent of his limited knowledge and means of information, to trace effects to their causes, and to find out the reasons of uncommon events. The results of these inquiries were carved upon his wand, which became thus an almanac, and doubtless as complete a one, in reference to his wants, as our common almanacs are to the enlightened astronomer. He maintained a high character as a warrior, and was one of the deputation who accompanied Nawkaw, the principal chief of the Winnebagoes, to Washington, in 1828.



WAKECHAI

A SAUKIE CHIEF

N°24

RICE RUTTER & CO. Publishers

WAKECHAI,

A SAUKIE CHIEF.

WAKECHAI, or the Crouching Eagle, was one of the village chiefs, or civil magistrates, of the Saukie nation, and resided at the principal town of that people, near the confluence of Rock river with the Mississippi, in one of the most beautiful regions of Illinois. This neighborhood has been abandoned by its Indian inhabitants, who have recently removed to the Iowa territory, on the opposite shore of the Mississippi; but it will always be considered as classic ground, by those who shall be engaged in researches into the history of the Aborigines, as well on account of the unrivalled beauty of the scenery, as from the many interesting recollections connected with the soil.

The subject of this notice was a person of low stature, with a stooping and ungraceful form, a shuffling gait, a stern savage expression of countenance, and a deportment altogether displeasing and undignified. Though named after the noble bird, regarded by the Indians as the most warlike of the feathered tribes, and whose plumage is appropriated to the decoration of the warrior's brow, this chief never acquired any reputation as a brave, nor do we know that he ever performed any warlike feat worthy to be mentioned. That he has been upon the war-path, is most probable, for among a people so entirely military, some service is expected of every individual. But it is certain, that the Crouching Eagle, or as we should interpret the name, *the Eagle stooping upon his prey*, gained no laurels in the field, and never rose to be a leader in any expedition. Neither did he excel in manly sports, or in the ceremonious dances, so highly esteemed in savage life.

It may be very naturally inquired, by what means a person destitute of the qualities which are held in the highest repute among his people, became a chief and a person of influence among them Without the physical powers which are so greatly valued in savage life, with no reputation for valor, nor any trophy snatched from the enemy by force or cunning, it would not seem that there was any community of feeling between him and his associates, through which he could conciliate their kindness, or command respect.

The answer to the inquiries which we have suggested, shows the vast superiority of mind over any and all endowments that are merely physical. Even in the savage state, under all the disadvantages which surround it, prevent its culture, and cramp its exercise, the intellect silently asserts its supremacy, and the warrior, while he affects to despise it, unconsciously yields to its sway. The Eagle was a man of vigorous and clear mind, whose judicious counsels were of more advantage to his tribe, than any services he could have rendered in the field, even supposing his prowess to have been equal to his sagacity. If nature denied him the swift foot, and the strong arm of the warrior, it endowed him with a prompt and bold heart, and a cool judgment to direct the energies of others. He was not an orator, to win the admiration of multitudes, nor had he those popular and insinuating talents and manners, which often raise individuals of little solid worth to high station and extensive influence. He was a calm and sage man. His nation had confidence in his wisdom; he was considered a prudent and safe counsellor. He gave his attention to public business, became skilled in the affairs of his people, and acquired a character for fidelity, which raised him to places of trust. Perhaps the braves and war-chiefs, the hot-blooded, turbulent, and ambitious aspirants for place and honor, submitted the more readily to the counsels of one who was not a rival, and cheerfully yielded him precedence in a sphere in which they were not competitors.

It is recorded of Tecumthe and of Red Jacket, that each of them in his first engagement with the enemy showed discreditable symptoms of fear; the former became afterwards the most distinguished Indian leader of his time, and both of them enjoyed deservedly the most unlimited influence over their respective nations. These facts are interesting from the evidence they afford of the supremacy of the intellectual over the physical man, in savage as well as in civilized life.

The man of peace, however valuable his services, seldom occupies a brilliant page in history; and Wakechai, though a diligent and useful public man, has left but little trace of his career. The only striking incident which has been preserved in relation to him, is connected with his last moments. He had been lying ill some days, and was laboring under the delirium of a fever, when he dreamed, or imagined, that a supernatural revelation directed him to throw himself into the water, at a spot where Rock river unites with the Mississippi, where his good *Manito*, or guardian spirit, would meet him, and instantly restore him to health. The savage who knows no God, and

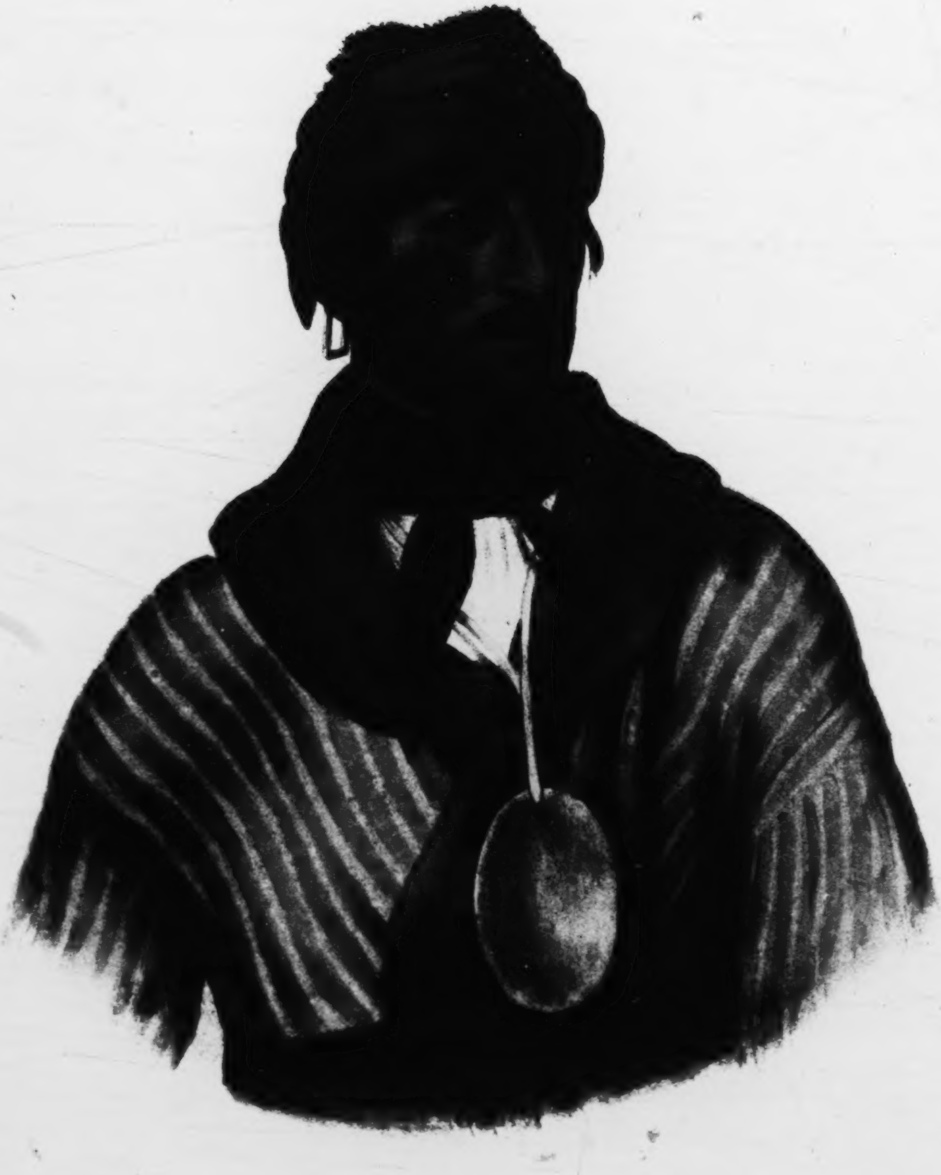
> "Whose soul proud science never taught to stray,
> Far as the solar walk, or milky way,

is easily deluded by the most absurd superstitions. Every human spirit looks up to something greater than itself; and when the helplessness induced by disease or misfortune, brings an humbling sense of self-abasement, the savage, as well as the saint and the sage, grasps at that which to each, though in a far different sense, is a religion—the belief in a superior intelligence. The blind credulity of the Indian in this respect, is a singular feature in his character, and exhibits a remarkable contrast between the religion of the savage and that of the Christian. In his intercourse with men, whether friends or enemies, the savage is suspicious, cautious, and slow in giving his confidence; while in regard to the invisible world, he yields credence to the visions of his own imagination, and the idlest fables of the ignorant or designing, not only without evidence, but against the plain experience of his own senses. In the instance before us, a man of more than ordinary common sense, a sagacious counsellor, accustomed to the examination of facts, and to reasoning upon questions of difficulty, suffered himself to be deceived into the belief that he could plunge with impunity into the water, while enfeebled by disease, and that in the bosom of that element he should meet and converse with a supernatural being, such as he had not only never seen, but of which he could have heard no distinct, rational, or credible account. We cannot avoid the persuasion, that such a fact, while it evinces the imbecility of the human intellect, in reference to the contemplation of the hidden things of another life, does also strongly indicate an innate belief working in the natural mind, and a want, which nothing but a revelation can rightly direct, or fully satisfy.

Wakechai believed and obeyed the vision, nor did any venture to interpose an objection to the performance of that which seemed a religious duty. He arose, and with much difficulty proceeded to the margin of the river. He paused for a moment at that romantic spot, which presents one of the loveliest landscapes ever offered to the human eye. Perhaps he paused to contemplate the great river, which, rising in far distant lakes on the one hand, and rolling away to the ocean on the other, and washing far distant, and to him unknown, lands in its course, may have figured to him his own existence, the beginning and the end of which were equally beyond his comprehension. The fatal plunge was made, with undaunted courage, and doubtless with unaltered faith, and the deluded man awoke to the consciousness that he was deceived. The clear stream received and enclosed him in its cold embrace, but no mysterious form met his eye, nor did any friendly voice impart the desired secret. The limbs that should have been renovated, scarcely retained sufficient strength to enable the deluded sufferer to rise again into his native element; he regained the shore with difficulty, where he sunk exhausted, and being carried back to his lodge, died in the evening of the same day.

Wakechai was a popular and respected chief, and was a great favorite of the whites, who found him uniformly friendly, honest, and disposed to maintain peace between his own nation and the American people. He was a person of steady mind, and may be regarded as one of the few statesmen of this little republic who watched and reflected over its interests, and directed its affairs, while others fought its battles. His death was greatly regretted by his own people, and by the American residents of Rock Island.

He was one of the delegation who accompanied General Clarke to Washington, in 1824, when his portrait was taken.



SE-LOC-TA,

Nº 25

A CREEK CHIEF

RICE, RUTTER &CO. Publishers

SELOCTA.

ONE of the most unhappy circumstances attending the late war between the United States and Great Britain, was its effect upon the Indian tribes residing within our limits. That all of these tribes have grievances to complain of, there can be no question; it would be impossible for two distinct races, differing so widely in character and in power, to inhabit the same country without frequent collisions, in which the weaker would generally be the injured and oppressed party. We have said elsewhere, and we take pride in repeating, that the American nation and government have acted towards that unfortunate race with great magnanimity. The intentions of our people, and the official action of our government towards them, has been decidedly benevolent; but irritating causes have continually occurred to thwart the generous intentions entertained towards them; dishonest agents have diverted the liberality of the government from its intended direction; and the selfishness or violence of unprincipled individuals have kindled hatred, jealousy, and bloodshed. Naturally prone to war, and habitually vindictive, the passions of the Indians are easily aroused, and those who have tampered with them, for sinister purposes, have ever been but too successful in the accomplishment of their detestable ends.

When the war of 1812 was about to break out, the British government availed itself of the precarious relations existing between the American government and the Indian tribes within its boundaries; and the agents of that power traversed the whole frontier upon the fatal errand of discord. The famous Tecumthe was the missionary sent to excite the Southern tribes, by inflammatory harangues and lavish promises of assistance. Bribes were scattered among their influential men, and their prophets were seduced to utter predictions such as were but too well calculated to mislead an ignorant and inflammatory people. Inferior as the Indians were in numbers, and in all the elements of physical power—surrounded by the white population—and dependent as they were upon us for their very existence—we can hardly conceive a more cruel project, than that which would lead them into a hopeless and ruinous contest with the only power which could at pleasure protect or destroy them.

The Creek Indians, the most powerful of the Southern tribes, were, on this occasion, divided into two parties, one of which adhered to the United States, and proposed to take no part in the expected war, while the other madly engaged in the conspiracy against their own best interests. The latter were called *Redsticks,* because, in preparing for hostilities, each individual armed himself with a war-club which was painted red.

The first demonstration of this spirit betrayed itself in a series of murders and other outrages which were committed upon the white settlements, attended by the most atrocious circumstances of savage cruelty. The massacre at Fort Mimms was the earliest act of open war. This was a frontier post, in the Mississippi territory, containing about one hundred and fifty men, under the command of Major Beasley, besides a number of women and children, who had fled to it for protection. Weatherford, a distinguished chief of the hostile Creeks, having procured a supply of ammunition from the Spaniards at Pensacola, and assembled a force of six or seven hundred warriors, surprised this place on the 30th of August, 1812, and slaughtered nearly three hundred persons, including women and children, in cold blood, and with every aggravation of deliberate cruelty. None were spared; the mother and child fell under the same blow; seventeen individuals only escaped.

The news of this unprovoked outrage carried terror and indignation throughout the south-western frontier, and in all the neighboring states the people flew to arms. In Tennessee, large bodies of gallant men volunteered their services, and Andrew Jackson, a citizen already distinguished for his abilities and patriotism in civil life, was placed at their head. It is not our purpose to follow this distinguished leader through the perils, difficulties, and embarrassments of this war, to its brilliant victories and successful result.

Among the Creek warriors who adhered to the United States in this war, and rendered efficient services in the field, were Chinnaby, a principal chief of that people, and his son Selocta, the subject of this notice. The former occupied a fort on the Coosa river—a rude primitive fortress of logs, surrounded by a stockade, such as are commonly resorted to in our border wars. Upon General Jackson's first advance into the savage territory, he was met by Selocta, who sought his camp to fight under his banner, and to solicit aid for his father, whose decided measures had already excited the vengeance of the war faction, by whose forces his fort was surrounded and threatened. From this time until the close of the Indian war, Selocta continued with our army, an intelligent and sagacious guide during its marches, and a brave warrior and leader in battle.

It was during this war, that the striking scene occurred between General Jackson and Weatherford, the leader in the atrocious butchery at Fort Mimms. After a series of active hostilities, and several general engagements in which the Indians had been beaten, and their forces cut up and dispersed, a number of the chiefs of the hostile party sought the presence of General Jackson, and offered submission upon his own terms. The victor treated them with clemency, admonishing them to a pacific course of conduct for the future, but demanded as a preliminary to any amicable intercourse, that Weatherford should be delivered up to him. A few days afterwards, an Indian presented himself at the camp, and desired to be conducted to the General, to whom he announced himself as Weatherford. The American commander expressed his astonishment that one whose hands were stained with an inhuman murder of captives, should dare to appear in his presence, knowing, as he must, that his arrest had been ordered for the purpose of bringing him to punishment. The undaunted chieftain replied, "I am in your power; do with me as you please. I am a warrior. I have done the white people all the harm I could; I have fought them, and fought them bravely; if I had any warriors left, I would still fight, and contend to the last. But I have none; my people are all gone; and now I can only mourn over the misfortunes of my nation." Struck with the magnanimity so nearly akin to his own high spirit, the General explained to his visitor the terms upon which his people might have peace, adding, that he should take no advantage of his voluntary surrender, that he was now at liberty to remain and be protected, or retire, and reunite himself with the war party; but that, if taken, his life should pay the forfeit of his crimes.

The undismayed savage, maintaining the self-possession which distinguishes his race, replied: "I may well be addressed in such language now. There was a time when I could have answered you; I then had a choice, but now I have none—even hope has ended. Once I could lead my warriors to battle; but I cannot call the dead to life. My warriors can no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Talladega, Talluschatchee, Emuckfaw, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself without reflection. While there was a chance of success, I never left my post, nor asked for peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask for peace for my nation and for myself. I look back with sorrow upon the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, and wish to avert still greater calamities. Our best warriors are slain, our cattle and grain are destroyed, and our women and children are destitute of provisions. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man; I rely on your generosity. You will exact no terms from a conquered people but such as they should accept; whatever they may be, it would be madness in us to oppose them. If any oppose them, you will find me stern in enforcing obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a spirit of revenge, and to this they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their nation. You have told us where we must go, and be safe. This is a good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it."

At the conclusion of the war, a council was held by General Jackson, at which the chiefs and warriors of both factions of the Creeks attended, and the subject of the removal of that people to the lands assigned them west of the Mississippi, was discussed. A majority were opposed to the scheme, and several of the chiefs denounced it in bold and eloquent language. The speech of the Big Warrior on that occasion, has been quoted as a fine specimen of savage elocution. Major Eaton, in his Life of General Jackson, from which we have gathered the preceding facts, after describing the speeches of some of the chiefs, adds, "but the inflexibility of the person with whom they were treating, evinced to them, that however just and well founded might be their objections, the policy under which he acted was too clearly defined, for any abandonment of it to be at all calculated upon. Selocta, one of their chiefs, who had united with our troops at the commencement of the war, who had marched and fought with them in all their battles, and had attached to himself strongly the confidence of the commanding general, now addressed him. He told him of the regard he had ever felt for his white brothers, and with what zeal he had exerted himself to preserve peace, and keep in friendship with them; when his efforts had failed, he had taken up arms against his own country, and fought against his own people; that he was not opposed to yielding the lands lying on the Alabama, which would answer the purpose of cutting off any intercourse with the Spaniards, but the country west of the Coosa he wished to preserve to the nation. To effect this he appealed to the feelings of Jackson; told him of the dangers they had passed together, and of his faithfulness to him in the trying scenes through which they had gone."

"There were, indeed, none whose voice ought sooner to have been heard than Selocta's. None had rendered greater services, and none had been more faithful. He had claims growing out of his fidelity that few others had."

The sequel of this interview has become matter of history, and is too well known to need repetition. The Creeks assented to the terms proposed by the American government, and, abandoning the graves of their fathers, sought a new home.

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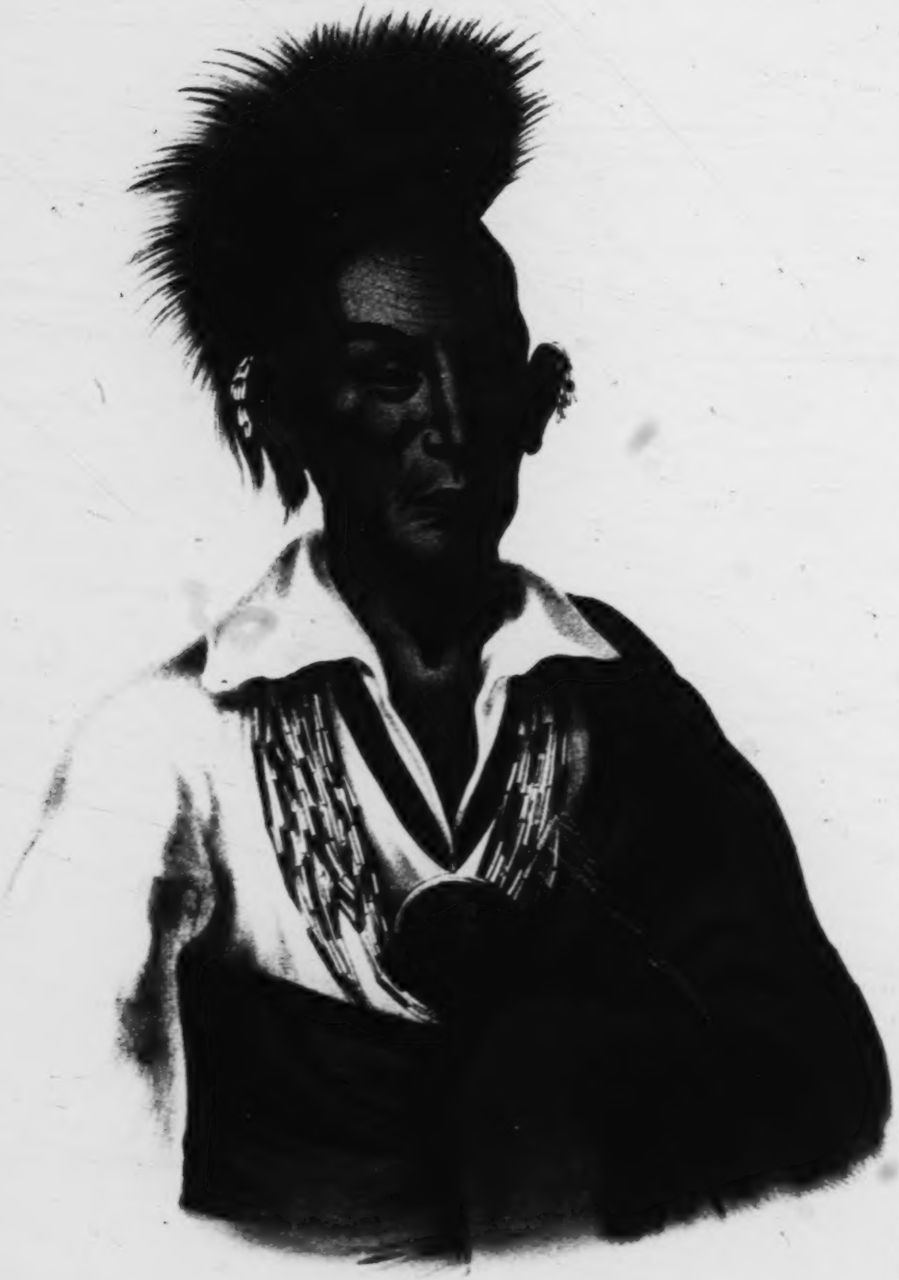

MA-KA-TAI-ME-SHE-KIA-KIAH,

A SAUKIE BRAVE.

N° 26

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

MAKATAIMESHEKIAKIAH, OR BLACK HAWK.

Few Indians have obtained a celebrity so widely extended as that of the individual now before us. Without being a chief, or a person of remarkable abilities, he became known to the American public as the principal person engaged in the brief and hopeless war, waged by a fraction of the Sauk tribe against the United States. Having been taken prisoner at the close of that contest, he was conducted with a few companions to Washington, and some other of our cities, where his fame and his misfortunes excited so much curiosity, that he was every where visited by crowds, while his propriety of deportment was such as to sustain the reputation that had preceded him. He was the greatest lion of the day; and the public will probably be disappointed at the discovery that, although a respectable person, he was by no means a hero. The events of his early life we extract from a small volume published at Cincinnati in 1833, and said to have been dictated by himself, and which we know to be acknowledged by him as authentic. The Black Sparrow, or, as he is now called, Black Hawk, whose unpronounceable Indian name we shall not attempt to repeat, was born at the principal village of his tribe on Rock river, in Illinois, about the year 1767, and was the great grandson of a chief called Nanamakee, or Thunder. At the early age of fifteen, having had the good fortune to wound an enemy of his nation, he was admitted to the rank of a brave, and allowed to paint himself and wear feathers. The chief of a neighboring tribe coming to the Saukie town shortly after, to raise recruits for an expedition against their common enemy, the Osages, he was permitted, in company with his father, to join the war party. A battle was fought in which the Sauks and their allies were successful, and Black Hawk signalized his valor by killing and scalping a warrior. On the return of the party he was permitted, for the first time, to join in the scalp dance. Having now established a reputation as a brave, he was enabled, a few months afterwards, to raise a party of seven young men, who went forth with him in search of adventure, and, falling in with a camp of a hundred Osages, he boldly attacked them, killed one of their warriors, and retreated without losing a man. This exploit gained him so much reputation, that when he next offered to lead a war party, a hundred and sixty braves placed themselves under his command. After a long march, they approached an Osage village with great caution, in the expectation of surprising it, but found it deserted; and the dissatisfied warriors, with the exception of five, abandoned their leader and returned home. The little remnant of the war party continued to pursue their enemies, determined not to return without a trophy; and, after some days, succeeded in killing a man and a boy, with whose scalps they marched back in triumph.

The defection of his braves on this occasion injured the standing of Black Hawk with his nation, who supposed him deficient in good fortune, or in conduct, and he was unable for some time afterwards to obtain a command. At length, at the age of nineteen, he succeeded in raising a party of two hundred warriors, whom he led against the Osages, and, meeting with an equal number of the enemy, a desperate battle ensued, in which the Sauks were victorious, and slew a hundred of their enemies, with a loss on their side of but nineteen. Black Hawk says he killed five braves and a squaw, and took four scalps.

After this decisive battle, active hostilities with the Osages ceased, and the Sauks turned their arms against the Cherokees. Black Hawk accompanied a small party commanded by his father, who met the Cherokees near the Merrimac river, the latter having the advantage in numbers. The Cherokees are said to have lost twenty-eight men, and the Sauks but seven. The father of Black Hawk being among the slain, he assumed the command, took possession of *the great medicine bag* of the deceased, and led the party home. This expedition was considered so unfortunate, that our hero blacked his face, fasted, and for five years abstained from war, praying frequently to the Great Spirit, and engaging in no manly exercises but those of hunting and fishing.

After this period, the Great Spirit having taken pity on him, or in other words, his people believing that he had sufficiently atoned for his bad luck, he led out a small party against the Osages, but could find only six men, whom he captured and delivered up to the Spanish commandant at St. Louis. In his next expedition he was more fortunate. At the head of a large party, he surprised an encampment of forty lodges of the Osages, all of whom, without distinction of age or sex, were put to death, except two squaws, who were taken captive. He declared that in this battle he killed seven men and two boys with his own hand.

He then led an expedition against the Cherokees, to revenge his father's death; but finding only five of their people, he states, that having captured these, he afterwards released four, and carried the other one home, being unwilling to kill so small a party. This assumption of mercy on an occasion when revenge was his sole object, succeeding so closely the narrative of an indiscriminate massacre, in which he killed two boys, is not easily reconciled. We give the story as we find it, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. The details of several other battles, in which Black Hawk describes himself as having borne a conspicuous part, we pass over.

The treaty made by Governor Harrison with the Sauks and Foxes in 1804, by which they ceded their lands east of the Mississippi, is alluded to in this volume, as having been executed by a few chiefs, without the knowledge or consent of the nation. As we have not the means of deciding this question, we shall not enter upon it

The erection of Fort Madison, upon the Mississippi, is mentioned, the dissatisfaction of the Indians at this encroachment of the Americans, and an unsuccessful attempt which was made by the Sauks and Foxes to surprise and cut off the garrison. The visit of the enterprising traveller, Pike, at Rock Island, is noticed, and we are told that when this officer presented them with an American flag, they received and hoisted it, but when he required them to pull down the British flag, they declined, as they "wished to have two fathers."

At this time the Sauks and Foxes were in the practice of trading with the British posts on the northern lakes, and Great Britain having adopted the policy of retarding the expansion of our settlements, much exertion was used by the officers of that power to conciliate the Indians, and to gain an influence over them. The state of affairs on the western frontiers of the United States was very unsettled. The emigration to the valley of the Ohio had pushed the settlements into contact with numerous and warlike tribes of Indians, and although the latter had sold the lands that were now becoming occupied by the whites, they saw with jealousy the rapid increase of a population so essentially different from their own. Occasions were sought to rescind or deny the treaties by which territory had been ceded, and the American government, to avoid even the appearance of injustice, in various instances purchased the same tract of country over and over from the same tribe, and extinguished successively the conflicting titles of different titles; while, on the other hand, intrusions were often inconsiderately committed on the hunting-grounds of the Indians.

For several years previous to 1811, the prospect of a war between the United States and Great Britain, produced an irritable state of feeling on the frontier, and opened a wide field for the machinations of those persons who thought their own interests promoted by exciting the Indians to hostilities. The British officers and traders, therefore, co-operated in their exertions to attach the Indians to their country, and to alienate them from the American people and government. Colonel McKee, Colonel Dixon, and Simon Girty were the most active agents in this unwise and unchristian warfare, and were busily employed, for several years, in holding talks with the Indians residing within the United States, supplying them with arms, making them liberal presents, and inciting them to make war upon the American settlements. Several interviews were held with these officers by Black Hawk, and on one of these occasions we find him, for the first time, dignified with a title. His own relation is as follows: "In the encampment, I found a large number of Potawatimies, Kickapoos, Ottawas, and Winnebagoes. I visited all their camps and found them in high spirits. They had all received new guns, ammunition, and a variety of clothing. In the evening a messenger came to me to visit Colonel Dixon. I went to his tent, in which were two other war chiefs and an interpreter. He received me with a hearty shake of the hand, and presented me to the other chiefs, who shook my hand cordially, and seemed much pleased to see me. After I was seated, Colonel Dixon said: 'General Black Hawk, I sent for you to explain to you what we are going to do, and the reasons that have brought us here. Our friend, La Gutrie, informs us in the letter you brought from him, what has lately taken place. You will now hold us fast by the hand. Your English Father has found out that the Americans want to take your country from you, and has sent me and his braves to drive them back to their country. He has likewise sent a large quantity of arms and ammunition, and we want all your warriors to join us.'

"About the same time a deputation from the Sauk and Fox nation visited Washington, and on their return, reported that President Madison had said to them, that, in the event of a war with Great Britain, he wished them not to interfere on either side, but to remain neutral. He did not want their help, but wished them to hunt, and support their families, and live in peace."

There seems to have been at this time a difference of opinion among these Indians, as to which side they should take in the approaching war. Individual chiefs may have had their predilections towards one side or the other; but most probably they hesitated only to ascertain which party would offer them the most advantageous terms. When the war actually broke out, a large party went to St. Louis, and offered the services of the tribe to the American government. The offer was promptly declined, because our government had resolved that they would not employ the savages. A small party claimed protection, and, separating from the nation, were sent to a new home provided for them on the Missouri, where they still live; but the great body of the Sauks and Foxes joined the British standard, and fought with their troops during the war.

An anecdote which Black Hawk relates as having occurred about this time, has probably many parallels in frontier history. A friend of his, who was old and crippled, had an only son, who had been adopted by Black Hawk, though he continued to live with his father. He had called to see his old friend on his way to join the British. Their next meeting was on his return, and is thus described: "We were in the vicinity of our village, when I discovered a smoke ascending from a hollow in the bluffs. I directed my party to proceed to the village, as I wished to go alone to the place from whence the smoke proceeded, to see who was there. I approached the spot, and when I came in view of the fire, saw a mat stretched, an old man sitting under it in sorrow. At any other time I would have turned away without disturbing him, knowing that he had come there to be alone, to humble himself before the Great Spirit, that he might take pity on him. I approached, and seated myself beside him. He gave one look at me, and then fixed his eyes on the ground. It was my old friend. I anxiously inquired for his son, my adopted child, and what had befallen our people. My old comrade seemed scarcely alive; he must have fasted a long time. I lighted my pipe and put it in his mouth. He eagerly drew a few puffs, cast up his eyes, which met mine, and recognized me. His eyes were glassy; he would again have fallen off into forgetfulness, had I not given him some water, which revived him." The wretched man who was thus mourning in solitude, told the cause of his sorrow. His boy had gone out alone to hunt. Night came, and he did not return. The alarmed parents passed a sleepless night. In the morning, the mother applied to the other lodges for assistance, and all went in pursuit of the absent boy. There being snow on the ground, they soon came upon his track, and after following it some time, found also the trail of a deer which he had been pursuing. They came to the place where he had stood and fired, and found a deer which had been skinned hanging upon a branch of a tree. But here they found also the tracks of *white men*. They had taken the boy prisoner. Their tracks led across the river, and then down towards a fort; and after following the footsteps for some distance, the boy was found dead. His body was shot and stabbed, and his head scalped! The mother died soon after, and the old Indian, left alone in the world, and, perhaps, destitute of the means of subsistence, hied him to a solitary place to die. This recital exhausted his strength, and Black Hawk had only time to promise to avenge the murder of his son, when the eyes of the old man closed in death. Such are the atrocities of border warfare—when national animosity becomes embittered by private injuries; the invasion of dwellings, and the destruction of private property plant the feeling of revenge deep in the heart, and one deed of violence is retaliated by another, until mercy and generosity are wholly forgotten.

Shortly after this occurrence, Black Hawk, with a party of eighteen warriors, descended the Mississippi in canoes, and landed near Cap au Gris, in Illinois. They struck into the country, until they came to one of those rude fortresses of logs, which the settlers of the frontier erect for their protection, near which they concealed themselves. Presently two white men, riding upon one horse approached. when the Indians fired and killed the horse and one of the riders, while the other escaped into the fort. The Indians retreated, but were immediately pursued by a party of mounted men, who surrounded them, and forced them into one of those funnel-shaped cavities, which in this country are called sink-holes. Taking advantage of this position, the Indians threw themselves on the ground, and, being covered as by a breastwork, fired from the brink of the hole. The backwoodsmen were not to be thus foiled. A part of them retired, and soon returned with an ox-cart, the body of which was tilted so as to be nearly perpendicular, and pushing this moveable rampart forward to the edge of the cavity, they fired from behind it. Such was the ingenuity displayed mutually, that but one man was killed on each side at this spot; when, night coming on, the Americans retired to their fort, and the Indians retreated. The incident thus related by Black Hawk in his autobiography, is substantially confirmed by a narrative repeated to us some years ago by one of the white men who was concerned in the affair, and who is now an affluent citizen of Illinois.

At the conclusion of the war between Great Britain and the United States, the Saux and Foxes made peace with the American government, and the latter soon after established a fort on Rock Island. The planting of a military post so near their principal village, was little relished by this warlike community, nor did they willingly give up a beautiful island, which abounded in wild fruits, and was much frequented by them in the summer. They believed that a good spirit had the care of it, who lived in a cave in the rocks, immediately under the place where the fort was built. He is said to have been often seen by the Indians; and was white, with wings resembling those of a swan, but ten times larger. They were careful to make no noise in that part of the island which he inhabited, for fear of disturbing him. He has never been seen since the building of Fort Armstrong, and is supposed to have been driven away by the din of the drums and cannon, or by the boisterous mirth of a licentious soldiery.

A permanent peace was now established between these Indians and the Americans, which has not since been interrupted by any general war. But many causes of dissatisfaction occurred. The facilities afforded to an intercourse with the whites enabled the Indians to procure ardent spirits more frequently than in former times, and a train of evil consequences ensued. The treaty, by which the lands they still inhabited were ceded, was a subject of bitter reflection; and, as the settlements of the whites expanded from year to year, they saw that the time was rapidly approaching when they must abandon their pleasantly situated village, and the delightful plains of Illinois. Collisions occurred between their hunters and the people of the frontier. The latter were in the habit of suffering their cattle and hogs to roam at large in the woods and over the prairies, and when any of these animals were lost, the Indians were suspected—in most instances, we think, unjustly—of having stolen them. On one occasion, when Black Hawk was hunting near the settlements, a party of white men seized him, charged him with having killed their hogs, and beat him severely with sticks. At another time, an Indian having discovered a hive of wild bees, cut down the tree for the purpose of taking the honey, and although trees were then considered of no value, but were constantly hewed down by any who pleased, this unfortunate Indian was pursued, and robbed of all the furs he had taken during a winter's hunting, under the pretence of compensation for the injury he was alleged to have committed.

It is believed that Keokuk regarded these deeds of violence in the proper light, as the unauthorized acts of lawless individuals, who received no countenance from the American government or people. This chief was now at the head of his nation, and, although a distinguished warrior, his policy was pacific, and his professions of friendship towards the Americans sincere. Black Hawk, who viewed him with dislike and jealousy, was at the head of a faction called the "British Band," who continued to make annual visits to the British post at Malden, where they made their purchases, and received presents, while the majority of the tribe conformed to the regulations in regard to them made by the American government, and traded at St. Louis. This state of things continued for about twenty years after the war, with but little alteration.

In the mean while, the territory of Illinois had been formed into a state, and the settlements which had commenced in the southern part of this delightful country, were rapidly extending to the north. The Sauks and Foxes still occupied the most desirable part of the state, and around their village in every direction was an immense district of wilderness, over which they hunted. In the extreme north-western part of the state, at Fever river, a rich mineral region was discovered, and began to be occupied, and the flourishing town of Galena sprung into existence.

We shall now turn our attention to the war in which Black Hawk acted a conspicuous part. By a treaty made in 1804, at St. Louis, between Governor Harrison, on the part of the United States, and certain chiefs of the united Sauk and Musquakee nation, the latter ceded all their lands in Illinois to the United States, under a reservation, however, contained in the following words: "As long as the lands which are now ceded to the United States remain their property, the Indians belonging to the said tribes shall enjoy the privilege of living and hunting upon them." This treaty was disclaimed by the Sauk and Fox nation, as having been made by persons who were not authorized to treat on that subject; but it was afterwards confirmed by the treaty of Portage des Sioux in 1815, and by another treaty made in 1816.

The provision which allowed the Indians to occupy the ceded territory, occasioned no inconvenience so long as the settlements in Illinois were confined to the southern part of that state; nor would any have occurred, had the citizens of the United States been content to observe the simple and salutary regulations of their own laws. The statutory provisions for the protection of the Indians are numerous and ample. White men are strictly prohibited from purchasing or occupying the lands of the Indians, and from entering the Indian country, for any purpose whatever, without a license; and the latter are only granted to a limited number of traders. The lands of the Indians are, therefore, in the eye of the law, sacred from intrusion, and the two races are so separated as to prevent any contact or collision, which might be likely to disturb the harmony of either party. Not less guarded are the laws by which the lands of the government, previous to their conversion into private property, are protected from intrusion. When a portion of the Indian territory is purchased, it becomes part of what is termed the public domain of the United States, and individuals are strictly prohibited from inhabiting, or in any manner occupying, or trespassing upon such lands, until they are regularly offered for sale. The practice of the government has been to remove the Indians from the public lands previous to any measures being taken to bring them into market. A portion of the territory is then surveyed, divided into tracts of a convenient size, by lines corresponding with the cardinal points of the compass, and the lands are then offered for sale. By these cautious enactments, the Indians are not only protected in the enjoyment of their own lands, but, after having ceded them, the progressive steps by which the new population are admitted, oppose barriers, which, if not broken down by lawless violence, would effectually prevent the one race from crowding oppressively upon the other.

Unhappily, however, these humane and wise provisions have been but little regarded; and the greater number of our Indian wars have been incited by the impatience of our own people to possess the hunting-grounds of the receding savage. The pioneers, or first settlers of our country, are a hardy, erratic, adventurous race, uniting the habits of the hunter and the farmer, and among them the desire for new lands is a passion as strong as it is universal. They delight in the wilderness. A fertile uninhabited tract combines the requisites which they deem necessary to happiness: a virgin soil, fresh and luxuriant, which yields an abundant harvest without laborious culture—a wide range of natural pasture over which their cattle may roam at large—and a country stocked with game. Allured by such advantages, thousands of individuals are constantly in the practice of breaking through the wholesome restraints to which we have alluded, and intruding, not only on the public domain, but the lands of the Indians. Having found a choice spot, the pioneer erects his cabin, as fearless of the law as he is reckless of danger from the savage or the wild brute, and takes quiet possession, in the confidence that when the district shall be brought into market, an indulgent government will grant the right of pre-emption to those who shall have settled within it in contravention of its laws, or, that those who shall lawfully enter the country at a future day for the purpose of becoming purchasers, will be generous enough to refrain from buying a tract already occupied, and on which the tenant has expended his labor. However unreasonable such calculations may seem, they have seldom proved fallacious.

In the winter of 1827, when the Sauks and Foxes were absent from their town on Rock river, engaged in hunting, some evil disposed persons, who were probably impatient to hasten their departure from the ceded territory, set fire to the vacant lodges, of which about forty were consumed. The Indians made no attempt to resent this outrage, but on their return quietly rebuilt their desolated village. In the following year, six or seven families of whites moved out and settled upon a choice tract of land adjoining the village. At that time, nearly the entire northern half of Illinois was a wilderness, with a few scattered settlements thinly dispersed, at distant points, none of which were within fifty miles of Rock Island. There was, therefore. no reason founded upon necessity or inconvenience, nor any limitation of choice which confined the selection to that particular spot; millions of acres, untrodden by the foot of civilized man, and blooming in all the luxuriance of nature, afforded ample scope to the most fastidious choice. But, besides the violation of law and the infraction of a solemn treaty, this intrusion was fraught with the most ruinous consequences to the Sauks and Foxes. The Indians, keeping no domestic animals but dogs and horses, make no fences round their corn-fields, or at best, throw about them slight enclosures of brushwood. The intruders brought with them large herds of cattle, which were turned out to graze upon the open plain, and by which the patches of corn planted by the squaws were entirely destroyed. They even went so far as to extend their fences over the ground in the actual use of the Indians, on which corn was growing, and to plough up the latter in mere wantonness—for there could be no reason, nor any apology for such an act, when the surrounding and contiguous country was all unoccupied, except that the corn grounds of the Indians, being already under tillage, were prepared for the use of the farmer, without subjecting him to the labor of breaking the natural sod, as in the new lands. When some of the squaws, not aware of being guilty of any offence, clambered over the fences, thus unlawfully erected, they were beaten with sticks! All these wrongs and indignities were perpetrated by a handful of whites, in the midst of a warlike Indian nation; but so determined were the red men to keep at peace, and such the awe inspired by the overwhelming superiority of the American people, that they submitted without attempting any act of retaliation.

In 1829, the writer, then occupying a civil office in Illinois, in company with a friend, who had recently filled a high post in the same state, visited Rock Island. The unhappy collision between the intruding whites and the Indians had then reached the most painful state of excitement, and we gathered from the Indian agent, the officers at Fort Armstrong, and the Indians, the particulars of this disastrous contest. Black Hawk, on hearing of the arrival of two strangers, who were, as he supposed, chiefs in their own country, came to relate to them the wrongs of his people. He spoke of the indignity perpetrated upon himself when, upon suspicion of an act that he would have scorned, he was beaten like a criminal, and, pointing to a black mark upon his face, said that he bore it as a symbol of disgrace. The customs of his nation, and their notions of honor, required that he should avenge the wrong he had received by shedding the blood of the aggressor; but he chose rather to submit for a season than involve his people in a war which must be fatal to them. And this was the only alternative; for such is the readiness with which offence is taken against the Indian, that if one of this race should kill, or even strike a white man, the act would be eagerly seized upon and exaggerated, the whole frontier population would rush to war, and the red men would be hunted from their homes like wild beasts. He spoke of the intrusion upon their fields, the destruction of their growing corn, the ploughing up of the graves of their fathers, and the beating of their women, and added, "We dare not resent any of these things. If we did, a great clamor would be raised; it would be said that the Indians were disturbing the white people, and troops would be sent to destroy us." We inquired, "Why do you not represent these things to our government?—the president is a wise and good ruler; he would protect you." The reply was, "Our Great Father is too far off; he cannot hear our voice." "But you could have letters written and sent to him." "So we could," said the old man, "but the white men would write letters, and say that we told lies. Our Great Father would not believe an Indian in preference to his own children." This interview is alluded to in the biography already mentioned; and Black Hawk says of his visitors, "Neither of them could do any thing for us; but they both evidently appeared very sorry. It would give me great pleasure, at all times, to take these two chiefs by the hand."

Under these circumstances, the government required the removal of this nation from the ceded tract to their lands west of the Mississippi, and ordered the necessary surveys preparatory to the opening of a new land district; and, although by the treaty of 1804, the Indians had a right to occupy this country until it should be actually sold to individual purchasers, it was, perhaps, best for them that this right should not be insisted upon. The settlements were approaching so rapidly that their tenancy could be but brief. At the end of two or three years, at most, they would be forced to retire The government having determined to sell the lands, the only question was, whether they would insist on remaining during the period while the preparations for the sale should be going forward, or retire voluntarily before the pressure of the expected emigration should elicit new causes of dissatisfaction. Keokuk, sustained by the majority of the nation, took the more prudent view of the subject, and prepared to remove; while Black Hawk, with the British band, determined to remain. It is due, however, to these unfortunate people, to state, that while they decided to insist on a right guarantied to them by a solemn treaty, they neither threatened violence nor prepared for war. They simply resolved to remain on the land during the whole term reserved to them, or until ejected by force.

In the spring of 1831, after the Indians had for a long while passively endured a series of insults and injuries from the intruding whites, settled in their vicinity, and while the most profound peace existed on the frontier, a war was suddenly kindled by the same parties, who had thus far been the aggressors. The fences of the white people had, it seems, been thrown across a path which the Indian women had been accustomed to use, and the latter, finding their way obstructed, threw down the enclosure. This trivial offence was eagerly seized upon by those who had long sought to bring about a war. Letters were despatched to the interior, in which it was alleged that the Indians were hostile, that measures had been taken to unite the Winnebagoes and Potawatimies with them in a league against the whites, that aggressions had already been committed upon the property of the settlers, and that the latter, wholly unprotected, and in the power of merciless savages, were on the eve of abandoning their homes; and an express was despatched to the Governor of Illinois, formally communicating intelligence of a similar character. Upon this representation, a body of militia was ordered out by the governor, and marched immediately to Rock river. Fortunately for the peace of the frontier, General Gaines, the commander of the western division of the army of the United States, was then at St. Louis, and hastened to the scene of action, where his presence and conciliatory conduct soothed for a time the elements of discord. A council was held, in which these matters were discussed during several days; and it was finally agreed that the Sauks and Musquakees should retire to their own lands on the western shore of the Mississippi.

While this council was in session, General Gaines, observing that Black Hawk was seated among the chiefs and leading men who represented the Indian nation, and having heard his name often repeated as the most active of those who opposed the whites, inquired one day, "Who is Black Hawk? Is he a chief? By what right does he appear in council?" No reply was made. Black Hawk arose, gathered his blanket around him, and stalked out of the council room. On the following morning, he was again in his seat. With the caution which marks the Indian character, he had refrained from making a reply while under the influence of passion, but had taken time to prepare himself. When the council was opened, he arose and said, "My father, you inquired yesterday 'Who is Black Hawk?—why does he sit among the chief men?' I will tell you who I am. I am a Sauk, my father was a Sauk—I am a warrior, so was my father. Ask those young men who have followed me to battle, and they will tell you who Black Hawk is! Provoke our people to war, and you will learn who Black Hawk is!" He then resumed his seat, and nothing more was said upon the subject.

The nation removed, agreeably to this treaty, to the western side of the river; but the state of Illinois continued to be agitated by rumors indicating a hostile disposition on the part of these Indians. Individuals among them were said to have visited the neighboring tribes to incite them to war—a prophet was employed in dreaming and working spells—Black Hawk visited the British post at Malden, for the supposed purpose of procuring arms and ammunition—and the band attached to this leader were known to be discontented. It was confidently asserted, that a general league among the north-western tribes threatened the frontier with the desolation of the tomahawk and firebrand. However true these reports may have been in regard to the faction whose movements caused them, it is known that Keokuk and the majority of the nation were sincere in their pacific professions; and, although Black Hawk was now mischievously disposed, it is not probable that, failing in his intrigues to implicate other tribes in the quarrel, he would have ventured upon any hostile demonstration with the small band under his own influence.

In the ensuing spring, while the public mind was thus excited, Black Hawk adopted the injudicious step of returning to Illinois, alleging that his band had been invited by the Potawatimies, residing on Rock river, to spend the summer with them, and plant corn on their lands. They crossed the Mississippi in open day, attended by their women and children, and carrying with them their lodges and travelling equipage; thus demonstrating that, whatever might have been their ulterior views, their immediate purpose was not hostile—for the Indian always strikes his foe suddenly and by stealth, leaving behind him every encumbrance which might hinder a rapid retreat. A band of men trained to war, and well versed in its various incidents, could not be fairly suspected of the folly of making a hostile inroad upon the territory of a powerful people, under circumstances which must alike have rendered defeat certain, and flight impracticable. But reason sleeps when fear and jealousy are awake. The dreadful experience of the horrors of Indian warfare, too familiar to our frontier population, has rendered them so keenly sensitive to its dangers, that the slightest rumor of such an incursion excites a universal alarm.

On hearing the intelligence of the invasion, as it was termed, of Black Hawk, the Governor of Illinois called out a large body of militia, and, placing himself at their head, marched to Rock Island. A singular state of things was now presented. Not a blow was struck. The Indians, after resting a few days in their village, pursued their march towards the country of the Potawatimies, without concealment or violence. Notwithstanding their merciless rule of warfare, which spares no foe who may fall into their hands, however helpless, they passed the isolated cabins in the wilderness, without offering the slightest outrage to the defenceless inhabitants. The property of the settlers, intruders upon the lands of these very Indians, remained untouched. Travellers between St. Louis and Galena proceeded singly, or in small parties, through a wild region, now the reputed seat of war, without molestation, while an army was on its march to the frontier, and the newspapers were filled with reports of an Indian war in all its "pomp and circumstance." Matters did not remain long in this condition. A battalion of mounted militia, which had been sent in advance of the army, falling in with five or six Indians, who were approaching them with pacific signals, unhappily captured and put to death all except one, who made his escape, bearing the news of the slaughter of his comrades to the Indian camp, which was near. Black Hawk, who alleges that he was engaged in entertaining some visitors with a dog feast, immediately planned an ambuscade, into which the militia were enticed. On receiving the fire of the Indians, they became panic-struck, and fled in great disorder, with the loss of about fourteen men.

The Indians, finding that the war was commenced in earnest, now determined to do all the mischief in their power. Dividing their little force into numerous parties, they struck into the settlements, which, at that time, were thinly scattered over an immense region of frontier, burning the huts of the settlers, and slaughtering such as fell in their way. In the course of a few weeks, they committed much bloodshed and destruction. The whole state of Illinois became greatly excited. Two thousand additional militia were ordered out, and the citizens of every profession or calling were eager to participate in the campaign. It would be impossible for those who have never witnessed such scenes, to realize the state of public feeling which pervaded the country at that period. The greater portion of the population of Illinois were emigrants from the older western states, and had either experienced the horrors of Indian warfare, or were the immediate descendants of those who had seen and felt the atrocities of savage barbarity. They had been accustomed from infancy to hear of the midnight conflagration and the slaughter of women and children, and to regard the Indian with fear and hatred. They thought of the red man only as one whose hand was ever ready to shed innocent blood; and there were few who could not tell of some friend or relative whose hearth-stone had been desolated by the tomahawk. Although many years had rolled on in peace, and a new generation had grown up, the feuds of the border were not forgotten. With such feelings, the whole population rose at the first alarm, and so popular was the war, that it was hardly creditable for any able-bodied man to remain at home. Farmers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, civil officers of every grade and department, were among the volunteers; and especially were all gentlemen who had any aspiration for political preferment, eager to signalize themselves in this field.

The plan of our work would not authorize a detailed account of this war. It is enough to say, that the little band of Black Hawk were soon compelled to fly before the immense force arrayed against them, directing their course north and west over the uninhabited waste lying between the head waters of Rock river and the

Mississippi. The army pursued with ardor, but under many disadvantages. Although the country was level and open, the Indians being the smaller party, were enabled to elude their pursuers, while the army, too numerous for the service allotted them, and encumbered with wagons, moved with heavy steps. After several weeks' laborious marching, and some skirmishes in which gallantry was displayed on both sides, the Indians were overtaken on the shore of the Mississippi, near the mouth of a stream called Bad Axe, and nearly the whole party slain or captured. Black Hawk was among the few who escaped; but he was delivered, a few days after, to General Street, the Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, by two Winnebagoes. Thus ended a war instigated by a few individuals to forward their own sinister views, but which cost the government more than two millions of dollars, besides needlessly sacrificing many valuable lives. But while we condemn the beginning of this contest, we would award credit to those who afterwards became engaged in it. However unjustly a war may be brought about, it becomes the cause of our country whenever hostilities have commenced, and honor should be awarded to the citizen who draws his sword to repel an armed foe from our borders.

In the spring of 1833, several of the captive leaders of the hostile band were conducted to Washington. Among these was the Prophet, who was supposed to have been the chief plotter, Neopope, who was the active military leader, Black Hawk and his son, a fine looking young man, who was facetiously called by some of the editors of the day, Tommy Hawk. On their arrival at the Federal city, they were admitted to an audience with the President, to whom Black Hawk, on being presented, said, "I am a man, you are another." Being informed by President Jackson that it was intended to hold them captive until the treaty made with General Gaines should be complied with, the Prophet made a speech, in which he remonstrated against this decision, and Black Hawk, after giving a history of the causes of the war, concluded a long address by saying, "We did not expect to conquer the whites. No, they have too many houses, too many men. I took up the tomahawk, for my part, to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure. Had I borne them longer without striking, my people would have said, Black Hawk is a woman, he is too old to be a chief, he is no Sauk. These reflections caused me to raise the war whoop. I say no more on that subject; it is all known to you. Keokuk was once here; you took him by the hand, and when he desired to return home, you were willing. We hope you will treat us in the same way, and let us go."

The prisoners were conducted to Fortress Monroe, in Virginia, where they were kindly treated, and received every mark of consideration and attention. On their liberation, after a detention of about a month, Black Hawk made a speech to General Eustis, the commanding officer, of which the following is said to have been the substance:

"Brother, I have come on my own part, and in behalf of my companions, to bid you farewell. Our Great Father has at length been pleased to permit us to return to our hunting-grounds. We have buried the tomahawk, and the sound of the rifle will hereafter bring death only to the deer and the buffalo. Brother, you have treated the red men very kindly. Your squaws have given them presents, and you have provided them with plenty to eat and drink. The memory of your friendship will remain until the Great Spirit says that it is time for Black Hawk to sing his death song. Brother, your houses are as numerous as the leaves upon the trees, and your young warriors like the sands upon the shore of the big lake which lies before us. The red men have few houses and few warriors, but they have hearts as warm as those of their white brethren. The Great Spirit has given us our hunting-grounds, and the skin of the deer which we kill there is his favorite, for it is white. This dress and these feathers are white: accept them, my brother. This present will remind you of Black Hawk when he is far away. May the Great Spirit preserve you and your children. Farewell."

Previous to their return to their own country, the captive warriors were conducted to the principal cities of the Atlantic states, and received every where the most marked attention and hospitality. They were invited to the theatres, museums, and other places of public resort; and great pains were taken to show them the various objects which were considered worthy of their attention, or likely to excite their curiosity. At New York they witnessed the ascension of a balloon, which was about to rise into the air as the steamboat which carried them to that city reached the wharf. On beholding the immense crowd which was assembled, and hearing the cheers of the multitude, they were at first alarmed, supposing those cries to be the war-whoop of enemies; but when the real cause of the tumult was pointed out, they expressed the highest admiration. When the silken globe ascended gracefully into the air, and the aeronaut waved his flag, Black Hawk exclaimed, "That man is a great brave, but I do not think he will ever get back." When the balloon had attained so great a height as to be scarcely visible, he said, "I think he can go to the heavens, to the Great Spirit;" and another of the party added, "I should think he could see the Great Spirit now."

After a tour of about two months, during which they visited Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Boston, and other towns of less note, they returned, by way of the northern lakes, to Fort Armstrong. Major Garland, of the army, under whose charge they had travelled, being instructed to secure for them a kind reception from their nation, previous to their enlargement, sent a messenger to advise Keokuk of their arrival. That chief was encamped on the opposite shore of the river, about twenty miles below; and although these persons were his enemies, and had especially contemned his authority in bringing about the recent disastrous war, he determined, with the dignity which usually marks his conduct, to give them a respectful and cordial reception. A message was sent immediately to announce his intention; and at noon, the following day, the dull, monotonous sound of the Indian drum proclaimed the approach of the chief. He led the cavalcade, with two large canoes lashed together, and shaded by a canopy, under which, with his three wives, he sat in state. About twenty canoes followed, each containing six or eight braves, who sung their wild songs as they plied the paddle. They ascended the river slowly until they came abreast of the fort, and then landed on the right bank, where they remained about two hours, engaged in painting themselves, and arranging their dresses. They then crossed the river, and, on landing, Keokuk said to his followers, "The Great Spirit has sent our brothers back; let us shake hands in friendship." On reaching the spot where Black Hawk and his companions were encamped, they found these unfortunate braves seated in front of their tent, silent and motionless, as if absorbed in sorrowful reflection—doubtful, perhaps, of the reception that awaited them. Keokuk extended his hand to Black Hawk, and then to the rest of the newly returned party, without speaking; his followers imitated his example; the salutation was reciprocated with apparent cordiality, and then the whole company seated themselves on the ground. No one spoke, each waiting until the chief should break the silence. After an interval of fifteen minutes, Keokuk asked Black Hawk how long he had been on the road, adding that he had been expecting him, and was on the way to meet him when he heard of his arrival. Pipes were then introduced, and a general conversation ensued; after which the parties separated, Black Hawk and his party remaining in their camp at Fort Armstrong, while Keokuk with his band returned to the western shore of the river, where they spent the night in singing and dancing.

A council was held the next day, in a large room in the fort Keokuk came, attended by a hundred braves, decked in the savage finery, and singing their wild songs, until they reached the fort, which they entered in silence. Keokuk seated himself with Pashepahaw on one side, and Wapella on the other. The braves sat behind, and maintained a profound silence during the whole interview. Black Hawk with his party entered afterwards, and were seated opposite, facing the rest of the tribe. The chiefs rose and shook hands with them. Black Hawk and his son appeared dejected; they had unwillingly consented to attend this council, which to them could be no other than a scene of public humiliation. He had parted from his people in anger and rebellion, stigmatizing them as cowards, and heaping, especially upon Keokuk, the most abusive epithets, because they would not rashly plunge into a war with a nation which could crush them at any moment. Keokuk had predicted the event of such a contest, and Black Hawk, who had brought it on his followers by imprudently entering the country of an incensed enemy, now stood before his people a ruined man, owing his life to the clemency of his captors—his reputation for prudence and conduct blighted, his followers nearly all slaughtered, his long-nursed scheme of superseding Keokuk blasted for ever.

Major Garland was the first to speak. He expressed his gratification at the friendly reception which had been extended to Black Hawk and his companions, and hoped that the nation would now live at peace. He reminded them of a speech made to the prisoners by the President, in which the red men were dissuaded from war and domestic broils, and caused that address to be interpreted at full length. Keokuk arose and said, "The heart of our Great Father is good; he has spoken like the father of many children. The Great Spirit made his heart big in council. We receive our brothers in friendship; our hearts are good towards them. They once listened to bad advice, now their ears are closed against evil counsel I give them my hand. When they shake it, they shake the hands of all. I will shake hands with them, and then I have done."

They were then told by Major Garland that the President considered Keokuk the principal chief of the nation, and desired he should be acknowledged as such; he expected Black Hawk would listen, and conform to this arrangement; he hoped the dissensions in the tribe would cease, that he should hear no more of two bands, but that all would unite in living together as one nation. From some mistake of the interpreter, Black Hawk understood that he was *ordered* to submit to the advice of Keokuk, and became greatly excited. Losing all command of himself, he arose, trembling with anger, and exclaimed, "I am a man—an old man. I will not obey the counsels of any one! I will act for myself—no one shall govern me! I am old, my hair is gray. I once gave counsels to young men—am I to be ruled by others? I shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where I shall be at rest! What I said to our Great Father at Washington, I say again—I will listen to him. I am done!"

This address caused a momentary excitement throughout the assemblage. It was an unusual departure from the decorum which ordinarily prevails in an Indian council; and was not expected from so old a man—still less from one who had recently been severely punished for giving way to his passions. The offensive remark was explained: he was told that the President had not commanded, but advised him, to submit himself to the chief of his people. He made no reply. His galled spirit had been touched; he had given loose to feelings which had long been restrained, and he now sat in moody silence. Keokuk, in a low tone, said to him, "Why do you speak thus before white men? You trembled—you did not mean what you said. I will speak for you." The old man consented, and Keokuk arose:

"Our brother, who has lately come back to us," said he, "has spoken, but he spoke in anger. His tongue was forked. He did not speak like a man, like a Sauk. He felt that his words were bad, and trembled like a tree whose roots have been washed by many rains. He is old—let us forget what he said. He says he did not mean it. He wishes it forgotten. What I have said are his words, not mine. Let us say that our brother spoke in council to-day, and that his words were good. I have spoken."

Conciliatory remarks were made by Colonel Davenport, the commanding officer at Rock Island, and by Major Garland, after which Black Hawk requested, that if his words had been written down, a black line might be drawn over them.

Wapella said, "I am not in the habit of talking—I think—I have been thinking all day. Keokuk has spoken; he spoke for us all. I am glad to see my brothers. I will shake hands with them. I have done."

After the council had closed, Major Garland invited the principal chiefs, with Black Hawk, to spend the evening at his quarters, in the hope of cementing the reconciliation which had been effected. The pipe was circulated, and the Indians treated to a glass of sparkling champaigne, which they relished highly. Pashepahaw, after shaking hands with the whole company, made a speech:

"We met this morning," said he; "I am glad we have met again. That wine is very good; I never drank any of that kind before I have thought much of our meeting to-day; it was one that told us we were brothers, that we were all Sauks. We had just returned from a buffalo hunt, and thought it was time for our brothers to be here, as our brothers at St. Louis told us they would come in this moon. We started before sunrise to meet you; we have met, and taken our brothers by the hand in friendship. They always distrusted our counsels, and, forsaking the trail of the red men, went where there were no hunting-grounds, nor friends—now they have returned to find the dogs howling around their wigwams, and wives looking for their husbands. They said we counselled like women, but they have found our counsels were sound. They have been through the country of our Great Father. They have been to the wigwams of the white men. They received them kindly, and made their hearts glad. We thank them: say to the white people that Keokuk and Pashepahaw thank them. Our brother has promised to listen to the counsels of Keokuk. What he said in council to-day was like the fog of the Mississippi—the sun has shone and the day is clear, let us forget it. His heart is good, but his ears have been opened to bad counsels. He listened to them, and closed his ears to the voice which came across the great waters. He now knows that he ought to listen to Keokuk. We told our Great Father that all would be quiet, and asked him to let our brother go. He opened his dark prison, and let him see the rising sun; he gave him to his wife and children, who were without a lodge. Our Great Father made straight the path of our brother. I once took prisoner a great chief of the Osages. I heard the cries of his women and children. I took him out to the rising sun, and put him upon the trail to his village. 'Go,' said I, 'and tell your people that Pashepahaw, chief of the Sauks, sent you.' We thank our Great Father. Say to him that I reach out my right hand; he is a great way off, but I now shake him by the hand. Our hearts are good towards him. I hope to see him before I lie down in peace. May the Great Spirit be in his counsels. What our brother said to-day, let us forget. I am done."

Keokuk arose and said, "We feel proud that you have invited us here this evening to drink with you. The wine which we have drunk we never tasted before. It is the wine which the white men make, who know how to make every thing. I will take another glass, as I have much to say. To-day we shook hands with our brothers. We were glad to see them—we often thought of our brothers. Many of our nation said they would never return; their wives and children often came to our wigwams, which made us feel sad. What Pashepahaw said is true. I talked to our young braves, who had the hearts of men; I told them that the Great Spirit was in our counsels, and they promised to live in peace Those who listened to bad advice, and followed our brothers, have said that their ears are closed—they will go to war no more. I sent their words to our Great Father, whose ears were open. His heart had been made sad by the conduct of these our brothers, whom he has now sent home. We thank him. Say to him Keokuk thanks him. Our brothers have seen the great villages of the white men; they travelled a long road, and found the Americans like grass. Many years ago I went through the villages of our Great Father; he had many that were broad like the great prairies. He has gone: another is our Father; he is a great war chief. I want to see him; I shall be proud to take him by the hand. I have heard much of him; his head is gray. Tell him as soon as the snow melts from the prairie I will come. What I have said I wish spoken to him, before it is put upon paper, so that he shall hear it as I said it. What our brother said in council to-day let us forget. He told me to speak: I spoke his words. I have spoken."

Black Hawk then rose with a calm but dejected air. "I feel," said he, "that I am an old man; once I could speak, but now I have little to say. We have met many of our brothers to-day; we were glad to see them; we have listened to them; their hearts are good. They have behaved like Sauks since I left them; they have taken care of my wife and children, who had no wigwam; I thank them for it. The Great Spirit knows I thank them. Before the sun gets behind the hills to-morrow, I shall see them. When I left them, I expected to return soon. I told our Great Father at Washington I would listen to his counsels; I say so to you. I will listen to Keokuk. I shall soon be far away, where I shall have no village, no band; I shall live alone. What I said in council to-day I wish forgotten. Say to our Great Father, and Governor Cass, I will listen to them. Many years ago I met Governor Cass in council, far across the great prairies towards the rising sun. His advice was good, but my ears were shut. I listened to the Great Father far across the big waters. My father, whose band was large, also listened to him. My band was once large—now I have no band.

I and my son, and all our party, thank our Great Father for what he has done. He is old, I am old; we shall soon go to the Great Spirit, and be at rest. He sent us through his great villages. We saw many of the white men, and were kindly treated. We thank them. Say to them we thank them. We thank you for travelling with us—your path was long and crooked. We never saw so many white men before; but when with you we felt as safe as if among friends. When you come to the Mississippi again, you shall come to my lodge—now I have none. On your road home, you will pass where our village once was. No one lives there now—all are gone. I give you my hand; we may never meet again, but we shall remember you. The Great Spirit will be with you, and your wives and children. I will shake hands with my brothers here, and then I am done."

Thus ended the brief but disastrous contest brought about by the rapacity of a few of our citizens. But although this was the immediate cause of the war, it must not be denied that there were other latent sources of disquiet which had predisposed a portion of the Sauks to such a measure. The rivalry between Black Hawk and Keokuk was of long standing, and had occasioned much heart burning. The former was the older man, and was descended from the chiefs, but was deficient in talent, and inferior to his rival in popularity; the latter, having energy, address, conduct, and eloquence, gradually rose to the head of the tribe. The division would probably have been healed long since but for an unfortunate interference. After the war between the United States and Great Britain, in which the Sauks and Foxes took part with the latter, a formal peace was made in 1815, in which those tribes acknowledged themselves to be under the protection of the American government. For this reason, and because their lands were within the boundaries of the United States, Keokuk at once admitted the propriety of trading and negotiating entirely with the American agents and traders, and made his annual visits accordingly to St

Louis. Black Hawk, from mere perverseness at first, but afterwards from interest, continued to resort to the British post at Malden, and to receive protection from the British authorities, or, as he expressed it, "to listen to the Great Father across the big waters." Those who recollect the late unhappy war with Great Britain, have not forgotten that it occasioned, especially upon the frontier, a bitterness of feeling, akin to that created by a civil war, and which continued to rankle for years after the contest was over. The visits, therefore, of Black Hawk to Canada were not likely to produce, on his part, a disposition friendly to the United States. It was on such occasions that he received the bad advice alluded to by the chiefs in their speeches.

Black Hawk was one of the party which attended Keokuk in his journey to Washington, in 1837. He was, however, not one of the delegates, but was taken with them to prevent him from engaging, in their absence, in intrigues which might disturb the harmony of the tribe. He accompanied them to all public places, and was treated as a friend and equal, but did not sit in council, except as a spectator. At their first interview with the Secretary of War, where we happened to be present, Keokuk rose and said, "There is one here who does not belong to the council, but he has been accustomed to sit with us at home, and is our friend. We have brought him with us—we hope he will be welcome."

Black Hawk was small in stature, and his figure not striking; nor did his features indicate a high grade of intelligence. The strongest evidence of his good sense is found in an assertion contained in his autobiography, that he never had but one wife. He died at his village on the Des Moines river, on the 3d of October, 1838. His body was disposed of, at his special request, after the manner of the chiefs of his tribe. He was placed upon the ground in a sitting posture, his hands grasping his cane. A square enclosure made of saplings is all the monument that marks the spot where rest the remains of this far-famed chief.

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PA-SHE-PA-HAW,

A SAUK CHIEF

Published by D. Rice and A. N. Hart Philad^a
Lith. Printed & Col^d by J. T. Bowen

PASHEPAHAW, THE STABBER.

Little is known of this chief, except that he was of sufficient note among his people to be chosen one of a delegation to visit Washington on business relating to his tribe. He is represented to be vindictive and implacable in his resentments. The Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, having offended him, Pashepahaw resolved on revenge, and actually undertook a long journey with the view of killing him. *Tai-mah*, whose portrait will appear in the course of this work, hearing of the Stabber's purpose, outsped him, and made known to the agent his bloody design. This timely information, doubtless, saved the agent's life. The untrimmed locks that hang down the Stabber's shoulders indicate unsatisfied revenge.

It is not probable, if more was known of this ferocious Indian, that his biography would afford any incident of sufficient interest to deserve a large space in our work. There can be no question that the agreeable epithet, by which he has chosen to be distinguished, is indicative of his character.

The Sauks, as a nation, afford favorable specimens of the Indian race. Among a large number that we have seen, the majority were tall, well formed, active men, who bestowed much care on the decoration of their persons, and were dignified in their manners. They are a warlike, active, and sprightly people, friendly to the whites, and hospitable to strangers. Their principal residence, until recently, was on the shores of Rock river, in Illinois, where their hunting-grounds comprised the most fertile and beautiful region of the west. They have been removed from those lovely plains to other lands beyond the Mississippi, and their recent haunts are now covered with the farms of an industrious population.

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PADDY-CARR.

CREEK INTERPRETER

Nº28. RICE RUTTER & CO. Publishers

PADDY CARR.

THE name of this individual indicates his lineage. His father was an Irishman, who married a Creek woman, and handed down to his son a name which, though neither euphonious nor dignified in our ears, is perpetuated with no little pride by the son of Erin. The young Paddy was born near Fort Mitchell, in Alabama, and, in his infancy, was taken into the family of Colonel Crowell, the Indian agent, and kindly reared in the habits of civilized life. He was very intelligent, acquiring with facility the language of his benefactors, yet retaining his own, so as to be able, in after years, to speak both with equal fluency. In 1826, he accompanied the delegation headed by Opothle Yoholo, to Washington city, in the capacity of interpreter; and, although but nineteen years of age, he evinced a quick perception of the human character, which enabled him to manage and control the Indians with more success than many who were his seniors. His intuitive sagacity was such that, in rapidly interpreting the speeches of the Indian orators, even under the embarrassment of a public audience, while he faithfully repeated the thought expressed by the speaker, he often gave it additional vigor and clearness, by the propriety and force of the language in which he clothed it. As the substance of the harangues made on such occasions, by aboriginal diplomatists, is usually matured by previous consultation, he was probably well advised of the whole ground that would be taken; but those who know how much ability is employed in making an accurate and spirited translation, will acknowledge the merit of filling well so difficult an office as that of interpreter. He possessed the entire confidence of the whole delegation, who regarded him as a youth of superior talents.

Soon after his return from Washington, he married the daughter of Colonel Lovett, a respectable half breed, with whom he received a portion, which, with the property accumulated by himself, furnished a capital sufficient to enable him to go into trade. In a few years he amassed considerable property, and, in 1837, was possessed of from seventy to eighty slaves, besides landed property, and a large stock of horses and cattle.

In 1836, he was drawn from the quiet pursuits of trade and agriculture, by the hostile attitude of a portion of the Creeks, and, unwilling to remain inactive, he promptly took the side of the government. When Major-General Jessup, with an escort of about a hundred horsemen, attempted to pass through a part of the revolted district, for the purpose of joining and taking command of the Alabama forces, Paddy Carr attended him as guide and interpreter. In a part of the country where much of the land was low and swampy, and where the roads were rendered passable by causeways made of logs, these latter were found torn up, and several straggling Indians were seen. Supposing these to be the scouts of a large body, Paddy Carr expressed his conviction that an army of eight hundred warriors was at hand, and suggested that no time should be lost in getting through these passes. The advice was taken, and, by pushing boldly through, the danger was avoided. In conducting the escort back, a circuifous route was taken, by which the same body of Indians was again eluded, and a party of gallant volunteers were saved from the fatal catastrophe which befell the lamented Dade and his unfortunate companions. This happy result has been attributed, and we suppose with some reason, to the sagacity of Paddy Carr, who was the successful guide.

He continued in the service as a guide and interpreter, and also as a leader of the Indian warriors, during the continuance of the troubles in the Creek nation, and was a general favorite with the army.

The Creek revolt being over, Paddy Carr marched to Florida as second in command of about five hundred Creek warriors, who volunteered their services to the government. We understand that he ranks deservedly high, as well for his courage and skill as for his acceptable deportment in the social circle.

Paddy Carr has an innate passion for fine horses, and owns a large number of very valuable animals. He is fond of racing, and, when he has a trial of speed depending, if he cannot suit himself with a rider, he rides his own horse. He is of a liberal and generous disposition, hospitable to strangers, and kind to the poor. Many of the poorer classes of Indians depend on him for support. He has three wives, one of whom is daughter of the ill-fated General McIntosh. The two first born of his children were twin girls, and Captain Crowell, the son of his early friend and patron, having a daughter named Ariadne, he called one of his twins *Ari* and the other *Adne*, thus evincing a sense of benefits received, which is in itself one of the highest evidences of a noble mind.

PAYTA-KOOTHA,

A SHAWANOE WARRIOR

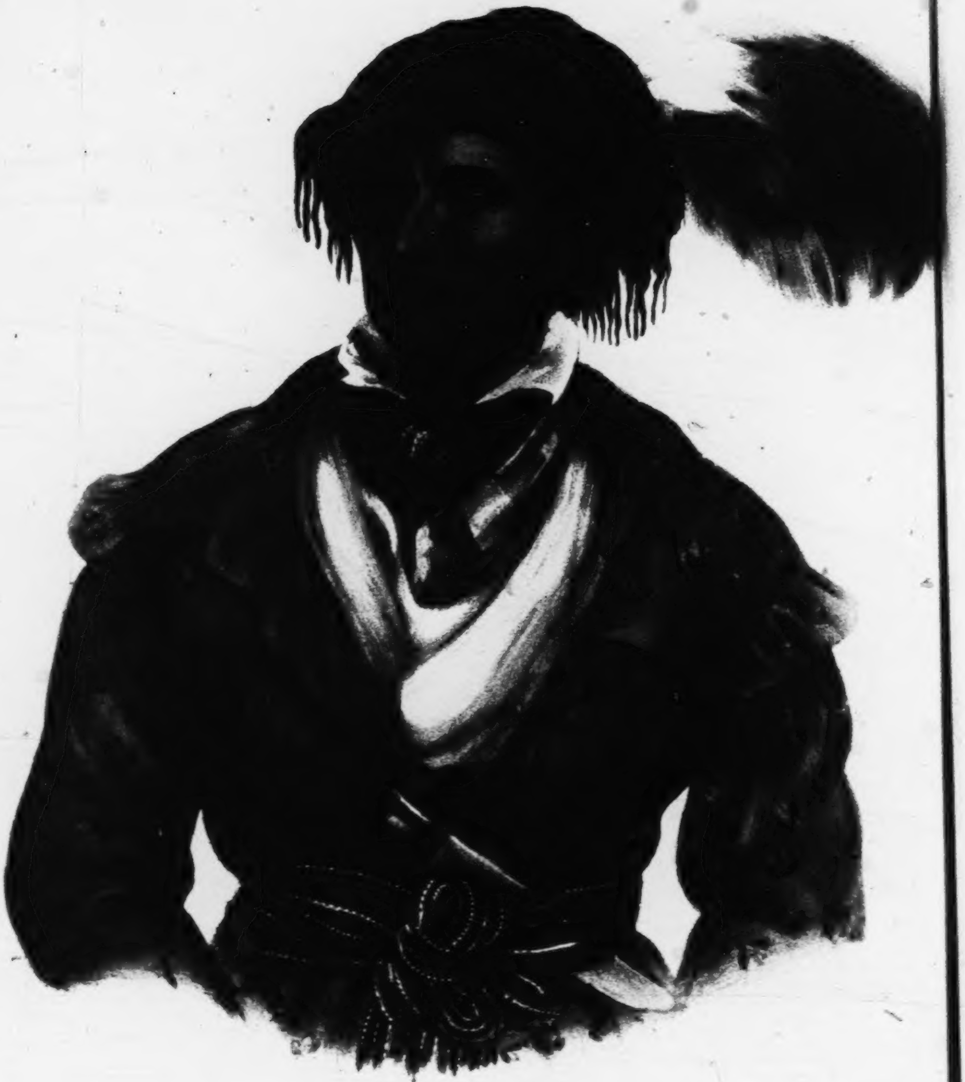
N°29

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

PAYTA KOOTHA.

The interpretation of the name of this Indian is "Flying clouds;" but he is better known among the Americans as "Captain Reed." He is a Shawanoe of the Chilicothe tribe, but was born in the country of the Creeks. His age, at the time his portrait was taken, is supposed to have been about fifty-five years. Although considered a brave man, he has never gained any distinction as a warrior, but is a very good hunter. He had little popularity or influence in his tribe. In 1833, he was living west of the Mississippi.

Colonel John Johnston, of Ohio, a venerable and highly intelligent gentleman, who was intimately acquainted with the north-western Indians, represents this individual as a wandering, unsettled man, often engaged in embassies between the tribes, and frequently journeying to distant villages. He was considered a peaceable, inoffensive person, without talents, but always disposed to exert himself in reconciling differences between tribes or individuals, and was esteemed by the red people as a benevolent man. However that reputation may have conciliated for him the good will of those around him, it gave him not the kind of standing which a daring warrior, or a bold intriguing leader would have possessed among the fierce warriors of the forest, and Captain Reed had the common fate of enjoying the respect of his associates, while men of less moral worth directed their councils.



TAH - CHEE

A CHEROKEE CHIEF

Published by F. Rice and A. N. Hart. Philad^a
Lith. Printed & Col^d by J. T. Bowen

TAHCHEE.

Tahchee is the Cherokee word for Dutch. How the individual before us acquired this name we are not informed, except that he obtained it in his infancy from his own people. In process of time, as its import became known, it was translated into the word Dutch, by which he is most usually called. He was born about the year 1790, at Turkey Town, on the Coosa river, in a district of country then composed of the wild lands of the United States, but now included in the State of Alabama, and was forty-seven years of age when his portrait was taken. The picture is an admirable likeness. Tahchee is five feet eleven inches high, of admirable proportions, flexible and graceful in his movements, and possesses great muscular power and activity; while his countenance expresses a coolness, courage, and decision, which accord well with his distinguished reputation as a warrior

He is the third of the four sons of Skyugo, a famous Cherokee chief, and had thus, by inheritance, a claim to rank, which is always respected among the Indians, when supported by merit. At an early age, in company with his mother, and an uncle who was called Thomas Taylor, he emigrated to the St. Francis river in Arkansas; but, as his family was among the first of those who were induced, by the encroachment of the whites, to remove to the west of the Mississippi, and his own age not more than five years, he retains but a faint recollection of the exodus. The country, in which they sought a refuge, was a wilderness into which the white man had not intruded—a broad and fertile land, where extensive prairies, alternating with luxuriant forests, afforded shelter and pasturage to vast numbers of the animals most eagerly sought by the hunter. The young Tahchee was early initiated in the arts and perils of the chase. He remembers, when he first went forth a slender but ardent boy, in search of game, that his uncle prepared a gun, by cutting off part of the barrel, so as to render it portable and easily managed in the hands of the young hunter. Thus early is the native of the forest trained to these arts of woodcraft, and taught to face the dangers of the wild, and the extremities of the weather; and it is through the means of such culture, that he becomes so expert in all that relates to hunting and border warfare, and so indifferent to every other occupation or amusement.

For the first three years, his exertions were confined to the immediate neighborhood of his residence; but, at the end of that period, he was permitted to accompany a regular hunting party upon one of those long expeditions so common among the American tribes, and which indeed occupy the greater portion of the lives of those among them who are active and ambitious. He was absent a year, following the game from place to place, roaming over an immense region of wilderness, and enduring all the vicissitudes attendant upon long journeys, the succession of the seasons, and the ever-varying incidents of the chase. Those who have hunted only for sport, can form but a faint conception of the almost incredible dangers and fatigues endured by the Indians in these protracted wanderings, during which they travel to distant regions, often meet, and more often cunningly elude, their enemies, and suffer the most wonderful privations. Their lives are a continuous succession of feasting and starvation, of exertion and sleep, of excitement, intense anxiety, and despondency, through all which they pass without becoming weary of the savage life, or learning, in the hard school of experience, the wisdom which would teach them to imitate the examples of the ant and the bee, by making provision for the winter during the season of harvest.

On the return of Tahchee, after this long absence, he reached home late at night, and knocked at the door of his mother's cabin, who, supposing it to be some drunken Indian, called out to him angrily to go away, as she had no whisky to give him. Dutch, who, like a true Indian, would rather effect his object by indirection, than by any open procedure, went round the maternal mansion, which was but a flimsy fabric of logs, whose weak points were well known to him, and attempted to enter at a window, but was met by his amiable parent, who stood prepared to defend her castle against the unknown intruder, armed with a tough and well seasoned stick, with which she was wont to stir her hominy. He was, of course, compelled to retreat, but soon after succeeded in effecting, at some other point, a practicable breach, by which he entered, and was immediately recognized and cordially welcomed by his mother.

After remaining at home but three months, he accompanied another party, composed of about fifteen hunters, to the Red river, who, being unsuccessful, soon returned. During their absence, another party of Cherokees were attacked upon White river by the Osages, who killed several, and took one prisoner—a cousin of Tahchee being among the slain. The tidings of this insult incited the Cherokees to immediate measures of retaliation, and a war party was raised, consisting of thirty-two individuals, headed by Cahtateeskee, or the Dirt Seller. Though but a mere boy, Dutch was permitted to join the expedition, probably in virtue of his consanguinity to one of the slain; but, as is customary on such occasions, the burden of carrying the kettles, and other baggage, fell to his lot, for the Indian warrior never condescends to perform any labor that can be shifted off upon the less dignified shoulders of a youthful or feminine companion. At their first encampment, the Dirt Seller, who was his uncle, raised him to the station of a warrior, by a ceremony, which, however simple, was doubtless as highly prized by the young Cherokee, as was the honor of knighthood by our scarcely less barbarous ancestors. The leader of the hostile band, having cut a stick, and fashioned it with his knife into the form of a war-club, presented it to his promising relative with these words: "I present this to you; if you are *a Brave*, and can use it in battle, keep it; if you fail in making it, as a warrior should, effective upon the living, then, as a boy, strike with it the bodies of the dead!" Tahchee received this interesting token of his uncle's regard with becoming reverence, and used it, on subsequent occasions, in a manner which reflected no disgrace upon his worthy family. They shortly after came upon an encampment of the enemy, in the night, which they surprised, and attacked just before daybreak. Tahchee, fired with zeal, and, incited by the recent admonition of his uncle to prove his manhood, slew two of the enemy with his war-club, and secured the customary evidence of savage prowess by taking their scalps. The Osages were defeated, with the loss of sixteen of their warriors, who were killed and scalped, while not a man was killed on the side of the Cherokees. The only blood drawn from our young hero, was by a wound from his own knife, while in the act of performing, for the first time, the operation of scalping a fallen enemy. His daring and successful conduct gained him great renown, and when, on the return of the party, the scalp dance was celebrated, with the usual ceremonies, the honor of being recognized as a warrior was unanimously conceded to the youthful Tahchee. His subsequent career has amply fulfilled the promise thus early indicated, and a long series of warlike exploits has conclusively proved that both his skill and courage are of the highest order.

An active war, between the Osages and Cherokees, succeeded the events which we have noticed. Excursions and inroads were made on both sides during two or three years, and many hard battles were fought, in which both were alternately victorious; but, although Tahchee served actively throughout the whole war, no party to which he was attached, was ever defeated, or lost a man, nor was he wounded.

After a vindictive and harassing war, a peace was at length concluded, which was happily so well cemented, that Tahchee and a friend, being on a hunting expedition, wandered into the Osage country, and were so well received, that they remained among their former enemies for fourteen months, during which time Tahchee learned to speak the Osage language, and, by conforming to the habits of that tribe, gained their esteem, and became identified with them in manners and feeling. He joined one of their war parties in an expedition against the Pawnees, but returned without having met with an enemy.

During his residence among the Osages, he, of course, engaged with them in hunting as well as in war. On one occasion, being on a hunt with a large party, their provisions became scarce, and a few of the most active young men were selected to go out and kill buffaloes. He was asked if he could shoot the buffalo with an arrow; for, as the Cherokees inhabit a wooded country, where these animals are not so abundant as upon the prairies over which the Osages roam, and where the practice of chasing them on horseback is not common, he was not supposed to be expert in this species of hunting. He, however, replied confidently, that he thought he could do any thing that could be done by their own young men, and was accordingly joined to the number. Each of the hunters was furnished, at his departure, with a certain number of arrows, and was expected, on his return, to account for the whole, and especially to assign a sufficient excuse for the loss of any that might be missing. They set out on horseback, completely equipped for the hardy and exciting sport, and succeeded in finding a herd grazing upon the plain. Having cautiously approached, without alarming the game, until they were sufficiently near for the onset, the finest animals were selected, and the hunters dashed in among them. The affrighted herd fled, and the hunters, each marking out his victim and pursuing at full speed, pressed forward until the superior fleetness of the horse brought him abreast of the buffalo, when the hunter, who had previously dropped the reins, and guided his steed by a well understood pressure of the heel in either flank, discharged his arrow with an aim which seldom erred, and with a force so great as to bury the missile in the body of the huge creature. Several of the herd were killed, but our friend Dutch was unsuccessful, in consequence of the provoking interference of a large bull, which several times, as he was on the point of discharging an arrow, prevented him from doing so, by crossing his path, or interposing his unwieldy body between the hunter and his prey. Incensed at having his object thus frustrated, he discharged an arrow at the bull, which penetrated the shoulder of the animal, but without inflicting a wound severe enough to prevent the latter from escaping with the shaft. On the return of the party, Tahchee was reprimanded for having lost an arrow, and threatened with corporal punishment—it being customary in that nation to whip the young men when they lose or throw away their arrows. He excused himself by saying that he was ignorant of their customs, and unaware of the impropriety of throwing an arrow at random. Upon this, Claymore, a distinguished chief, interfered, and, by his own authority, forbade the punishment.

He returned again to his people, and, in the succeeding autumn, set out upon a long hunt, with no other companion than three dogs. He ascended the Arkansas river in a canoe to the mouth of the Neosho, and then pushed his little bark up the latter as far as there was sufficient water for this kind of navigation, and, being unable to proceed further by water, he abandoned his canoe, and travelled on foot across a region of prairies, several hundred miles, to the Missouri river. Here he employed himself in hunting and trapping, until he secured ninety beaver skins, with which he returned to the spot at which he had left his canoe. On his return home, he stopped at an Osage village on the margin of the Neosho, where he learned that a celebrated Cherokee chief and warrior named Chata, who had made the former peace with the Osages, had been killed by them, while hunting in company with Bowles, who afterwards led a party of Cherokees into Texas, and formed a settlement. Three other Cherokees of another party had been killed, and, as retaliation was expected to ensue, as a matter of course, a war between the tribes was inevitable. Dutch was, therefore, admonished that his life was in danger, and, having been kindly supplied with moccasons and parched corn, was requested to depart. In this little history we see a curious, though a common picture, of savage life. An individual betakes himself alone to the forest to spend months in wandering and hunting. Day after day he pushes his little canoe against the current of a long river, until he has traced its meanders nearly to the fountain head, leaving the ordinary hunting-grounds of his people hundreds of miles in the rear, touching warily at the villages of tribes known to be friendly, and passing, by stealth, those at which he might encounter an enemy. When the stream affords him no longer a practicable highway, he hides his canoe in the grass or bushes, and bends his solitary way across immense plains, in search of some secluded spot, where, undisturbed by any intruder, he may pursue the occupation of the hunter. Returning, loaded with the spoils of the chase, he must again trace his long, and weary, and solitary route, through the haunts of open foes and faithless friends, uncertain whom to trust, or what changes the revolution of several months may have effected in the relations of his tribe. And he reaches his home at last, after a series of almost incredible dangers and hardships, with the acquisition of a few skins, which are exchanged for a bottle of whisky, and a supply of gunpowder, and, having enjoyed a brief revel, and a long rest, is driven forth again by necessity, or the love of a vagrant life, to encounter a repetition of the same savage vicissitudes.

Soon after the return of Tahchee, a Cherokee woman was killed by the Osages, and, being the daughter of an aged female, who had no male relatives to revenge the murder, the bereaved mother came to him in deep distress, and, with tears in her eyes, besought him to become the avenger of the injury. He complied with the request, and, having raised a war party, led them against the enemy, nor did he return without bringing with him a sufficient number of bloody trophies to satisfy the mourning relatives of the deceased.

After a brief but active war, peace was again established between the belligerent parties—if that can be called a peace, which may be interrupted by the bad passions of any individual who may choose to gratify his propensity for stealing horses, or shedding human blood, regardless of the vengeance which is sure to follow, and of the war into which his misconduct is certain to plunge his tribe.

The treaty made by the United States with the Cherokees, in the year 1828, gave great dissatisfaction to many of that tribe, and was so offensive to Tahchee, that he determined to abandon the country.

On this occasion, our friend Dutch removed to Red river, where he resided three years, when he emigrated to Bowles's settlement, in Texas. A year afterwards, he went with a war party against the Tawakanaks, of whom fifty-five were killed, and their village destroyed, while but five of Tahchee's party were slain. He next returned to Red river, on whose banks, near the junction of the Kiamiska, he lived three years, continuing to make war upon the Osages. The government of the United States having, in various treaties with the Indian tribes, stipulated that they should live in peace, and having undertaken to interpose their authority, if necessary, for the preservation of harmony, had forbidden this war between the Cherokees and Osages, and, as Tahchee was now an active partisan leader, he was admonished to discontinue his predatory career. Persevering in a course of inveterate hostility, when most of the leaders of his tribe had consented to a peace, the commanding officer of the American army, for that district, offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his capture.

Intelligence of this offer was conveyed to Tahchee by some of his friends, who sought to prevail on him to fly; but it served only to make him more desperate. To show his utter contempt of this mode of securing his capture, he started in the direction of the fort, and, approaching a trading-house near the mouth of the Neosho, at which were some Osages, he sprang in among them, and, within hearing of the drums of the fort, killed and scalped one. With his rifle in one hand, and the bleeding trophy in the other, he made for a precipice near by, and, as he sprang from it, a rifle ball grazed his cheek—but he made his escape in safety to Red river, where he received a message from the Indian agent of the United States, and Colonel Arbuckle, the commanding officer, inviting him to return; he at first declined, but on being informed that it was the wish of his Great Father, and assured that the offer of a reward was recalled, he buried the tomahawk, and came back. In one of the late expeditions of a portion of our army, Dutch was chosen, by the commanding officer, to accompany it. To his accurate knowledge of the country to be traversed, he added the skill of the hunter. He went, therefore, in the twofold capacity of guide and hunter. His services, on this occasion, were of incalculable value. He literally fed the troops. No man knew better than he where to find the buffalo, how to capture him, and from what part of his body to cut the choicest pieces. To the question we put to him—"How many buffaloes have you killed?"—he answered, "So many I cannot number them." And to another—"What parts of the animal are considered the best?"—he replied, "The shoulder, including the hump, and the tongue."

The cheerfulness with which he bore his toils and his exposures, in the twofold capacity referred to, in connection with the great fidelity with which he executed the trust, gained him great applause, and made him a general favorite. He demonstrated his character to be sound, and that he was a man to be relied on.

He had now abandoned his warlike life, and, having built a house on the Canadian river, turned his attention to peaceable pursuits. He has persisted ever since in this mode of life, cultivated the soil, and lives in comfort. His stock of cattle and ponies is the largest in that region, and he has evidently discovered that it is to his interest to live at peace with his neighbors. His deportment is mild and inoffensive, and he enjoys the respect of those around him. The family of Tahchee consists of his second wife, a son, and a niece, whom he adopted in her infancy, and has reared with the tenderness of a parent.

This distinguished warrior has been engaged in more than thirty battles with the Osages and other tribes, and has killed, with his own hand, twenty-six of the enemy; but, with the exception of a slight scratch on the cheek, has never been wounded.

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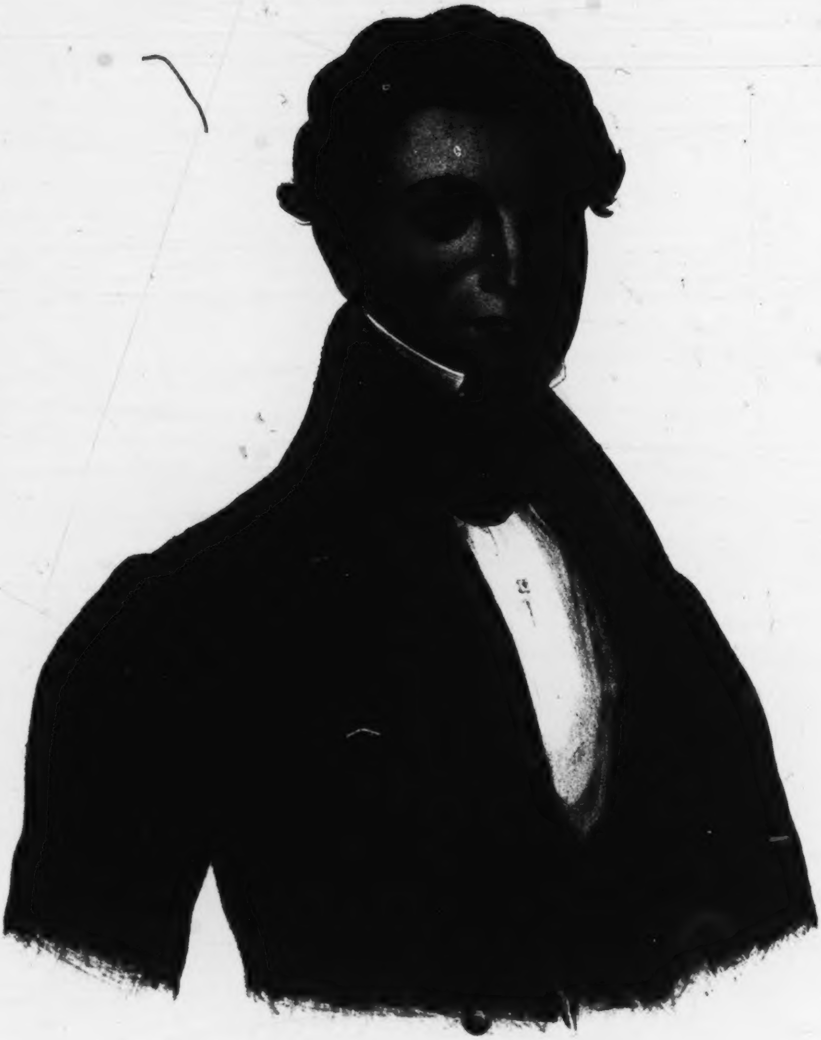


KA-NA-PI-MA,

AN OTTAWA CHIEF.

[illegible] Publishers

KANAPIMA.

AN OTTAWA CHIEF.

THIS is an admirable likeness, by Otis, of the ruling chief of the Ottawas, a tribe which was formerly numerous and powerful, but is now dwindled to a comparatively small number. They once occupied, as hunting-grounds, the finest lands of Ohio, and are mentioned by the early writers, as among the most warlike of the nations with whom the Europeans held intercourse, in the first settlement of the country. With the common fate of their race, they were driven from their former haunts to the sterile and inclement shores of Lake Superior, where a portion of them now derive a precarious subsistence by fishing and hunting, while the remainder have emigrated to the far west.

One of the most celebrated of all the northern Indians was Pontiac, the head chief of this tribe, whose daring exploits, and able opposition against the early British settlements on the lakes, are too well known to require repetition in this place. He lived on the south bank of the river St. Clair, above Detroit. His son Tisson, with a part of the tribe, lived on the lands at the junction of the Maumee with Lake Erie, since, and perhaps before, the revolutionary war. Tisson led his people in an expedition against the post of Vincennes, about the time of the first settlement of Kentucky. The Indians were defeated; and the chief, with a number of his warriors, were taken prisoners, and sentenced or threatened to be shot, according to the usages of retaliation too often practised at that period. Tisson was rescued by a stratagem put in operation by a Frenchman named Navarre, and, after being concealed by the latter for some time, was enabled to make his escape. For this service, the Ottawas granted to the Navarre family eight hundred acres of choice land at the mouth of the Maumee river, on which they now live. We are indebted for these, and some other particulars, to the politeness of a friend, who received them from Pierre Navarre, grandson of the man who rescued Tisson.

Waskonoket, *A cloud far off*, the only surviving son of Tisson, was dwelling on the reserve land of his tribe, on Maumee bay, at the mouth of the river of that name, a few years ago. His mother was a French half-breed, and he exhibited in his countenance and complexion strong indications of the European blood which ran in his veins. He was five feet nine inches in height, erect, and well made for action or fatigue, with a round body, and full chest. His forehead was large, and inclining backward, his nose straight, but rather broad, his eyes a dark gray, and his lips prominent. He was affable, courteous, and hospitable in his intercourse with the whites, but dignified, firm, and somewhat reserved in his manners towards his own people, by whom he was much beloved, and over whom he maintained a strict rule. When the government purchased the lands of this band of the Ottawas, with a view to their removal to the west, he received twenty-five hundred dollars for his proportion, after which he became profuse in his expenditures. He had two wives, who lived together in perfect harmony. Our intelligent correspondent adds, "He, and this branch of the tribe, have moved over the Mississippi, to the lands appropriated for them by the government. When about leaving his inheritance, he appeared sometimes thoughtful, but neither expressed hope, nor joy, nor regret. Near the time of his departure, I observed him standing in the principal street of the town we had laid out on a part of their council-ground and burial-place, with his arms folded on his breast, looking on the land, the river, and the bay, with that deep composure of features which the Indian so commonly preserves, but which is so difficult to describe, for the closest observer could not discover in his countenance the indication of a single passion that moved in his breast."

The larger portion of the Ottawas dwell in the province of Upper Canada. At the commencement of the war between the United States and Great Britain, the Canadian Ottawas joined the British, and were received into service, and they required the bands residing within the American boundaries to repair to the same standard. The latter gave an evasive answer; and shortly after sent a message to General Hull, offering to fight under his command, if he would engage to protect them from the Canadian tribes. The General, in pursuance of the humane policy adopted by the American government, informed them that he did not require their assistance, and advised them to remain peaceably at home, without embroiling themselves in a war in which they had no interest. But neutrality is by no means a condition suited to the Indian taste; and the Canadian tribes, on the defeat of General Hull, compelled their American friends to join them. They were, however, not very active; they had no chief of any energy to lead them, and little relish for the British service. Tisson died by poison, administered by some of his tribe, in the gratification of revenge or jealousy, and was buried on the east bank of the Maumee, in sight of the present town of Manhattan, in Ohio.

The subject of this sketch, Kanapima, or *One who is talked of*, is the chief of another branch of the Ottawas, who are settled at *L'Arbre Croche*, in Michigan, about forty miles south of Michilimackinac. He is otherwise called Augustin Hamelin, Jr. He was born at the place of his present residence, on the 12th of July, 1813. In 1829, he was sent to Cincinnati, in company with a younger brother, named Maccoda Binnasee, *The Blackbird*, to be educated at the Catholic seminary at that place. They remained here three years, not making any remarkable progress, that we can learn, but still receiving instruction with a degree of profit which encouraged the benevolent persons who had undertaken their education, to persevere in their generous design. Kanapima was said to be the more sprightly of the two, but the brother was probably the better scholar. They both exhibited much restlessness under the confinement of the school, and a decided fondness for athletic exercises. They loved the open air; when the sun shone they could scarcely be restrained from wandering off to the romantic hills which surround this beautiful city; and when it rained, however hard, they delighted to throw off their upper garments, and expose themselves to the falling showers.

It has been a favorite project with the Roman Catholic Missionaries, to rear up a native priesthood among the American Indians, and they have taken great pains to induce some of their converts to be educated for the holy office. It seems strange that so rational a project, and one which would appear to promise the most beneficent results, should have entirely failed, especially when undertaken by a church of such ample means, and persevering spirit—yet it is a fact, that not a single individual of this race in North America, among the many who have been educated, and the still larger number who have been converted to Christianity, has ever become a minister of the gospel.

Kanapima and his brother were of the number upon whom this experiment was tried, and they were accordingly sent to Rome in 1832, to prosecute their studies in the Propaganda Fide. After remaining there about two years, Maccoda Binnasee died, and Kanapima immediately afterwards returned to this country, became the chief of his tribe, and resumed the costume and habits of his people. His manners have much of the ease and polish of civil life; but his feelings, his affections, and his opinions have resumed their native channels. In the latter part of 1835, he conducted a party of his tribe to Washington city, and was one of those who were specially appointed by the Ottawas to make a treaty.

The affecting circumstance of the death of the young Ottawa student at Rome, has been commemorated in the following beautiful lines by the Rev. Edward Purcell, of Cincinnati.

ON THE DEATH OF MACCODA BINNASEE, AT ROME.

The morning breaks. See how the glorious sun,
Slow wheeling from the sea, new lustre sheds
O'er the soft climes of Italy! The flower
That kept its perfume through the dewy night,
Now breathes it forth again. Hill, vale, and grove,
Clad in rich verdure, bloom, and from the rock
The joyful waters leap. Oh! meet it is
That thou, Imperial Rome, should lift thy head,
Decked with the triple crown, when cloudless skies
And lands, rejoicing in the summer sun,
Rich blessings yield.

But there is grief to-day:
A voice is heard within thy marble walls,
A voice lamenting for the youthful dead;
For o'er the relics of her forest boy
The "Mother of dead Empires" weeps. And lo!
Clad in white robes, the long procession moves;
Youths throng around the bier, and high in front,
Star of our hopes! the glorious cross is reared,
Triumphant sign! The low sweet voice of prayer,
Flowing spontaneous from the spirit's depths,
Pours its rich tones, and now the requiem swells,
Now dies upon the ear.

But there is one
Who stands beside the grave, and, though no tear
Dims his dark eye, yet does his spirit weep.

With beating heart he gazes on the spot
Where his young comrade shall for ever rest;
For they together left their forest home,
Led on by him, who to their fathers preached
Glad tidings of great joy, the holy man,
Who sleeps beneath the soil his labors blessed.
How must the spirit mourn, the bosom heave,
Of that lone Indian boy! No tongue can speak
The accents of his tribe, and, as he bends,
In melancholy mood, above the dead,
Imagination clothes his tearful thoughts
In rude but plaintive cadences:

"Soft be my brother's sleep!
At Nature's call the cypress here shall wave,
The wailing winds lament—above the grave
The dewy night shall weep.

"And he thou leavest forlorn,
Oh! he shall come to shade thy bed with moss,
To plant, what thou didst love, the mystic cross,
To hope, to pray, to mourn.

"No marble here shall rise;
But o'er thy grave I'll teach the forest tree
To lift its glorious head, and point to thee,
Rejoicing in the skies:

"And when it feels the breeze,
I'll think thy spirit wakes the gentle sound;
Such was our father's thought, when all around
Shook the old forest leaves.

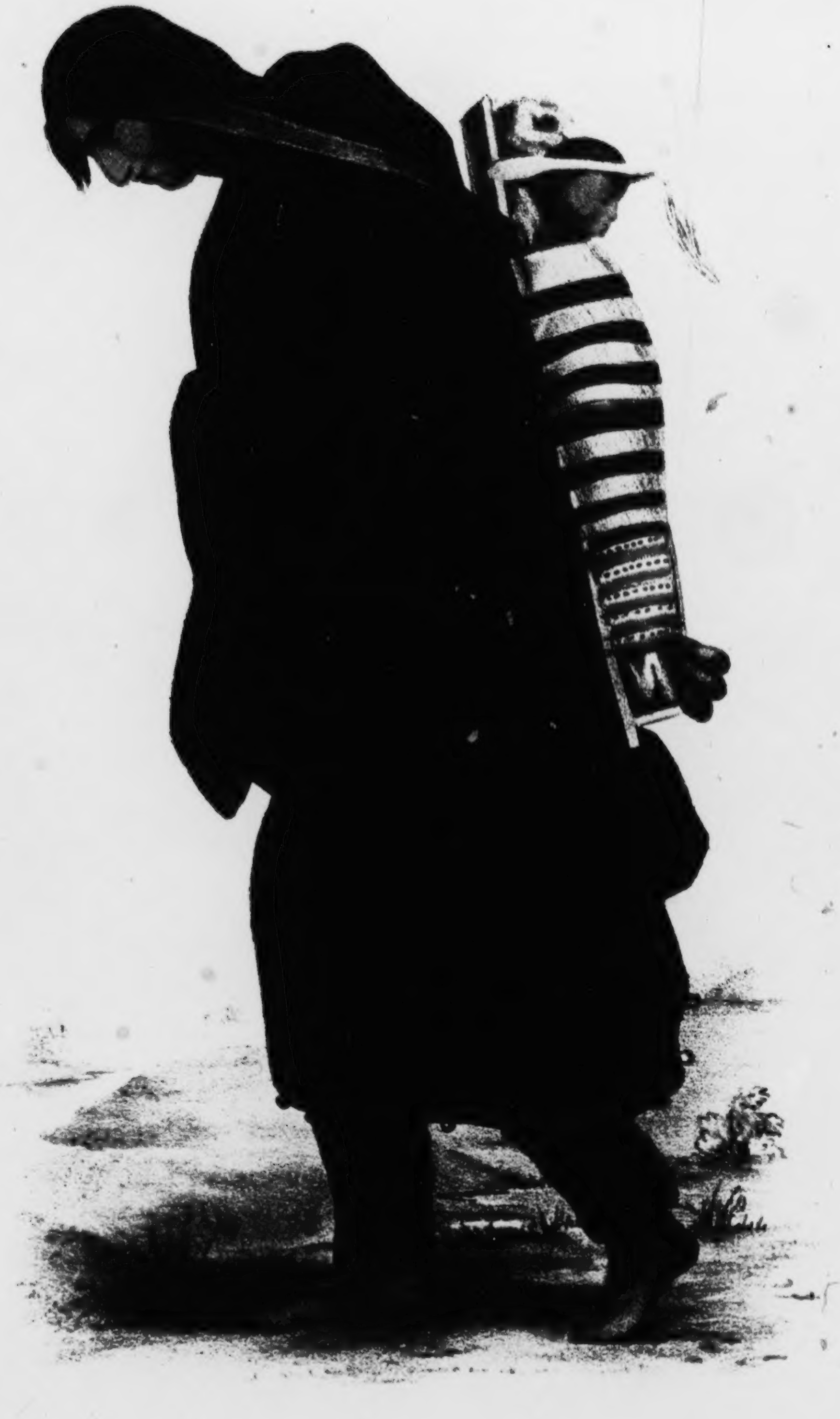
"Dost thou forget the hour
When first we heard the Christian's hope revealed,
When fearless warriors felt their bosoms yield
Beneath Almighty power?

"Then truths came o'er us fast
Whilst on the mound the Missionary stood,
And through the list'ning silence of the wood
His words, like spirits, passed.

"And oh! hadst thou been spared,
We too had gone to bless the fatherland,
To spread rich stores around, and, hand in hand,
Each holy labor shared.

"But here thy relics lie,
Where Nature's flowers shall bloom o'er Nature's child,
Where ruins stretch, and classic art has piled
Her monuments on high.

"Sleep on, sleep peaceful here;
The traveller from thy native land will claim this spot,
And give to thee, what kingly tombs have not,
The tribute of a tear!"



CHIPPEWAY SQUAW & CHILD.

CHIPPEWAY SQUAW AND CHILD.

The life of the Indian woman, under the most favorable circumstances, is one of continual labor and unmitigated hardship Trained to servitude from infancy, and condemned to the performance of the most menial offices, they are the servants rather than the companions of man. Upon them, therefore, fall, with peculiar severity, all those vicissitudes and accidents of savage life which impose hardships and privations beyond those that ordinarily attend the state of barbarism. Such is the case with the tribes who inhabit a sterile region, or an inhospitable climate, where the scarcity of food, and the rigor of the seasons enhance the difficulty of supporting life, and impose the most distressing burdens on the weaker sex. The Chippeway, or, as they pronounce their own name, the *Ojibway* nation, is scattered along the bleak shores of our north-western lakes, over a region of barren plains, or dreary swamps, which, during the greater part of the year, are covered with snow and ice, and are, at all times, desolate and uninviting. Here the wretched Indian gleans a precarious subsistence; at one season by gathering the wild rice in the rivers and swamps, at another by fishing, and a third by hunting. Long intervals, however, occur when these resources fail, and, when exposed to absolute and hopeless want, the courage of the warrior and the ingenuity of the hunter sink into despair. The woman who, during the season of plenty, was worn down with the labor of following the hunter to the chase, carrying the game and dressing the food, now becomes the purveyor of the family, roaming the forest in search of berries, burrowing in the earth for roots, or ensnaring the lesser animals. While engaged in these various duties, she discharges, also, those of the mother, and travels over the icy plains with her infant on her back.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

MICANOPY,

A SEMINOLE CHIEF

No. 33

RICE RUTTER & CO. [illegible]

MICANOPY.

The early Spanish writers describe Florida as an earthly paradise, blessed with a delightful climate, and abounding in the richest fruits and flowers of the tropics. According to their accounts, the population must have been very numerous; but, unfortunately, there is little trace to be found of the many tribes named by them; and the probability is, that no dependence can be placed upon any information derived from that source. The celebrated expedition of De Soto is now believed to be fabulous.

The Palanches, Eamuses, and Kaloosas, the ancient possessors of Florida—if such nations ever existed—are all extinct. The present race of Indians inhabiting Florida, settled there about a century ago, and are called Seminoles, or Runaways, being fugitives from various tribes residing in the region bordering on the Mississippi, but chiefly from the lower Creek nation. They were the restless, dissolute, and abandoned individuals who fled from punishment, or who were unwilling to submit even to the loose restraints of the savage community. So long as Florida belonged to a foreign power, the fugitives from the Indian tribes residing within the American Colonies, or States, found the boundary line a convenient protection, and thither fled the lawless and the disaffected. They found here some small remnants of the Yemasses, once a powerful and warlike people, whose name occurs frequently in the early history of South Carolina and Georgia. Exhausted by fierce and long-continued wars with the Creek Indians, as well as the English colonists, they sought refuge in the hammocks of

Florida, where the Seminoles assailed, and nearly exterminated them about the year 1721. The small number who survived, became slaves to the conquerors, and were finally incorporated with them. The Yemasses were of a darker complexion than any other Indians, and the Ochlewahaw tribe of the Seminoles, who are descended from them, betray their origin by the dark color of their skins. The American traveller, Bartram, relates a tradition of the Creeks, that a beautiful race of Indians, whose women they called Daughters of the Sun, resided among the lakes and swamps of the great Oahefanoke wilderness, where they lived in uninterrupted felicity, upon islands of eternal verdure, inaccessible to the approach of human footsteps. He supposes, with much plausibility, that some little colony of the fugitive Yemasses, having taken shelter at that retired spot, were seen by a party of Creek hunters, and that the fable grew out of this circumstance.

The wilds of Florida have, for a long series of years, afforded a harbor to the runaway slaves from the Southern States, who were eagerly received by the Seminoles, as well on account of the dislike they bore to the people of the United States, as from the value they placed on the services of the negroes, who performed their agricultural labors, and, in consequence of their knowledge of the arts, were useful in various ways. They were kindly treated, and not severely worked; were soon admitted to a footing of equality, and finally amalgamated with the Indians.

Such were the Seminoles, who, so long as Florida was a colony of Spain, found protection there, while they carried on a constant and lawless predatory war upon the frontier settlements of the United States, not only by the commission of murders, but more frequently by enticing away the slaves and stealing the cattle of the inhabitants.

The hostile feelings engendered by this conduct, were greatly aggravated by the course pursued by the British authorities during the war which commenced in 1812. In August, 1814, a British fleet anchored in Pensacola bay, and a body of troops, under the command of Colonel Nichols, took possession of the Spanish forts Barancas and St. Michael, and hoisted the British flag. On the 31st of the same month, he published the infamous proclamation which rendered his name notorious in our history, in which he called upon the people of Louisiana and Kentucky to throw off the slavish yoke of the United States, and join his standard, encouraged the Indians to butcher the unarmed inhabitants of the frontier, and the slaves to rise upon their masters. Arms and ammunition were furnished abundantly to the Indians, and a reward of ten dollars each was offered for the scalps of the Americans, without distinction of age or sex. A person called Woodbine, who was announced as a colonel in the British service, was also engaged in the same nefarious warfare; and two spies, named Ambrister and Arbuthnót, who were taken in company with the Indians, were executed by order of General Jackson.

When Florida was afterwards ceded to the United States, and the American people began to settle within its limits, it will readily be conceived that no very friendly dispositions existed between them and the Seminoles. Nor were our settlers free from blame in regard to the hostilities which ensued. A frontier is always infested by lawless men, and, however respectable the majority may be, a few such individuals may embroil the whole community, by acts which may be condemned, but which cannot be prevented. The rights of the Florida Indians were, in many instances, violently outraged by unprincipled speculators and loose marauders, who perpetrated the most scandalous frauds and cruelties upon that unhappy people.

In all such cases, there is one inevitable result—whoever may be in fault, or whatever may be the character of the quarrel, the whites and the Indians respectively espouse opposite sides, and prepare for the last resort. The leaders on both sides may be disposed to conciliate, but there are always individuals in either party, who, at such a juncture, seize the occasion to plunder, and to shed blood, and thus bring on a war. There is, then, but one alternative, on the part of our government, which is to separate the belligerents by the removal of one party, and the Indians, being the weakest, must emigrate.

After years of disturbance, and the commission of numberless acts of violence by individuals on both sides, it became necessary that some measure should be adopted to prevent a general war; and, on the 9th of May, 1832, Colonel Gadsden, a commissioner on the part of the United States, met the Seminoles in council at a place called Payne's Landing, and effected a treaty, by which the Seminoles ceded all their country to the United States, in exchange for lands to be assigned them west of the Mississippi; provided, that on examination by a committee of their chiefs, they should approve the lands offered them. The examination was made, and the chiefs, being satisfied with the country, made a treaty at Fort Gibson, on the 28th of March, 1833, ratifying the former cession of their lands; and on the 23d of April, 1835, sixteen of their chiefs and sub-chiefs entered into a new agreement, ratifying the former treaties. When, however, the government, after years of negotiation, at length determined to enforce the removal of the Florida Indians, the larger portion refused to go, disavowed the cession made by their chiefs, and the late disastrous war was the consequence.

Micanopy is, by inheritance, the principal chief or head man of all the bands of Seminoles, and is, by some writers, styled king, and by others governor of the Seminoles. We prefer the title of chief, as we do not find in the office of head man, any difference between this and any other Indian nation, nor do we discover in any of them the slightest resemblance to the state or authority of a king. Those governments, so far as they can be termed such, are military and republican, and the leader mingles with his people on terms of the most perfect equality, except when acting officially.

King Payne, the grandfather of Micanopy, is said to have established and united the Seminoles as a people. He married a Yemassee woman, his slave, who was the mother of the late chief, Payne, whose origin from the Yemassee stock was distinctly marked in the darkness of his complexion. Micanopy also is very black. The elder King Payne lived to the age of nearly one hundred years. The word "Micco," which we find compounded into many of the Creek and Seminole names, means *chief*, and *Micco-nopy* is *head chief*. He is also called "the Governor," and the "Pond Governor."

Micanopy was among those who, from the beginning, opposed the views of our government in relation to the removal of his people. He does not appear to have been a man of much activity or enterprise, but, in regard to this matter, he remained firm, in consequence, perhaps, of the influence of Assiola and others, who constantly urged him to adhere to his purpose.

At a council with the Seminole chiefs, held by General Wiley Thompson on the 22d of April, 1835, Micanopy boldly opposed the agreements of the agent, and objected to the removal of his people. The next day, when the council reassembled, he was absent, and General Thompson was informed that the chief was sick; but this was considered as a subterfuge, and as an indication that he was not disposed to listen to any further discussion of a question which he had settled in his own mind. A veteran chief, Foke Luste Hajo, who had always advocated the removal, and remained firm in his attachment to the United States, denounced all who opposed the execution of the treaty. During this speech, he was frequently interrupted by those who held different views—a circumstance which shows that great excitement must have existed among them—for the Indians are remarkable for their decorum in council, and for the patience with which they listen to the speakers, to interrupt whom is considered a flagrant breach of good manners. The writer of "The War in

Florida, by a late Staff Officer," from whose pages we compile these facts, adds:

"In consequence of the bold and manly declaration of the chief Foke Luste Hajo, eight of the principal chiefs of the nation, and eight sub-chiefs, advanced and signed the article, (affirming the treaty of Payne's Landing.) Five of the principal chiefs remained opposed, viz: Micanopy, Jumper, Holato Mico, Coa Hajo, and Arpiucki. The former chief, as before mentioned, was absent, and, as the agent knew that Micanopy controlled the movements of many of them, he demanded of Jumper, "whether Micanopy intended to abide by the treaty or not?" And when Jumper finally confessed that he was authorized to say that Micanopy did not, the agent promptly declared, that he no longer considered Micanopy as chief; that his name should be struck from the council of the nation; that he should treat all who acted like him in the like manner; and that he would neither acknowledge nor do business with him, nor with any other as a chief, who did not honestly comply with the terms of his engagements; that the door was, however, still open to them, if they wished to act honestly. In consequence of this, the names of the above five opposing chiefs were struck from the council of the nation."

We are happy to be able to record the fact, that this high-handed and unjustifiable measure of the agent was promptly rebuked by the President, General Jackson, in a letter written by Governor Cass, Secretary of War, who treats it as follows:

"It is not necessary for me to enter much into detail on the subject presented by you. I understand, from Mr. Harris, that he communicated to you the President's views on the subject of the chiefs whom you declined to recognize in all questions connected with the removal of the Seminoles. I understand that the President deemed this course an incorrect one; and it seems to me obviously liable to strong objections. We do not assume the right of determining who shall be the chiefs in the various Indian tribes;

this is a matter of internal policy which must necessarily be left to themselves. And if, when we have a grave matter for adjustment with one of the tribes, we undertake to say *it shall* be determined by a particular class of individuals, we certainly should render ourselves obnoxious to censure. It appears to me the proper course, upon important questions, to treat directly with the tribe itself; and if they depute their chiefs, or any other individual, to act for them, we must either recognize such authority, or abandon the object in view."

Micanopy does not seem to have distinguished himself as a warrior in the late contest. He is said to be an unwieldy man in his person, and inactive in his habits. He commanded, however, in the disastrous defeat and massacre of the gallant party under the command of Major Dade

After a series of outrages on the part of the Seminoles, and various attempts at conciliation by our government and the friendly chiefs, an open and general war broke out in November, 1835.

On the 24th of December, 1835, Major Dade's command marched from Fort Brooke for Fort King. It consisted of Captain Gardiner's company C. 2d Artillery, and Captain Frazer's company B. 3d Infantry, of fifty men each, with eight officers, having with them ten days' provisions, and a light six-pounder. A noble display of disinterested gallantry attended the setting out of this party. Major Dade was not originally detailed for duty with this detachment, to make up which, his own company had been transferred to those of Gardiner and Frazer. The service was considered dangerous in the highest degree, as it was probable the Indians would attempt to cut off the detachment. The wife of Captain Gardiner was exceedingly ill at Fort Brooke, and it was feared that if he then left her, she would die; but he could not be prevailed upon to relinquish the command, and, after making every preparation, mounted his horse, and placed himself at the head of the party. At this moment, Major Dade voluntarily proposed to take the place of his friend Captain Gardiner, and Major Belton, the commanding officer, accepted the offer. Dade mounted his horse and took the command, Gardiner retired to the sick chamber of his wife, and the gallant little party moved off. Before they had proceeded far, Captain Gardiner ascertained that a transport schooner was on the eve of departure for Key West, where Mrs. Gardiner's father and children then were, and she consented to go there and leave him at liberty to join his company. She was accordingly placed on board the transport, and he resumed his post in the ill-fated expedition, while Dade, unwilling now to give up the command, remained with it.

A series of untoward circumstances attended the march. The oxen that drew the field-piece broke down early in the first day, and the command was obliged to halt until horses could be procured from Fort Brooke. The next day, on reaching the Hillsborough river, they found the bridge destroyed, and were obliged to halt until the ensuing morning, when they crossed, but with such difficulty and delay that they made but six miles that day. On the 27th, they crossed the Big and Little Ouithlacoochee rivers, and encamped three miles north of the latter. Aware that the enemy were watching his movements, Major Dade had, during all this time, adopted every precaution that military skill suggested, carefully avoiding surprise while marching, and throwing up a small breastwork every night. On the 28th, they marched early, and had proceeded only about four miles, when the advanced guard passed through a plat of high grass, and had reached a thick cluster of palmettoes, where a heavy and destructive fire was opened upon them, by an enemy concealed at a distance of fifty or sixty yards. The column was thrown into confusion by this sudden attack, but they were quickly rallied, and, as the enemy were observed to rise in front, a charge was made, by which the Indians were dislodged, but not until knives, bayonets, and clubbed muskets were used. Major Dade fell dead on the first fire, and Captain Gardiner, having driven back the Indians, but finding they were gathering for another onset, attempted to throw up a breastwork of logs. This was not effected before the attack was renewed. The Indians, being reinforced, and having stationed about a hundred mounted warriors on the opposite side, to cut off retreat, advanced to the second attack, yelling in so terrific a manner as to drown the reports of the fire-arms. The field-piece was now used with effect for a short time, but the enemy, surrounding the little breastwork, shot down every man who attempted to work the gun, and soon rendered it useless. Gallantly did these heroic men defend themselves and maintain the honor of their flag; but, overpowered by numbers, and fighting under every disadvantage, they fell, one by one, without the prospect of any change of fortune. At length the ammunition gave out, the Indians broke into the enclosure, and every man was either killed or so badly wounded as to be incapable of resistance. The work of havoc done, the dead were plundered, and the Indians retreated; then came a party of negroes, who despatched and mutilated all who showed signs of life. Three persons only escaped to tell the story of this dreadful massacre.

Mr. Cohen, in his "Notices of Florida," gives the following description of Micanopy. "The Governor is of low, stout, and gross stature, and what is called loggy in his movements—his face is bloated and carbuncled, eyes heavy and dull, and with a mind like his person. Colonel Gadsden told me, at Payne's Landing, after having *double* rations, he complained of *starving*. He reminds me of the heroes of the Trojan war, who could eat up a whole lamb, or half a calf. He owns a hundred negroes, and a large stock of cattle and horses. The 'top Governor' has two wives, one a very pretty squaw, and the other a half breed negress. She is the ugliest of all ugly women, and recalls the image of Bombie, of the Frisled Head, in Paulding's Koningsmarke."

O-POTH-LE-YO-HO-LO,

SPEAKER OF THE COUNCILS

RICE, RUTTER & CO Publishers

OPOTHLE YOHOLO.

The last homes of the Creek Indians, on the eastern side of the Mississippi, was in Georgia and Alabama, from which, in conformity with the provisions of a treaty with the United States, made in 1832, they emigrated in 1836–7. They were divided into what were called the Upper and Lower towns, the former of which were situated upon the banks, and among the tributaries of the Tallapoosa and Coosa rivers. Over these towns the *Big Warrior* was chief, under whom Opothle Yoholo held the rank of principal councillor, or speaker of the councils, over which he presided with great dignity. His influence was so great that the questions submitted to the council were generally decided according to his will, for the Indians, considering him as the organ of their chief, supposed he only spoke as he was directed. The great council-house of the Upper towns was at Tuckabatchee, where the Big Warrior resided, and near which was the residence of Opothle Yoholo.

We have, in the biography of McIntosh, pointed out the singularly embarrassing circumstances in which the Creeks were placed at this time. The United States, by a compact made with Georgia, when the limits of that state comprehended the territory which afterwards was formed into the state of Alabama, became bound to remove all the Indians within the boundaries of Georgia, whenever it could be done peaceably. To comply with this engagement, and to fulfil a benevolent policy, having for its object the civilization of the Indians, and the securing to them a permanent home, the United States set apart a fertile and extensive tract of wilder ness, beyond the Mississippi, upon which they proposed to settle the several remnants of tribes that still lingered within the states, and were becoming demoralized and destroyed by contact with a race with whom they could not amalgamate. Unhappily, some of the tribes were not willing to emigrate, and among them the Creeks. The pledge of the government to remove them, although qualified by the condition, "when it could be peaceably effected," was yet to be at some time redeemed; and while the Creeks were, on the one hand, averse to the removal, the more intelligent among them saw, upon the other, that the existence of such a compact doomed them to an exile, which, although it might be delayed, could not be avoided. Year after year the government, to redeem its promise to Georgia, sent commissioners to purchase from the Creeks their lands, who as often returned unsuccessful, or succeeded only in part, while the inhabitants of Georgia and Alabama discovered a disposition to resort to more urgent measures, and frequent collisions between the white people and the Indians were the unhappy consequence. The Creeks themselves became divided; McIntosh, the head chief of the Lower towns, advocating the removal, and the Big Warrior, who ruled the Upper towns, opposing that measure. The Little Prince, an aged chief, who ruled the whole nation, was willing to leave the question to those whom it immediately concerned.

In 1824, Messrs. Campbell and Merriwether were sent by the government to effect this long-desired purchase, and held an ineffectual treaty at a place called the Broken Arrow, where they found a few of the chiefs willing to yield to their views, but others so decidedly opposed, that, forgetting the grave and decorous courtesy which usually prevails in their solemn councils, they would give no other answer than a sullen, but emphatic "No." The deputy of the Big Warrior said, that he would not take a house-full of money for his interest in the land, and that this was his final answer. Failing in their object, the commissioners called another council, to meet at the Indian Springs, in February, 1825.

Previous to this period, little is known of the character of Opothle Yoholo, except that he was considered, in early life, a youth of promise. The first public service in which he distinguished himself, was at the council at the Indian Springs, to which he was sent to counteract the influence of McIntosh, and to remonstrate with him against selling any part of the Creek country. It is said that he executed this mission with great fidelity; he pursued his object with unyielding firmness, and his remonstrances were marked with energy and eloquence.

The substance of his address to the commissioners was as follows: "We met you at the Broken Arrow, and then told you we had no land to sell. I heard then of no claim against our nation, nor have I heard of any since. We have met you here upon a very short notice, and I do not think the chiefs present have any authority to treat. General McIntosh knows that we are bound by our laws, and that what is not done in public council, is not binding. Can the council be public if all the chiefs have not had notice, and many of them are absent? I am, therefore, under the necessity of repeating what I told you at the Broken Arrow, that we have no lands to sell. No part of our lands can be sold except in full council, and by consent of the whole nation. This is not a full council; there are but few here from the Upper towns, and of the chiefs of the Lower towns many are absent. From what you told us yesterday, I am inclined to think it would be best for us to remove; but we must have time to think of it, and to consult our people. Should the chiefs now here undertake to sell our country, it would cause dissension and ill blood among ourselves, for there are many who do not know that we have been invited here for that purpose, and many who would not consent to it, if they were here. I have received a message from my head chief, the Big Warrior, directing me to listen to what the commissioners have to say—to meet and part with them in peace—but not to sell any land. I am also instructed to invite you to meet us at the Broken Arrow three months hence, when a treaty may be finally made. I gave you but one speech at the Broken Arrow, and I give you but one here. To-morrow I return home. I have delivered the message of my head chief, and have no more to say. I shall listen to whatever you may think proper to communicate, but shall make no further answer."

This speech was delivered with the calmness and dignity becoming the occasion; respectful to the commissioners, yet decisive in tone and language, it was the refusal of a little band of untutored men, confident of right, to the demand of a powerful nation. All that was fiery and alarming was reserved for McIntosh, who was supposed to have already promised to accede to the proposed transfer. Turning to that ill-fated chief, with an eye full of meaning, he extended his arm towards him, and in the low, bitter tone of prophetic menace, he added, "*I have told you your fate if you sign that paper. I once more say, beware!*" On the following morning, he left the Indian Springs, and returned to Tuckabatchee. McIntosh persisted in his determination to sell the country, signed the treaty, and, as we have narrated in another place, paid the penalty with his life.

Arrangements were soon after made to send a deputation of chiefs to Washington, to protest, in the name of the Creek nation, against the execution of the treaty of the Indian Springs, and to conclude one which should be more acceptable. Opothle Yoholo was placed at the head of this deputation, and proceeded with his colleagues to the seat of government. In all the negotiations connected with that exciting occasion, he conducted himself with great dignity and firmness, and displayed talents of a superior order. He was cool, cautious, and sagacious; and with a tact which would have done credit to a more refined diplomatist, refused to enter into any negotiation until the offensive treaty of the Indian Springs should be annulled. The executive being satisfied that the treaty had not been made with the consent of the nation, nor in accordance with its laws, but in opposition to the one, and in defiance of the other, disapproved of it, and another was made at Washington in January, 1826, the first article of which declares the treaty of the Indian Springs to be *null and void.* By the same compact the Creeks surrendered all their lands lying within the chartered limits of Georgia, except a small strip on the Chatahoochee, which formed afterwards a subject of much dispute. The intention of the parties, as declared and understood at the time, was to convey the whole of the Creek country, but, in undertaking to lay down boundaries, from an office map, wrong lines were assumed, and the Creeks left in possession of a tract, which they were afterwards induced, by the advice of indiscreet friends, to insist upon retaining. It was in reference to this tract that a correspondence took place between the executives of the federal government and Georgia, characterized, on one side, at least, by much warmth.

As the great object of the purchase of the Creek country was to remove that tribe from the vicinity of a people with whom they lived in constant contention, and from the limits of a state which insisted on their departure, as of right, the retention of a portion, however small, and whether effected by accident or artifice, defeated alike the wishes of Georgia and the intentions of the United States. Several ineffectual attempts were made to settle the question by a further purchase, that should include the whole of the disputed territory; the federal government adhering to its usual conciliating policy, and preferring to buy again what had been already purchased, rather than practise the slightest injustice, while Georgia, stimulated by the discontent of her citizens, and offended by what she conceived an artful evasion on the part of the Creeks, vehemently urged a speedy decision. All these efforts having failed, a special commission was issued in 1827, to Colonel McKenney, directing him, after discharging certain duties upon the Upper Lakes, to cross over to the Mississippi, descend that river, and hold councils with the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokees, and Creeks—and, if possible, to bring this unhappy controversy to a close, by purchasing the disputed tract.

Fully appreciating the character of Opothle Yoholo, the first object of Colonel McKenney, on his arrival in the Creek country, was to conciliate that chief, on whose decision, he foresaw, the result would depend. A messenger was accordingly despatched to Opothle Yoholo, to announce his arrival, and solicit an interview at Fort Mitchell. That politic leader, understanding well the purpose of this visit of the commissioner for Indian affairs, declined the proposed meeting under the plea of indisposition. This was considered a subterfuge to gain time until the attendance of two educated Cherokees, who were the secret advisers of Opothle Yoholo, could be procured; and another messenger was despatched to inform him that if he was not well enough to ride on horseback, a suitable conveyance should be provided, and that the business to be discussed was of great interest to him and his people. In short, he was told emphatically that he must come. The next day he made his appearance, and entered, with apparent frankness, upon the subject of Colonel McKenney's mission. In the interview of that gentleman and Colonel Crowell, the agent, with this chief, he discovered a tact which the more enlightened might imitate with advantage. He spoke of his readiness to do whatever might be most acceptable to his Great Father; and admitted that the land in question was not worth much to his people, while it was a bone of contention between them and Georgia. In evidence of the unhappy state of things which existed, and that he deplored, he stated, that when his people crossed the Chatahoochee, to look after their cattle or hogs that roamed in the woods, they were shot by white men, against whom he could have no redress. He had, therefore, every desire to comply with the wishes of the President, but insisted that he could not sell the land except in open council, and by consent of the nation. He would most cheerfully do any thing to promote peace, but he was only an individual, unauthorized to act for the nation, and unable to control its decision—and finally he expressed his belief that the Creeks would not be willing to sell the land.

He was told in reply, that it was not intended to make the purchase, except in conformity with their laws—that he was sent for, because he was known to be the friend of his people, and of their welfare—and that by advising them in open council, where it was proposed to meet them, he could do much towards satisfying their minds of the justice and propriety of settling this controversy in the mode proposed by the government. It would be *just*, because the intention of the parties to the treaty at Washington, had been to embrace all the land of the Creeks within the limits of Georgia, and this strip was excluded, because the maps were incorrect upon which the lines were traced. It would be *proper*, because the safety of the Indians, and the quiet of the borders, could in no other way be insured. In a word, he was told that the Creeks were required to carry into effect the treaty according to its true intent, and that the government proposed again to purchase that which was already theirs by solemn compact. The Creeks were not asked to make a new sale, but to ratify and execute a contract which had been previously made. Still their Great Father was willing to remunerate them for their expected compliance with his wishes—he knew they were poor, and would again pay them for the land.

The reply of the wary chief showed, as his previous conversation had indicated, that his object was to gain time. It was smooth, plausible, and evasive. At last it was agreed to hold a council at Tuckabatchee, and runners were sent out to invite the chiefs of the towns to be present. At the appointed time from twelve to fifteen hundred Indians had assembled, and after some delay, Opothle Yoholo, as the chief person present, was called upon to open the council. He still hesitated, and, upon various pretences, consumed three days, when it was understood that the two educated Cherokees had arrived. These persons having learned the white man's art of talking upon paper, were much esteemed by the chief, who probably expected through them to be able to protect himself from any artifice that might be practised in the phraseology of the treaty that should be proposed, while they used their advantage, on this, and other occasions, to thwart the designs of the government, and keep alive the existing agitation.

No other apology for delay remaining, certain ceremonies, preparatory to the council, were performed with a solemnity and careful attention which showed that they were considered of great importance. These were not only singular, but, as we believe, peculiar to the Creek nation; and they form one of the many curious examples exhibited in savage life, in which the human intellect is seen to act, on an occasion demanding the exertion of its highest powers, with an absurdity which intentional levity could scarcely surpass. In the centre of the square of the village, four long logs were placed in the form of a cross, with their ends directed towards the four cardinal points, and a fire kindled at the intersection. The Indians were seated around in groups. A decoction had been previously prepared, called the *black drink*, which is made by boiling the leaves of a small bush, greatly esteemed and carefully preserved by them, which they call arsee. The black and nauseous liquid, thus produced, was poured into large gourds, each holding three quarts, or a gallon, and being handed round by persons appointed for the purpose, was drunk in such liberal quantities as to fill the stomach. The disgusting draught acted as an emetic, and was drunk and thrown up until the evidences of the hideous ceremony covered the square. Having thus purified themselves for business, a messenger was sent to inform the commissioner that the council was ready.

But little hope was entertained that this council would lead to a successful result; for it was ascertained that, during the previous night, the proposition of the commissioner had been debated, and a negative reply decided upon. It was believed that the two half-breed Cherokees had prevailed upon Opothle Yoholo to refuse to make the transfer of the disputed territory until a government could be organized, like that which had been established by the Cherokees, after which the sale was to be made, and the money put into the Creek treasury—one of the half-breeds being the prospective minister of finance. Unpromising as the prospect appeared, the commissioner determined to leave no effort untried to effect an object essential to the peace of the frontier, and to the preservation of amicable relations between the federal government and Georgia. When, therefore, in reply to the proposition he was instructed to make, he received the decided negative of Opothle Yoholo, in which the council unanimously concurred, he availed himself of the information he had received of the secret intrigue of the Cherokees, and boldly disclosed the plan to the assembled Creeks. For the first time, perhaps, in his life, Opothle Yoholo became alarmed. He knew the jealous and vindictive temper of his people. The fate of McIntosh was too recent, his own part in that tragedy too prominent, to leave any doubt as to the result of a tampering by the few with the rights of the many. He saw the danger in which he was placed by the disclosure of a plan prompted by a foreign influence, doubtful in itself, and not yet matured. He knew as well as the accomplished jurist of Great Britain, that popularity may be gained without merit, and lost without a fault—that *the people*, civilized or savage, are easily ruled, and as easily offended; and that, in the excited state of his tribe, the memory of his own services might be instantly obliterated by the slightest shadow cast upon the patriotism of his motives. He grew restless, and said to the interpreter, "Tell him he talks too much." Colonel McKenney replied, that the welfare and happiness of the Creeks were all that their Great Father at Washington sought in this interview, and if what had been said was that which they ought to know, their chief should take no exception to it. He hoped there was no impro priety in telling the truth, and having commenced a talk, he should finish it, no matter what might be the consequence. The effect was electrical. A hum of voices was heard through the council, and it was manifest that Opothle Yoholo, though he maintained the calmness of a warrior, saw that his life hung upon a thread. The commissioner, knowing that the Little Prince, head chief of the nation, whose power was absolute, was encamped in the neighborhood, concluded his exposition by saying he should appeal to him, and if he spoke the language of that council, their talk would be reported to the President for his decision. The appeal to Cæsar gave a new direction to the thoughts of the savage assembly, and probably arrested the dissension that might have ensued. The commissioner, without waiting for a reply, left the council, followed by the whole body of the tawny warriors, who rushed towards him as he was about to mount his horse. Surprised by this sudden movement, he demanded to be informed of its object, and was answered, "We came to look at the man who is not afraid to speak."

The Little Prince was then stricken in years. The commissioner found him in the primitive state of a forest chief, lying upon a blanket under a tree; near him were a fire, and the preparations for cooking, and suspended from a bough over his head were the provisions that were to form his banquet. He was approached with great veneration; for in the history of the southern Indians there is not found a name of more sterling worth. His mind was enlightened on all matters that concerned his people; his spirit unflinching; his sense of justice keen and abiding. To him the commissioner made known the whole matter, not omitting the offensive interference of the Cherokee young men. It was this disclosure that Opothle Yoholo feared. He could manage his own chief. the Big Warrior, near whom he was officially placed, and of whose ear he had possessed himself, but he could not encroach upon the authority of the Little Prince, who ruled the whole Creek nation, uniting under his authority the Upper and Lower towns. The Prince heard the statement in silence Although to his visitor he paid every becoming attention, not a syllable of comment escaped him; not a look of assent or disapprobation. With that caution which marks the whole tenor of the Indian's life, and especially governs his intercourse as a public man, he withheld the expression of any opinion until he could make up a decision which should be sanctioned by deliberate reflection. The commissioner, though well aware of this feature of the Indian character, supposed, from the apparent apathy with which he was listened to, that he had only related what the chief knew and approved, and concluded the brief interview by saying, "I now leave you and your people. I shall return immediately to Washington, and report what I have seen and heard." They parted—the one to reflect on what had passed, the other to seek repose for the night at the agency at Fort Mitchell.

At midnight, a runner, sent by the Little Prince, arrived at the Fort. "Tell the commissioner," was his message, "not to go—in the morning, the Little Prince will come to him and make a treaty." At daylight, another messenger came to say that the Little Prince's horse had strayed away in the night, but that he would visit the commissioner early in the day. About noon he arrived, attended by several of his chiefs, but Opothle Yoholo was not of the number. After the usual salutations, the chieftain said to Colonel McKenney, "Take a paper, and write to the Cherokee chief, that if his young men (naming them) come among my people again, I will kill them." This characteristic despatch, which shows that, in the crude diplomacy of the forest, the last resort of civilized nations is the first appeal for justice, was written, the mark of the Little Prince affixed, and the missive sent The transaction showed a suitable jealousy of a foreign influence over his people, and over the chief functionary of the Big Warrior, which probably led, more than any other consideration, to the decision to make the treaty which his meddling neighbors endeavored to prevent. The treaty was prepared and agreed upon, a council was called which ratified the proceeding, and the important document signed which gave peace to that frontier, and for ever closed this exciting question.

This direct and unusual exercise of authority, in opposition to the decision of Opothle Yoholo, made but a few days before in open council, greatly weakened the influence of the latter. But the Little Prince dying about a year afterwards, Opothle Yoholo regained a power which had been inferior only to that of head chief, that of the Big Warrior being merely nominal. The successor of the Little Prince was Nea Micco, a dull, heavy man; and the Big Warrior having also departed, soon after, to the land of spirits, was succeeded by Tuskena, his son, a person of slender capacity. Opothle Yoholo became, therefore, the principal man of the Creeks, in fact, though not in name, and has continued ever since to exercise over them the power of an absolute potentate. It is said that he might have been elected to the chieftainship on the demise of the Little Prince, but that he preferred his position as speaker, which, by bringing him more directly in contact with the people, gave him all the advantage of his address and eloquence.

During the late unhappy contest between the United States and the Seminole Indians, it was to be expected that the sympathies of the Creeks would be strongly excited in favor of the latter, who are wandering tribes, descended from the Creek nation. Accordingly, in 1836, when the war grew hot, and the Seminoles were successful in several sanguinary engagements, the spirit of revolt spread through the Creek nation, and many of that people were urged, by the fatal destiny which seems to have doomed the whole race to extinction, into open war. Saugahatchee, one of the towns of Opothle Yoholo's district, was the first to revolt. The warriors, without a single exception, painted themselves for war; the young men rushed out upon the highways, and murdered all the travellers who fell in their way. Opothle Yoholo, on hearing the intel ligence, immediately placed himself at the head of the warriors of his own town, marched upon the insurgents, burned their village, and having captured some of their men, delivered them over to the military, by whom they were imprisoned. At the request of Governor Clay of Alabama, he called a council of his warriors, at Kialegee, and, having collected about fifteen hundred of them, proposed to lead them against the hostile Creeks. They consented, and within five days, were encamped at Tallahassee, the then head-quarters of Major-General Jessup, to whom a formal tender of their services was made. The offer was accepted, and Opothle Yoholo appointed the commander of the whole Indian force, with the rank of Colonel. General Jessup marched the united regular and Indian army, without delay, to Hatcheehubbee, where the hostiles were assembled, and was about to attack them, when the latter, overawed by the superior force and prompt action of the American General, surrendered themselves, and thus ended the contest.

We have not hesitated to speak freely of the causes and conduct of the Indian wars that we have had occasion to glance at in various parts of this work. They have usually been provoked by the whites. Those alluded to in this article were the result of frauds committed by land speculators, who sought to enrich themselves at the expense of those illiterate savages, and who have either deceived the general and state governments, or committed them by acts which, though they could not approve, they have been obliged to sanction. This oppression, together with a reluctance to emigrate on the part of some of the Creeks, engendered that revengeful temper which has thrown so many obstacles in the way of the attempts of the executive of the United States to separate the red and white races.

The close of disturbances rendering the further services of Opothle Yoholo and his warriors unnecessary, and the time for their emigration having arrived, they were ordered into encampments, with a view to their immediate removal, and shortly after left the land of their fathers for ever.

It is not to be inferred from the prompt support given by Opothle Yoholo to the American General, that his sentiments had become favorable to emigration; on the contrary, he remained inflexible in his aversion to that measure. He was not only unwilling to leave his native soil, but opposed especially to a removal to the lands offered by the government—perhaps, because his people would there be thrown into contact with the followers of McIntosh, and he may have supposed it doubtful whether they could live together in peace. He, therefore, in 1834 or 1835, went to Texas to seek a home, and, having explored the country, purchased a large tract, for which he was to give eighty thousand dollars; but the Mexican government, jealous on account of the revolutionary movements then in progress, and unwilling to receive a population which would not probably make such subjects as it would desire, interposed to prevent the transfer, and there being also a doubt suggested as to the title to the land, the intention was given up, with a loss of twenty thousand dollars, which had been paid in advance.

The several parties of the Creek nation, unhappily divided by the contest relative to the sale of their country, are reunited in Arkansas, and are said to be living in harmony. Opothle Yoholo is popular, and is spoken of as principal chief of the united tribes. His competitor is Rolly McIntosh, brother of the murdered chief, General McIntosh.

Opothle Yoholo is believed to have but one wife. Two of his daughters are said to be very beautiful. One son was educated at the Choctaw Academy, in Kentucky, and bears the name of the venerable patron of that institution, Richard M. Johnson.

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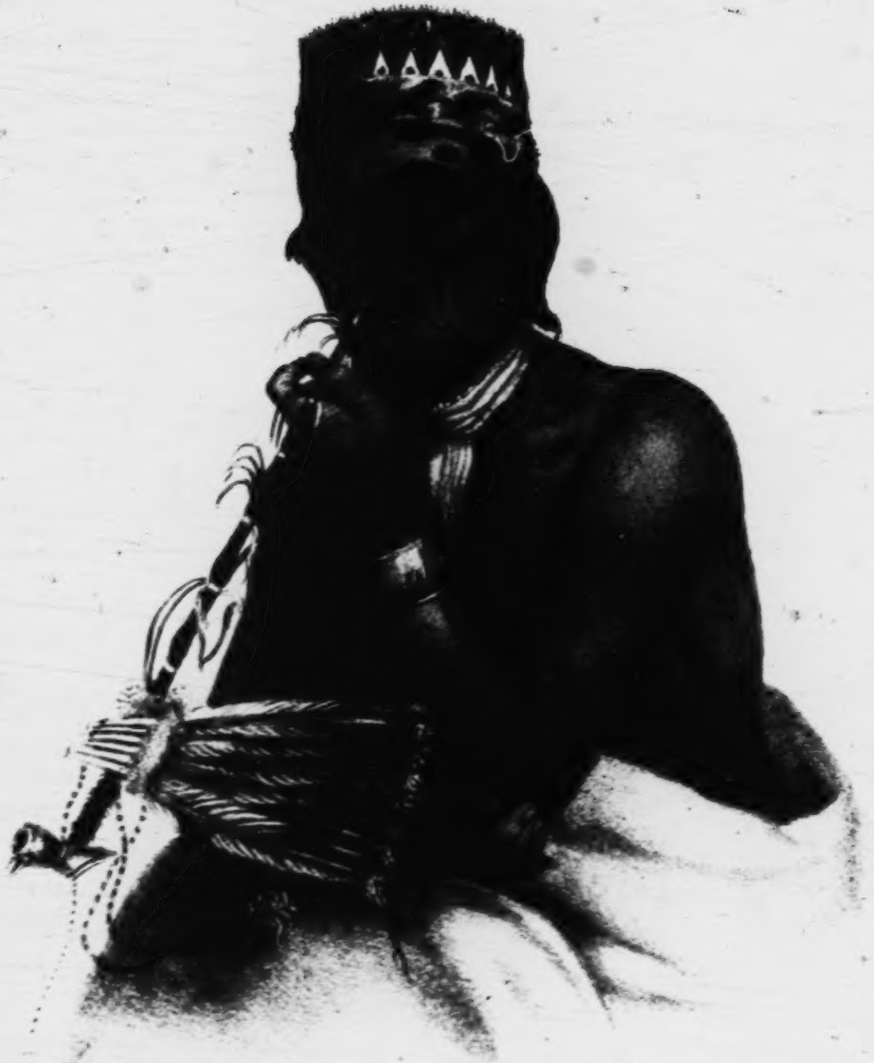

WA-EM-BOESH-KAA,

CHIPPEWAY CHIEF.

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WAEMBOESHKAA.

Among the most remarkable chiefs we met with at the treaty of La Fond du Lac Superior, in 1826, was Waemboeshkaa, a Chippewa chief. Our attention was attracted more by his style of dress than by any particular part that he bore in the ceremonies of that occasion. He was the only Indian present who seemed to have a right conception of the kingly crown, and to have succeeded in constructing a very successful imitation of that appendage of royalty. It is true, the materials were far more costly; they were a mixture of feathers, glossy, and very beautiful, from the drake's breast, and of the bills and feathers from the head of the woodpecker. In place of bracelets of metal, his wrists were similarly ornamented, whilst his neck was encircled with horse-hair, colored with vermilion. His pipe was made gay with the same materials, and his pouch had been the object of his special attentions. His blanket was sound, and large, and clean. He was one of the representatives of the Sandy Lake band. He arrived late at the treaty ground; and, on joining the assemblage, appeared conscious that, whatever he might lack in other accomplishments, he was the superior of all present in the ornaments of his person. There did not, however, appear to be any thing deficient in him in other respects; he was thoughtful, respectful, and conducted himself throughout with great propriety.

We might not, perhaps, have singled him out on account of his dress, if the seven hundred Indians, of both sexes, and of all ages, by whom he was surrounded, had not formed so disadvantageous a contrast. They were amongst the worst clad, and most wretched body of Indians we ever met with. Our remarks, made at the time, are now before us; we give the following extract:—"Never before had we witnessed such a display, nor such an exhibition of nakedness and wretchedness, nor such varieties of both. From the infant, tied to its cradle, and to the back of its mother, to the Big Buffalo; from the little fellow, with a dress made of raccoon skins, himself not much above the size of that animal, and looking, except his face, for all the world like one of them on its hinder feet, to Waemboeshkaa, one of the Sandy Lake chiefs, dressed like King Saul." So we denominated this chief at the time; and he bore a very remarkable likeness to that personage, crown and all, as we have seen him sketched by those who have indulged their fancy in presenting to the world their imaginings of this renowned personage.

Whatever of humiliation might have been produced by those who were lowest in the scale of want, was relieved by suitable presents, before we left the treaty ground. Waemboeshkaa, it is true, received his due proportion, and maintained, therefore, his superiority in personal wealth and endowments.

We parted from this chief at the conclusion of the treaty, and have heard nothing of him since; nor did we learn, at the time, that he had ever particularly distinguished himself, (not even by much smoking, for all Indians are inveterate smokers,) but inferred that, either by descent, or exploits in war, he was high in the confidence of his band, or that otherwise he would not have been deputed to attend the treaty in the capacity of chief.

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TIMPOOCHEE BARNARD,

A UCHEE WARRIOR

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

TIMPOOCHEE BARNARD.

A CONSIDERABLE number of the persons who have risen to distinction among the southern Indians, within the last quarter of a century, have been the descendants of adventurers from Europe or the United States, who, having married Indian women, and adopted the savage life, obtained the confidence of the tribes, and availed themselves of that advantage to accumulate property. They were at first traders, who carried to the Indians such goods as they needed, and bought their peltries, but soon directed their means to the purchase of negro slaves, whom they employed in the cultivation of the soil, and the care of large numbers of cattle and horses. They lived in a state of semi-civilization, engrafting a portion of the thrift and comfort of husbandry upon the habits of savage life, having an abundance of every thing that the soil, or the herd, or the chase, could yield, practising a rude, but profuse hospitality, yet knowing little of any thing which we should class under the name of luxury or refinement. Their descendants formed a class, which, in spite of the professed equality that prevails among the Indians, came insensibly into the quiet possession of a kind of rank. Although they were bred to the athletic exercises and sports of the Indian, they had a nurture superior to that of the savage; the most of them received the rudiments of an English education, and a few passed with credit through college. The real Indian, while he despised and spurned at civilization, when offered to himself, or his children, respected in others the practical advantages which he saw it gave them; and thus the half-breeds, having the Indian blood on the one hand, and the advantage of property and education on the other, became very influential, and, had they been permitted to form governments, as was attempted in one instance, would probably have concentrated in their own hands all the property of the Indians. To this class mainly, was confined the civilization among the southern tribes, so much spoken of a few years ago.

Timpoochee Barnard was the son of a Uchee woman. His father was a Scotchman, said to be of gentle blood, whose name was Timothy Barnard. It is supposed that large estates may be in reversion for the descendants of Timpoochee.

The Uchees were once a distinct and powerful people, but were subdued by the Creeks, upwards of a century ago, and those who escaped the massacre, which usually attends an Indian victory, were taken into the country of the victors, and held in servitude. Being unaccustomed to labor, they were probably of little value as slaves, especially to a people who had no agriculture, and who needed warriors more than servants. They gradually became emancipated, and incorporated with the Creek nation, with whom they have ever since remained in close and cordial union, although, as is customary with the Indians, they have preserved their identity as a tribe, and retained their language. The latter is described, by the venerable and learned Mr. Gallatin, in his elaborate work, just published, as "the most guttural, uncouth, and difficult to express, with our alphabet and orthography, of any of the Indian languages within our knowledge." The Creeks do not attempt to speak it, although the Uchees speak the Creek language as well as their own. Timpoochee's mother carefully imparted her own dialect to her son, while his father, though a practised interpreter of the Creek, never attempted to master the Uchee.

The subject of this memoir was first known in public life in 1814, when he took part with the American forces against the hostile Creeks, and commanded about one hundred Uchee warriors, with the commission of Major. He was at the battle of Callabee, under General Floyd, and distinguished himself by an act of gallantry. An attempt was made to surprise the American camp at night, and to cut off a detachment under General Brodnax, encamped near the main body. Timpoochee Barnard, discovering this movement, made a desperate onset upon the assailants, at the head of his Uchee braves, and, after a severe loss, succeeded in driving back the enemy, or in opening the way for the detachment to join the main body. During the war he acquired a high reputation for skill and bravery. He was often honored by being placed in the post of danger, and he did not, in any instance, disappoint the expectations of the commanding General. He took part in nearly all the battles in the south, during that war, and was twice wounded.

On the return of peace he rejoined his family, near the Creek agency, on Flint river, in Georgia. His wife was a Creek, and is reported to have been remarkable for her good sense and propriety of conduct, while Major Barnard is said to have been domestic in his habits, and devotedly attached to his children, of whom he had six. Of the latter, two were girls, who were extremely beautiful; and the family, taken together, was considered the handsomest in the Creek nation. One of the daughters fell a victim to a delicacy not often found in her race, nor in the women of any country where the practice of polygamy debases the marriage relation. She was overruled in the choice of her husband, and compelled to marry against her will; and, although her husband was a Creek chief of distinction, she could not brook the degradation, as she esteemed it, of being a second and subordinate wife, and put an end to her life by poison.

On his return from the Creek nation, in 1827, Colonel McKenney brought to Washington with him two little Indian boys, one of twelve, and the other nine years of age, with the intention of having them educated under his own care, at the expense of the government. The elder of these was William, son of Timpoochee Bar nard; the Indian name of the other was Arbor, but he was called Lee Compere, after the missionary of that name, who lived in the Creek nation. After they had travelled about a hundred miles, at the beginning of their journey, Lee discovered some symptoms of discontent, and Colonel McKenney, having learned through William, who spoke a little English, that he was dissatisfied at being sent from home, requested the stage driver to stop his horses, and told Lee that he might return. The boy's countenance instantly brightened, and, seizing his bundle and his little blow-gun, he began to clamber out of the carriage. He was, of course, not permitted to go; but the anecdote is mentioned to show the fearlessness with which the young savage throws himself upon his own resources. They remained in Colonel McKenney's family about three years, and until his connection with the Indian department ceased, when they were sent home. They went to school during this period, and William made considerable progress, and bade fair to become an honor to his name and country. He was intelligent and docile, while Lee had all the Indian's stubbornness of temper, impatience of restraint, and disinclination for sedentary pursuits. The school selected for these boys was one of those at which, in imitation of the discipline at West Point, the pupils were required to perform martial exercises, and to submit to a military police. The young Indians were pleased with this routine, which was in unison with their naturally martial dispositions. The uniforms and the parades were precisely suited to gratify their tastes, but neither of them liked the exact enforcement of strict rules. On one occasion, Lee was ordered, for some delinquency, to be placed under guard, during the hours allotted for recreation. He was accordingly confined in a room, which was called the black-hole, and another boy placed as a sentinel at the door. Lee sat for a little time, gazing wistfully at the boys who were playing on the outside, and at the sentinel who paced to and fro with a musket on his shoulder, when, espying a bayonet in the room, he seized it, and rushed upon the guard, who escaped its point at first by dodging, and then by running away. On finding himself at liberty, Lee threw down the weapon, and deliberately walked home.

Those who have paid attention to the subject, have not failed to remark, that, in the attempt to civilize the Indian, a *little* learning is a dangerous thing, and that a half educated savage seldom becomes a useful man. Such an individual, thrown back upon savage life, is inferior to those who had never quit it, in their own arts, without bringing back much that is valuable of the habits of civilized men. Unless he has the strength of mind to attach himself decidedly to one side or the other, he is apt to vacillate between employments of the white man and the Indian, inferior to both, and respected by neither. We do not say that such was the case with William Barnard. We only know that his career has been unfortunate. Though but fifteen years old on his return home, he fell into a series of difficulties, with the precise nature of which we are not acquainted, but in course of which he killed several Indians, and he afterwards joined the Indian force sent to Florida, under Paddy Carr, to assist in the war against the Seminoles.

Thus did this worthy and highly respected person reap his full share of those domestic afflictions which not unfrequently embitter the last days of those who have been most exemplary in private life, and whose affections are garnered up in the holy and endearing joys of the domestic circle. Major Barnard had, however, the consolation to know that he had faithfully performed a parent's duty, gaining for himself the sincere attachment of those around him, and for his family the respect of the public.

A compliment paid to this individual by a late President of the United States, is too striking to be omitted. During the residence at Washington of the two Indian boys already mentioned, they were taken by Colonel McKenney to see the President, who received them with the paternal kindness of manner which distin guished so remarkably the social intercourse of that eminent man On hearing the name of William Barnard, he took the boy by the hand, and asked him if he was the son of Major Timpoochee Barnard; the reply being in the affirmative, General Jackson placed his hand on the head of the youth, and said, "A braver man than your father never lived." There is no applause which savors less of flattery than the spontaneous homage which is paid by one brave man to the courage of another.

Timpoochee Barnard was one of the delegation chosen to proceed to Washington, to remonstrate against the treaty of the Indian Springs, at which time his portrait was taken. After living in such affluence as his country afforded, distinguished for probity, benevolence, and hospitality, as highly as he was by valor and public spirit, he died near Fort Mitchell, in Alabama, aged about fifty-eight years

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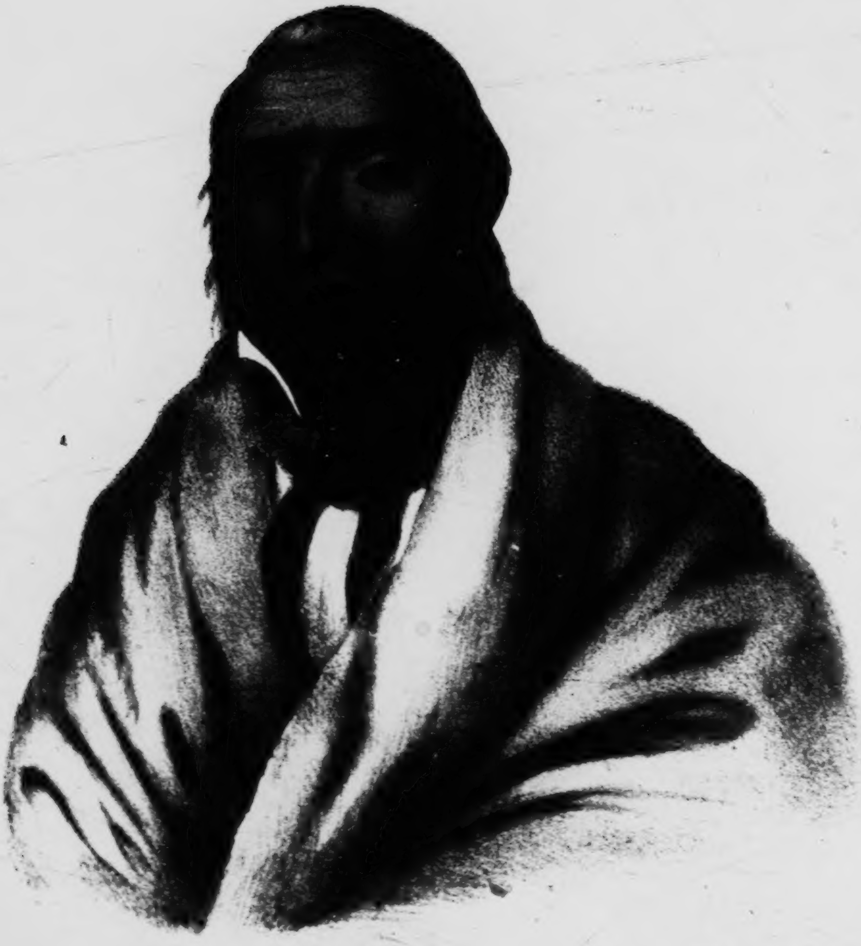


LITTLE CROW.

A SIOUX CHIEF

Nº37.

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

LITTLE CROW.

The name of this individual is, in his own language, *Chatunwahtooamany*, or the "Sparrowhawk that comes to you walking." The French gave him the name of *Petit Corbeau*, and the English appellation, placed at the head of this sketch, is a translation from the latter.

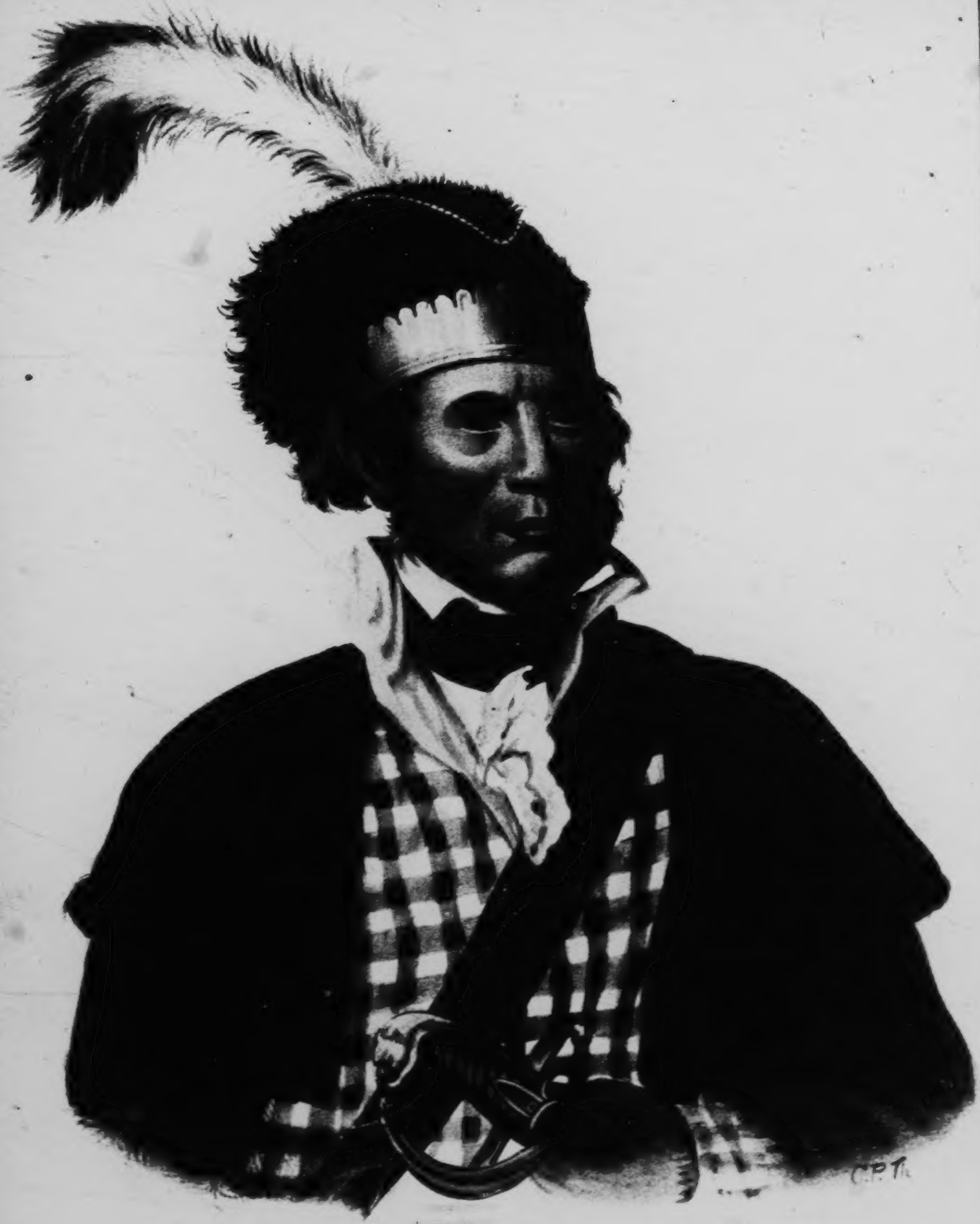
He visited Washington city in 1824, and was, at that time, head chief of the *Kahpozhay* band, of the *Mundaywahkanton*, and a person of some consideration. He claims to be, and perhaps is, by hereditary right, the head chief of the whole Sioux nation; but he has fallen into disrepute, and is, at this time, without any influence even in his own band. He resides at a distance from his band, on or near the western shore of Lake Superior; is cunning, artful, and treacherous; is not much distinguished as a warrior, but is very successful as a hunter, especially of beaver. The name Kahpozhay, or Kapoja, as others understand it, signifies *light*, and is applied to this band, to indicate that they are more active than the other branches of the Sioux, or Dacotah family.

Soon after peace was declared between the United States and Great Britain, in 1815, the Sioux were invited by the commanding officer at Drummond's island, to visit that post. On their arrival, the Indians were informed by the officer, that he had sent for them to thank them, in the name of his majesty, for the aid they had rendered the British during the late war, and for the bravery they had displayed on several occasions, as well as to communicate the intelligence of the peace which had been declared between the great belligerent parties. He concluded by pointing to a large pile of goods that lay heaped upon the floor, which, he told them, were intended as presents for themselves. The Little Crow replied, that his people had been prevailed upon by the British to make war upon a people whom they scarcely knew, and who had never done them any harm. "Now," continued he, "after we have fought for you, endured many hardships, lost some of our people, and awakened the vengeance of a powerful nation, our neighbors, you make a peace for yourselves, and leave us to get such terms as we can. You no longer need our services, and offer us these goods as a compensation for having deserted us. But no—we will not take them; we hold them and yourselves in equal contempt." So saying, he spurned the articles of merchandise with his foot, and walked away. This conduct was the more remarkable, from its inconsistency with the gravity and decorum with which the chiefs usually deport themselves on public occasions. The Indians, however, who were not so sensitive in regard to the injury supposed to have been done them, received the goods.

The Little Crow has a son named Big Thunder, who is a fierce and terrible fellow. A few years ago, the father and son took a long journey to the north-west, in search, as they pretended, of knowledge. They visited the British settlement at Pembina, and attended a great meeting at Lake Travers, at which fifteen hundred warriors are said to have been present, from the Assiniboin, Mandan, Minnetaree, Ioway, and other tribes, as well as from each of the tribes of the Dacotah nation. On this solemn occasion, the various speakers all addressed the Little Crow by the title of "Father;" thus, according to their rules of etiquette, in the observance of which they are exceedingly tenacious, acknowledging him to be superior, by hereditary right, to all other Dacotah chiefs, and the

Dacotah nation as superior to their own. The festivities, which lasted almost a fortnight, consisted of dances, songs, and repasts; the principal feast was celebrated on the 25th of June; and, as the buffalo were abundant at that season, a great number were killed.

The Kahpozhay band have but one village, which is on the Mississippi river, below the mouth of the St. Peter's.



McINTOSH,

A CREEK CHIEF.

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McINTOSH.

McIntosh, whose admirable likeness is before the reader, was a half-breed, of the Muscogee, or Creek nation. His father was a Scotsman; his mother a native of unmixed blood. McIntosh was intelligent and brave. In person he was tall, finely formed, and of graceful and commanding manners. To these qualities he probably owed his elevation to the chieftainship of the Coweta tribe.

We know little of the early history of this chief. The first notice we have of him is after his junction with the American forces in 1812. General Floyd mentions him in his report of the battle, or, as it may with more propriety be termed, the *massacre* of Autossee; on which occasion two hundred Creeks were slain. The Indians were surprised in their lodges, and killed, before they could rally in their defence. McIntosh and his Indian forces are reported by General Floyd to have "fought with an intrepidity worthy of any troops."

Autossee was a favorite spot, and had been selected by the chiefs of eight of the Creek towns for a last and desperate stand against the invading army; but the sudden and unexpected attack of General Floyd terminated the contest. The kings of Autossee and Tallassee were among the slain.

McIntosh is again spoken of by the commanding general, Jackson, as Major McIntosh, and is said by that officer, in his report of the famous battle of the Horseshoe, to have "greatly distinguished himself." He also signalized himself in the Florida campaign, by various acts of gallantry.

We shall leave our warrior chief for a while, and glance at a subject of great public interest, in relation to which, he was destined to act a conspicuous part, and which finally brought about his death.

In 1802, a compact was entered into between the United States and the State of Georgia; the fourth article of which stipulates, "that the United States shall, at their own expense, extinguish, for the use of Georgia, as early as the same can be *peaceably* effected, on *reasonable* terms, the Indian title to the lands within the forks of the Oconnee and Oakmulgee rivers, &c. &c.; and that the United States shall, in the same manner, also, extinguish the Indian title to *all* the other lands within the State of Georgia."

The United States, in pursuance of this compact, proceeded, from time to time, by treaties, to extinguish the Indian title to lands within the limits of Georgia. The first treaty of cession, after the formation of the compact, was concluded on the Oconnee river, near Fort Wilkinson, in the month of June following; a second was negotiated in the city of Washington, in June, 1806; a third was the treaty of conquest, of August, 1814; a fourth treaty was negotiated in January, 1818; a fifth in January, 1821. Under these several treaties, the Indian title to about fifteen millions of acres of land was extinguished; and the United States paid Georgia, in money, one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in lieu of lands which had been ceded to the Indians.

These various and successful efforts to fulfil the intention of the compact of 1802, so early as 1811 alarmed the Creeks. In order to arrest this inroad upon their domain, they enacted a law in that year, at Broken Arrow, forbidding, under the penalty of death, the sale of any more lands, except by the chiefs of the nation, ratified in general council. This law was formally re-enacted in 1824, at the Polecat Springs McIntosh is said to have proposed this law.

After the treaty of 1821, various unsuccessful efforts were made to consummate the stipulations of the compact of 1802; but the

Creeks refused to listen to any overtures. Meanwhile, the Executive of Georgia became impatient of the delay, and opened a highly excited and painful correspondence with the government at Washington, in which the President was charged with bad faith; and, among other things, with attempting to defeat the object of the treaty, by the introduction of schools, and other plans of civilization and improvement among the Indians. If you enlighten the Indians as to the value of their possessions, it was argued, you increase the difficulty of obtaining their consent to part with them. It was answered by the Federal Executive, that every thing on the part of the United States had been done in good faith; and the improvement of the Indians, which was complained of, was only a continuation of the policy adopted by Washington, and continued throughout the successive administrations to the present time. This policy, which one would think needed no defence before a civilized and Christian people, was maintained by unanswerable arguments. No efforts, consistent with principle, were spared by the Executive at Washington to gratify the desires of Georgia, nor did Congress ever refuse the means to effect a purchase of all the lands held by the Creeks within her limits.

During the latter part of the administration of President Monroe, Messrs. Campbell and Merriwether were appointed commissioners to make another attempt to treat with the Creek Indians. Letters were received at Washington from the commissioners, inquiring whether the Executive would recognize a treaty entered into with McIntosh? They were answered by the Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, that no treaty would be respected unless made with the chiefs of the nation. Meanwhile the commissioners called a meeting of the Indians at the Indian Springs, a reservation occupied by McIntosh. Among those who attended was the chief of Tuckhabatchee. When the proposition was made by the commissioners, to purchase their country, that chief rose and said: "You asked us to sell you more lands at Broken Arrow; we told you we had none to spare. I told McIntosh then, that *he knew* no land could be sold except in full council, and by consent of the nation." The chief then added, "We have met here at a very short notice—only a few chiefs are present from the upper towns; and many are absent from the lower towns." He concluded by saying, "that's all the talk I have to make, and I shall go home." Whereupon he left the ground, and returned to Tuckhabatchee. Though McIntosh had attended the meeting to sell the country, he is said, at this point, to have wavered. He looked round among the Indians, but saw no chief of influence, except Etomie Tustennuggee, whose consent he had procured to his scheme. The commissioners, however, intent upon the treaty, calmed the fears of McIntosh by a promise of protection from the United States. The treaty which had been prepared was read, and signed by the commissioners, by "*William McIntosh, head chief of the Cowetas*"—next by *Etomie Tustennuggee*, by his X, and by thirteen others, who, though chiefs, were of inferior rank; and, lastly, by about fifty men of no rank or power whatever, many of them being of the lowest and most degraded of their countrymen.

This treaty was executed at the Indian Springs, on the 12th of February, 1825, and on the 2d of March following, reached Washington. The very speed by which it had been transmitted indicated the fears entertained by the commissioners, and by Georgia, that the nation would protest against it, and cause its rejection. The Creek agent, Colonel Crowell, sent with it to Washington a protest against its validity. This confirmed the apprehensions of the Secretary of War, who, as it was generally understood, preferred delaying its submission to the Senate until further information could be received from the Indians, or to reopen the negotiation with a view to obtain the ratification of the treaty by the acknowledged chiefs of the nation. It was feared that, if the treaty should prove, so far as the Creek nation was concerned, invalid, its ratification by the Senate would create intense excitement, and be the signal for bloodshed among the Indians. President Monroe, however, thought proper to lay the treaty before the Senate, together with the agent's protest, and leave it to that body to decide as in its wisdom it might think best. He was led to this course by the consideration that the term of his office was about to close. The treaty was accordingly sent to the Senate, and was ratified on the 7th of March, 1825. Meanwhile Mr. Adams had succeeded to the presidency—the treaty was returned to him from the Senate, and *approved.*

The Creek nation had now become greatly excited; and McIntosh, fearing the result, claimed protection from Georgia. We believe it was promised. The Creeks, however, had resolved on revenge. Menawa, whose likeness has appeared in this work, and who is called the "Great Warrior," was commissioned by the chiefs to raise a party, to march to the Indian Springs, and execute the judgment of their law upon McIntosh, on his own hearth-stone. They were also directed to slay Etomie Tustennuggee, and any other chiefs who had acceded to the treaty. With the usual promptitude of the Indians, in the prosecution of bloody business, Menawa was soon at the head of one hundred of his Oakfuskee braves, and after a rapid march arrived before the house of the fated McIntosh, before day, on the morning of the first of May, just seventy-seven days after the signing of the treaty. The house having been surrounded, Menawa spoke:—"Let the white people who are in this house come out, and so will the women and children. We come not to injure them. McIntosh has broken the law made by himself, and we have come to kill him for it." This summons was obeyed by all to whom it was addressed. McIntosh's son, Chilly, who, having signed the treaty, was in the list of meditated victims, was enabled, by his light complexion, to pass out with the whites, and escaped. Only two remained, and these were McIntosh and Etomie Tustennuggee. The house was fired; the two victims, forced by the flames, appeared at the door, where they were received by a shower of bullets, and instantly killed. A half-breed, named Sam Hawkins, was taken the same day, and hanged and Ben, his brother, also a half-breed, was fired upon and severely wounded, but escaped. Menawa was careful to give out that the white people should not be molested; that the Creek nation meant only to punish those who had violated their law.

This bloody tragedy greatly excited the people of Georgia. Governor Troup threatened vengeance. It was feared that the State of Georgia might make it necessary for the general government to interfere, and that these two powers might come in collision. President Adams, however, met the crisis with coolness and resolution, and at length the fever abated, and Georgia, though still demanding the possession of *all* the Indian lands within her limits, subsided into comparative quiet. Upon minute inquiry into the circumstances of the treaty of the Indian Springs, it was abandoned, and a new treaty was made at Washington on the 4th of January, 1826. The first article of the treaty of Washington declared the treaty of the Indian Springs "to be null and void, to every intent and purpose whatever; and any right or claim arising from the same, is declared to be cancelled and surrendered."

It is not difficult to imagine the inducements which led McIntosh to enter upon this treaty in defiance of the law of his nation, and its bloody penalty. He probably foresaw that his people would have no rest within the limits of Georgia, and perhaps acted with an honest view to their interests. The intercourse he had enjoyed with the army of the United States, and the triumph of their arms over the desperate valor of the Indians, which he had witnessed at Autossee, the Horseshoe, and in Florida, induced him to believe he would be safe under the shadow of their protection, even from the vengeance of his tribe. But there were, besides, strong appeals to his cupidity, in the provisions of the treaty of the Indian Springs, and its supplements. By one of these, the Indian Spring reservation was secured to him; and by another it was agreed to pay him for it twenty-five thousand dollars. Moreover, the second article of the treaty provided for the payment to the Creek nation, of four hundred thousand dollars. Of this sum he would of course have received his share. Such inducements might have been sufficiently powerful to shake a virtue based upon a surer foundation than the education of a heathen Indian could afford. Besides this, he was flattered and caressed by the commissioners, who were extremely eager to complete the treaty, and taught to believe that he was consulting the ultimate advantage of the nation. These considerations, in some measure, remove the odium from his memory. But it must still bear the stain which Indian justice affixes to the reputation of the chief who sells, under such circumstances, the graves of his fathers.

Out of this occurrence arose two parties among the Creek Indians. One was composed of the bulk of the nation, the other of the followers of McIntosh, headed by his son, Chilly. The latter were intent on immediate removal. To aid them in this, the treaty of Washington, of January, 1826, provided for an examination of the country west of the Mississippi, and for the distribution of one hundred thousand dollars among the friends and followers of the late General McIntosh, if their party should number three thousand persons; fifteen thousand to be paid immediately after the ratification of the treaty, and the residue on their arrival west of the Mississippi. Provision was also made to ascertain the damages sustained by the friends and followers of General McIntosh, in consequence of the treaty of the Indian Springs, and contrary to the laws of the Creek nation.

Every disposition was manifested by the general government to heal those breaches, and quiet those animosities which had been produced by that unfortunate treaty. No subsequent collisions happened between the parties.

The Creek nation were not long permitted to retain an inch of ground in Georgia. The treaty of Washington provided for a cession of the whole of it, except a small strip on the Chatahouchee.

This, Georgia insisted on having. In 1827, a special commission was made out, directing Colonel McKenney, after he should have executed certain trusts confided to him, as joint commissioner with Governor Cass, in the Lake Country, to pass over to the Mississippi, descend the river, and thence proceed into the country occupied by the four southern tribes, to negotiate with the Creeks for the remnant of their inheritance in Georgia. This duty was performed. A treaty was concluded on the 15th of November, 1827, and ratified on the 4th of March following, which quieted for ever the controversy between Georgia and the United States, so far as it related to the Creek Indians.

The Creeks retired to their possessions in Alabama. But they were not long left in peace even there. That state demanded their removal from her limits, and was soon gratified by the general government. A final treaty was made with this wretched people. Subdued in spirit, and impoverished, they at length yielded to the power more than the persuasion of the whites, and crossed the Mississippi. Their present condition is said to be deplorable.

McIntosh died as he had lived, bravely. He knew the fate that awaited him, and met it like an Indian warrior. Having been thrown into the society of the more polished of our people, and having been the associate of our officers in the wars on our southern borders, he had acquired all the manners and much of the polish of a gentleman. He lived in great comfort; possessed slaves, whom he treated kindly, and at his death was about forty years old.

We do not know enough of his family to furnish a sketch of its members. Chilly McIntosh is an intelligent young man of good manners, and has considerable influence with his people, who emigrated with him to the west. One of his daughters, we believe, married a Mr. Hawkins, a sub-agent of the government

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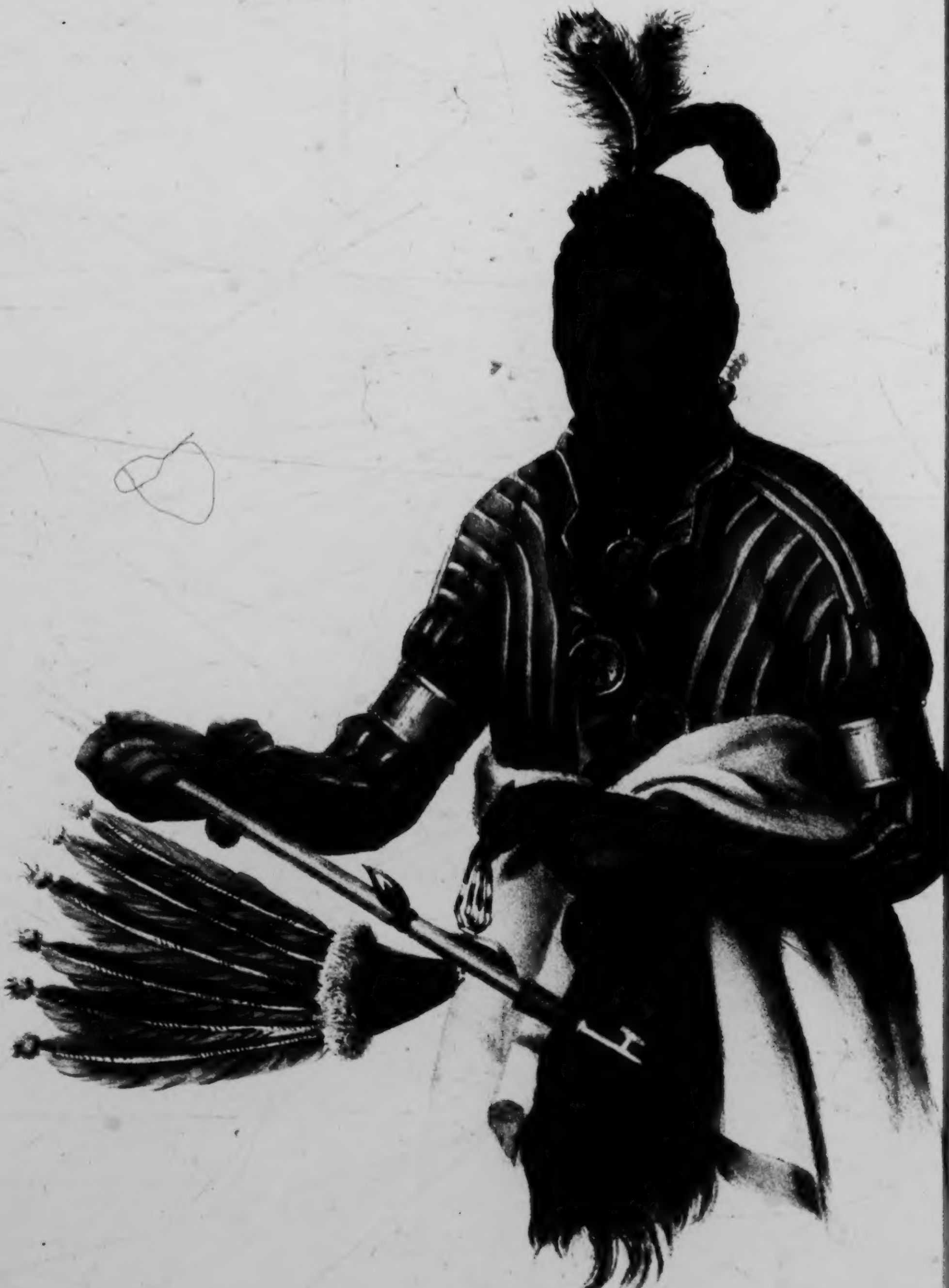


NAW-KAW.

A WINNEBAGO CHIEF

N°39

RICE, RUTTER&CO Publish

NAWKAW.

THE countenance of this chief is prepossessing, and indicative of his true character. He was a firm, sagacious man, of upright deportment, and pacific disposition, who filled his station with dignity, and commanded respect by his fidelity to his engagements. His name is less expressive than most of those which are borne by Indians of reputation—the word Nawkaw signifying *wood.* He was of the Winnebago tribe, and of the *Caromanie* or Walking Turtle family, which is of the highest distinction. The name Caromanie, among the Winnebagoes, implies rank and dignity, conveys the idea of sovereignty, and is, therefore, highly respected; for this people, like all other savages, have an inherent veneration for hereditary greatness.

This chief was the head of his tribe, who inhabited a broad and beautiful country, lying between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan, and spread out in plains of great extent, fertility, and magnificence. His residence was at the Big Green Lake, which is situated between Green Bay and Fort Winnebago, and is about thirty miles from the latter. Although a warrior by profession, the successful leader in many a fight, he was a person of excellent disposition, who preferred and courted peace; and his upright conduct, in connection with his military talents, caused him to be respected and beloved. His conduct was patriarchal, and his sway that of the parent rather than the master.

In the recent war between the United States and the Sauks and Foxes, it was feared that the Winnebagoes, inhabiting the country immediately north of the hostile Indians, would unite with them, and forming a powerful combination, would devastate the defenceless frontier, before our government could adopt measures for its relief. The opportunity was a tempting one to a savage tribe, naturally disposed to war, and always prepared for its most sudden exigencies; and many of the Winnebagoes were eager to rush into the contest. But the policy of Nawkaw was decidedly pacific, and his conduct was consistent with his judgment and his professions. To keep his followers from temptation, as well as to place them under the eye of an agent of our government, he encamped with them near the agency, under the charge of Mr. Kinzie, expressing on all occasions his disapprobation of the war, and his determination to avoid all connection with those engaged in it. The Indian tribes are often divided into parties, having their respective leaders, who alone can control their partisans in times of excitement. On this occasion, the more respectable, and by far the most numerous part of the Sauk and Fox nation, headed by Keokuk, the proper chief, remained at peace, while a faction, called *the British band*, was led headlong into a disastrous war by Black Hawk, a warrior having no lawful rank, and his coadjutor, the Prophet. Among the Winnebagoes a similar division occurred; a few restless and unprincipled individuals giving loose to their propensity for blood and plunder by joining the war parties, while the great body of the tribe remained at peace, under the influence of their venerable chief.

Having narrated, in the historical part of this work, the interesting story of the surrender of Red Bird, we shall only advert to that circumstance here for the purpose of remarking, that Nawkaw took an active and judicious part in that melancholy and singular affair. He exerted his influence to have the murderers arrested and delivered up to the officers of our government; but, having thus discharged his duty, he was equally diligent in his endeavors to obtain for them the pardon of the President. For this purpos.

he visited Washington in 1829, accompanied by fifteen of his chief men; and it was at that time that the portrait which we have copied was taken. He is represented in the attitude of addressing the President, and in the act of extending towards him his calumet at the conclusion of his speech.

The intercession of Nawkaw was successful; the clemency of the President was extended to the wretched men then lying captive in the prison at Prairie du Chien—but unfortunately too late. The Indian, accustomed to unlimited freedom, languishes in confinement. The Red Bird was a high-spirited warrior, unused to restraint, and habituated to roam over boundless plains, with a step as unfettered as that of the wild horse of the Prairie. The want of exercise and the privations of imprisonment destroyed his health, broke his spirit, and hurried him to a premature grave. He died before the news of his pardon reached him.

We shall conclude this article with a few anecdotes of Nawkaw and his companions. In conducting these persons to Washington, it was deemed proper to lead them through some of the principal cities, where they might witness the highest evidences of our wealth, power, and civilization. Their conductors were Major Forsythe and Mr. Kinzie, the latter of whom speaks the languages of the north-western tribes with fluency, and to him are we indebted for these facts.

While at New York, the Winnebago deputies attended, by invitation, a balloon ascension at the Battery. At this beautiful spot, where the magnificence of a city on the one hand, and a splendid view of one of the noblest harbors in the world on the other, combine to form a landscape of unrivalled grandeur, thousands of spectators were assembled to witness the exploit of the aeronaut, and to behold the impression which would be made upon the savage mind by so novel an exhibition. The chiefs and warriors were provided with suitable places, and many an eye was turned in anxious scrutiny upon their imperturbable countenances as they gazed in silence upon the balloon ascending into the upper atmosphere. At length Nawkaw was asked what he thought of the aeronauts? He replied coolly—"I think they are fools to trifle in that way with their lives—what good does it do?" Being asked if he had ever before seen so many people assembled at one time, he answered, "We have more in our smallest villages."

While at Washington they were lodged at a public hotel, and regaled in the most plentiful and sumptuous manner; notwithstanding which, when about to leave the city, Nawkaw complained of the quality of the food placed upon his table. Such a remark from an Indian, whose cookery is the most unartificial imaginable, and whose notions of neatness are far from being refined, was considered singular; and on inquiry being made, it turned out that a piece of roast beef, which had been taken from the table untouched, was placed a second time before these fastidious gentlemen, who, on their native prairies, would have devoured it raw, but who now considered their dignity infringed by such a procedure. Being asked if the beef was not good enough, he replied, that "there were plenty of turkeys and chickens to be had, and he chose them in preference."

On their way home, at the first place at which they stopped to dine, after leaving Baltimore, they sat down at a well-furnished table. A fine roasted turkey at the head of the board attracted their attention, but keeping that in reserve, they commenced upon a chicken-pie. While thus engaged, a stranger entered, and taking his seat at the head of the table, called for a plate. The Indians became alarmed for the turkey, cast significant glances at each other, and eyed the object of their desire with renewed eagerness. They inquired of each other, in subdued accents, what was to be done—their plates being well supplied, they could not ask to be helped again, yet the turkey was in imminent jeopardy. The stranger was evidently hungry, and he looked like a man who would not trifle with his knife and fork. Luckily however, he was not yet supplied with these necessary implements; there was a moment still left to be improved, and the red gentlemen, having cleared their plates, occupied it by dividing among them an apple-pie, which quickly vanished. A clean plate, knife and fork were now placed before the stranger, who was about to help himself, when, to his astonishment and utter discomfiture, one of the Indians rose, stepped to the head of the table, and adroitly fixing his fork in the turkey, bore it off to his companions, who very gravely, and without appearing to take the least notice of the details of the exploit, commenced dividing the spoil, while the stranger, recovering from his surprise, broke out into a loud laugh, in which the Indians joined.

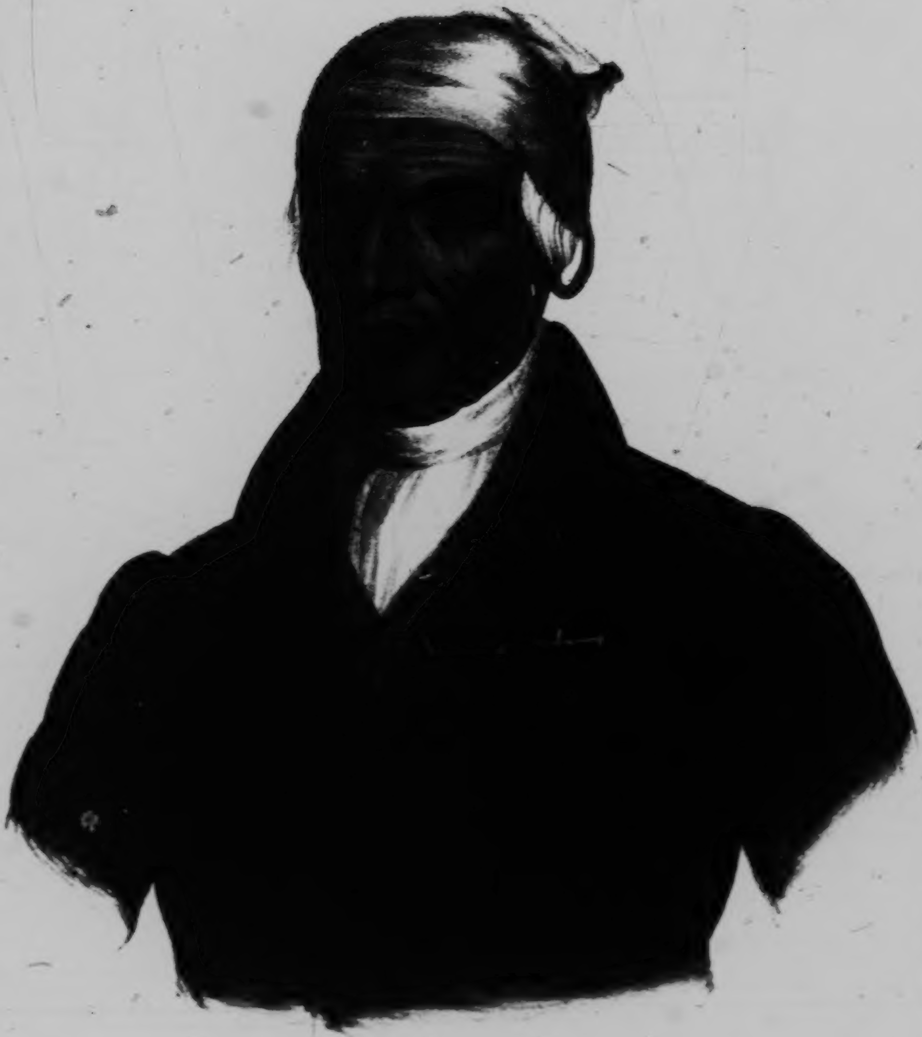
As the party receded from the capital, the fare became more coarse, and the red men began to sigh for the fat poultry and rich joints that were left behind them. And now another idea occurred to their minds. Having noticed that payment was made regularly for every meal, they inquired if *all* the meals they ate were paid for, and being answered in the affirmative, each Indian, on rising from the table, loaded himself with the fragments of the feast, until nothing remained. When they observed that this conduct was noticed, they defended it by remarking, that the provisions were all paid for.

It has been well said that there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and this aphorism is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of savages or uneducated men. The Indian has some heroic traits of character; he is brave, patient under fatigue or privation, often generous, and sometimes tenacious of the point of honor, to an extreme which has scarcely a parallel, except in the records of chivalry. In all that relates to war or the council, they are systematic, and the leading men exhibit much dignity and consistency of character. As hunters they are keen, skilful, and diligent; as warriors, bold, sagacious, and persevering. But when the Indian is taken from this limited circle of duties, and thrown into contact with the white man, in social intercourse, his want of versatility, and deficiency of intellectual resources, often degrade him at once into meanness and puerility. For a time he may disguise himself in his habitual gravity, and his native shrewdness, and presence of mind may enable him to parry any attempts to pry into his thoughts, or throw him off his guard, but the sequel inevitably betrays the paucity of the savage mind. Thus the chiefs and warriors of whom we have spoken were, some of them, distinguished warriors, and others eminent in council; but when thrown out of their proper sphere, and brought into familiar contact with strangers, they become the subjects of anecdotes such as we have related, and which, except the first one, would be too trifling for repetition, were they not illustrative of the peculiarities to which we have adverted

When at Washington, in 1829, Nawkaw, in speaking of his own age, called himself *ninety-four* winters old. He died in 1833, at the advanced age of ninety-eight, and was succeeded in his rank and honors by his nephew, who was worthy to inherit them. The latter is a person of temperate habits, who abstains entirely from the use of ardent spirits. He also is *Caromanie*, and has assumed the name of his uncle.

Nawkaw was a man of large stature and fine presence. He was six feet tall, and well made. His person was erect, his muscles finely developed, and his appearance such as indicated activity and great strength. Like many of his race, he was remarkably fond of dress; and even in the last days of his protracted life, devoted the most sedulous care to the decoration of his person. His portrait affords ample evidence of his taste; the head-dress, the ear-rings, and the painted face, show that the labors of the toilet had not been performed without a full share of the time and study due to a matter of so much importance; while the three medals, presented to him at different times, as the head of his tribe, and as tokens of respect for himself, are indicative of his rank, and are worn with as much pride and as much propriety as the orders of nobility which decorate the nobles of Europe.

The memory of this distinguished chief and respectable man is cherished by his people, and his deeds are recounted in their songs. He was one of those rulers whose wisdom, courage, and parental sway, endear them to their people while living, and whose precepts retain the force of laws after their decease.



CA-TA-HE-CAS-SA,

PRINCIPAL CHIEF OF THE SHAWANESE

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CATAHECASSA.

The Shawanoe nation was one of the most warlike of the North American tribes. Little is known of their history previous to the middle of the last century, about which time they emigrated from Florida, under circumstances which lead to the belief that their numbers had recently been much reduced by war. They seem to have been always a restless and enterprising people; for although their former residence was unquestionably upon the sea-coast, they had often penetrated to Tennessee and Kentucky, in their wars or hunting expeditions. On their removal to the west, a portion of them settled in Ohio, and the remainder ascended to Western Virginia and Pennsylvania. Immediately after the peace of 1763, the whole nation, consisting of four tribes, and numbering several thousand warriors, collected upon the Miami, at Piqua, where they remained until they were driven away by the Kentuckians, at the close of the revolutionary war. Their next residence was on the waters of the Maumee of Lake Erie, whence they removed, after the treaty of Greenville, to Wapakonetta, in Ohio; and, finally, a remnant of about eighty souls, to which this once fierce and powerful nation had dwindled, removed in 1833 to the western shore of the Mississippi.

These extensive wanderings are to be attributed, in part, to the erratic propensities of the Indians; but in many cases they are the result of force, either of tribe against tribe, or of the more operative power of the white man. The Indian nations, when first visited by Europeans, appeared, in many instances, not to have resided long upon the spots where they were found. Since we have had the opportunity of observing their habits, we have seen them continually changing places; but in many cases it has been in pursuit of the game which had receded into the interior; in others, these migrations were caused by conflicts among themselves, but of later years especially, by the wrongs, the injustice, and the power of the white man.

We are not informed as to the cause which drove the Shawanese from Florida; or why, passing over the prolific borders of the Ohio, which are known to have abounded in game at that time, a portion of them should wander to a more northern and less fertile region. Judging, however, from their subsequent history, we may suppose that they were induced by the rumor of wars between the English and French, to approach the scene of action, in search of plunder. We hear of them first, at the memorable defeat of Braddock, in 1755. That battle holds a melancholy pre-eminence in the annals of border warfare. It was one of the earliest occasions on which the savages dared to attack a regular force; and the entire annihilation of a numerous and well appointed army of European troops, gave them a confidence which led to a long series of disasters. In the hostilities which succeeded, and continued with little intermission for forty years, the Shawanese were among the most daring, audacious, and persevering of our foes. They were conspicuous actors in the sanguinary battle at Point Pleasant, where General Lewis, at the head of a gallant band of Virginians, defended his position successfully against a vigorous and obstinate attack made by a numerous body of savages. In the campaigns of Harmer, St. Clair, and Wayne, they were foremost in every battle; while the early settlers of Western Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio, found them ever the inveterate and uncompromising foes of the white man. They were considered as not only warlike, but treacherous and intriguing; and some of the other tribes accused them of being the instigators of those destructive wars which for many years disturned our borders, and were not less disastrous to the Indians than to the civilized settlers of the wilderness. They asserted that, after peace had been made, and when the other tribes were disposed to observe their treaties in good faith, the Shawanese would secretly provoke the whites by committing a murder, or by some other act of hostility, in such a manner as to leave it doubtful who was the real offender. The whites, in retaliation, would attack the nearest village, or the first party of Indians who might fall in their way, and all the tribes in their vicinity would become entangled in the war. There might be some exaggeration and some truth in these statements, but there is little question that this nation was daring, restless, and treacherous. They retained this character to the last. During a period of several years preceding 1811, the famous Tecumthe, and his brother the Prophet, kept the frontier in a state of continual alarm by their intrigues and depredations. In the last mentioned year they made an audacious and well-concerted attack on the American army, commanded by General Harrison, and were severely chastised by that intrepid officer; and during the war between Great Britain and the United States, which immediately succeeded, this tribe engaged with alacrity in the British cause, and were continually in the field, until, by the death of Tecumthe, and the loss of many of their warriors, the spirit of the nation was broken down.

Engaged continually in war, the leading men of the Shawanoe nation, ever since that people has been known by the whites, were persons of ability and courage. The most conspicuous of those who lived in our own times were Catahecassa, or Black Hoof—Shemenetoo, or the Snake, and Tecumthe.

Black Hoof was one of the greatest warriors of his race, and it is supposed that few individuals have ever been engaged in so many battles. He was present at the defeat of Braddock in 1755, and fought through all the subsequent wars until the treaty of Greenville in 1795. Among the Indians none are compelled to go to battle; public opinion is the only law by which any individual is bound to perform military service; and the war chiefs have no authority but such as is derived from the voluntary obedience of their followers. When a warrior conceives himself capable of leading an enterprise, he forms his plans, announces his intention, and publicly appoints a time and place at which he may be met by those who may be disposed to join him. When the party is assembled, properly equipped, painted, and prepared in all respects, the leader explains his whole plan, which is usually assented to; if any warrior, however, chooses to make a suggestion, it is listened to with respect, and duly weighed; but after the whole plan has been concerted, the leader assumes the responsibility of its execution, and his followers render him the most implicit obedience throughout the enterprise. The number, therefore, and the character of the party, are determined by the reputation of him who proposes to take the direction. If the invitation is given by a person of little repute, few accept it, and those few are warriors of inferior note, or youths who are willing to embrace any occasion to go to war; while, on the other hand, the bravest warriors will enlist eagerly under one who has already gained distinction. In other cases, where the leader is respectable, but not eminent, he is followed by his personal friends, or by a small band who may be gained by solicitations, or induced by the prospect of plunder. An ambitious young warrior, who is desirous to become a war chief, but has not yet established any claims to popular favor, will sometimes induce two or three of his friends to accompany him on a hostile expedition; and, if successful, will, on the next occasion, be able to enlist a larger train. The practical effect of this system is obvious. The warrior who, in leading a small party at the commencement of his career, discovers sagacity, coolness, cunning, and patience. gains the confidence of his tribe, and if fortune continues to smile, rises gradually into a partisan of established reputation, while another, equally brave, who betrays a want of talent, sinks into the ranks, and ceases to be regarded as a suitable person to command in war.

The success of Black Hoof, both in planning and in execution, was so great that he gained the entire confidence of his nation, and could always command the services of any number of volunteers. He was known far and wide, as the great Shawanoe warrior, whose cunning, sagacity, and experience, were only equalled by the fierce and desperate bravery with which he carried into operation his military plans. Like the other Shawanoe chiefs, he was the inveterate foe of the white man, and held that no peace should be made, nor any negotiation attempted, except on the condition that the whites should repass the mountains, and leave the great plains of the west to the sole occupancy of the native tribes.

He was the orator of his tribe during the greater part of his long life, and was an excellent speaker. The venerable Colonel Johnston, of Piqua, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information, describes him as the most graceful Indian he had ever seen, and as possessing the most natural and happy faculty of expressing his ideas. He was well versed in the traditions of his people; no one understood better their peculiar relations to the whites, whose settlements were gradually encroaching on them, or could detail with more minuteness the wrongs with which his nation was afflicted. But although a stern and uncompromising opposition to the whites had formed his policy through a series of forty years, and nerved his arm in a hundred battles, he became at length convinced of the madness of an ineffectual struggle against a vastly superior and hourly increasing foe. No sooner had he satisfied himself of this truth, than he acted upon it with the decision which formed a prominent trait in his character. The temporary success of the Indians in several engagements previous to the campaign of General Wayne, had kept alive their expiring hopes; but their signal defeat by that gallant officer, convinced the more reflecting of their leaders of the desperate character of the conflict. Black Hoof was among those who decided upon making terms with the victorious American commander; and having signed the treaty of 1795, at Greenville, he remained faithful to his stipulations during the remainder of his life. From that day he ceased to be the enemy of the white man; and as he was not one who could act a negative part, he became the firm ally and friend of those against whom his tomahawk had been so long raised in vindictive animosity. He was their friend, not from sympathy, or conviction, but in obedience to a necessity which left no middle course, and under a belief that submission alone could save his tribe from destruction; and having adopted this policy, his sagacity and sense of honor alike forbade a recurrence either to open war or secret hostility.

Catahecassa was the principal chief of the Shawanoe nation, and possessed all the influence and authority which are usually attached to that office, at the period when Tecumthe, and his brother the Prophet, commenced their hostile operations against the United States. Tecumthe had never been reconciled to the whites. As sagacious and as brave as Black Hoof, and resembling him in the possession of all the better traits of the savage character, he differed widely from that respectable chief in his political opinions. They were both patriotic, in the proper sense of the word, and earnestly desired to preserve the remnant of their tribe from the destruction that threatened the whole Indian race. Black Hoof, whose long and victorious career as a warrior placed his courage far above suspicion, submitted to what he believed inevitable, and endeavored to evade the effects of the storm by bending beneath its fury; while Tecumthe, a younger man, an influential warrior, but not a chief, with motives equally public spirited, was no doubt biassed, unconsciously to himself, by personal ambition, and suffered his hatred to the white man to overmaster every other feeling and consideration. The one was a leader of ripe fame, who had reached the highest place in his nation, and could afford to retire from the active scenes of warfare; the other was a candidate for higher honors than he had yet achieved; and both might have been actuated by a common impulse of rivalry, which induced them to espouse different opinions, in opposition to each other.

During several years immediately preceding 1811, the British cabinet prosecuted with renewed vigor their favorite policy of exciting the western savages into active hostilities against the United States. The agents of that government traversed the frontier, holding councils with the Indians, and seeking to inflame them by artful harangues, or to bribe them by liberal presents. The success of these intrigues is too well known. The tomahawk and firebrand were again busied in the fearful work of desolation, and a merciless war waged, not against the forts and armies of the American government, but upon the property and lives of individuals, upon the fields and firesides of a scattered population of enterprising farmers.

Tecumthe engaged eagerly in these scenes, and devoted all the energies of his bold genius to his darling scheme of fomenting the discord which should bring about a general war between the Americans on one side, and the united Indian tribes on the other. Aided by his brother the Prophet—a deceitful, treacherous, but cunning man, he endeavored to enlist his own nation in the great conspiracy, but found an insurmountable obstacle in the determined opposition of Black Hoof, who, having made a treaty of peace with the United States, resolved to maintain his plighted faith. In vain did Tecumthe intrigue, harangue, and threaten; in vain did the pretended Prophet practise his incantations—equally in vain did the British agent spread out his alluring cargo of trinkets and munitions. Black Hoof preserved his integrity; the older and more reputable part of the tribe adhered to him; while the young and thoughtless, the worthless and dissolute joined by a similar class from other tribes, followed the Prophet to his new town, and commenced a system of robbery and murder, which, doubtless, formed the extreme point to which either he or they had extended their views—while the more politic Tecumthe regarded them as a mere banditti, pushed forward to embroil the English with the Americans, and to force the savage tribes into a general war. The firmness with which Black Hoof stood aloof on this occasion, and his success in restraining the majority of his nation, showed alike his prudence, his foresight, and his popularity. His course was honorable to his judgment and his integrity.

Another trait in the character of this Indian is highly creditable, and indicates a perception of the social virtues not usually found in savage life. He lived forty years in harmony with one wife, and reared a numerous family, whom he treated with kindness, and by whom he was greatly beloved. The policy of the Indians, in this respect, is not fully understood. They permit, but do not in general encourage, polygamy. There is no law nor custom among them which forbids a plurality of wives; but they do not consider it creditable for any man to marry more women than he can support; and it is even considered a proof of weakness for a warrior to encumber himself with too large a family. The capacity to support a family differs among them, as with us, though not to the same extent. Their chief dependence for food being on the chase, the most expert hunter is best able to provide a subsistence; and the evils of poverty are most severely felt by those who are lazy, physically weak, or destitute of sagacity in finding game. Those who have established a reputation in war or in hunting, have each a small train of friends and defenders, composed of their sons and nephews—of youth who attach themselves to an experienced man for the benefit of his counsel or protection, or of the improvident, who need a leader. When a distinguished warrior, therefore, speaks of *his young men*, he alludes to this train of relatives or pupils, who support him in his quarrels, and follow him to the chase; while a chief employs the same form of expression in a more enlarged sense, as applicable to the young warriors of his nation. This explanation affords a key to one of the sources of the slight distinction in rank which exists among the Indians. Distinction in war or hunting draws around its possessor a band of two or three, or sometimes more, devoted followers, who, in a society where force is often the only law, increase the power of their leader, while they add to his wealth by attending him in the chase, and thus increasing his means of procuring food. A warrior of this rank may, with propriety, grace his wigwam with several wives, and may even require the services of more than one to carry home his game, and perform the drudgery of his numerous family; while the improvident or unsuccessful hunter, or a youth who must rely entirely upon himself, may not venture to indulge himself with the same liberality. These distinctions are closely observed by the Indians in every tribe with which we are acquainted, and nothing more certainly provokes their contempt than the marrying an unreasonable number of wives. Black Hoof, as we have seen, was satisfied with one; Tecumthe had but one at a time, while the hypocritical Prophet, who, from laziness or incapacity, was not an active hunter, maintained a number of wives, who were supported by the contributions which he artfully levied upon his credulous followers. The two former were respected as men, even by their enemies, while the latter, as soon as he ceased to be sustained in his imposture by his politic and manly brother, sunk into disrepute. He died recently in Missouri.

An intelligent gentleman, who spent many years among the Shawanese, in the discharge of public duties, and was often accompanied in long journeys through the wilderness by Black Hoof, describes him as a lively, agreeable, and instructive companion. On one of these occasions, he shot a deer when he was more than ninety years of age. He preserved his eyesight to the ast, and never used or needed glasses, nor was known to be sick.

He was a small man, about five feet eight inches in height, well proportioned and active, and had a remarkably intelligent countenance. He died at Wapakonnetta in 1831, at the age of from one hundred and five to one hundred and twelve years.

There was a peculiarity in the eloquence of this chief which distinguished him from the speakers of his race, who are usually grave and monotonous. He generally commenced his public harangues with some pleasant, facetious, or striking remark, thrown out to please his audience, and gain their attention. He would play awhile around his subject, until he saw the rigid features of the stern warriors around him beginning to relax, and then dive into it, becoming more earnest as he proceeded, until at last the whole energy of his vigorous mind was concentrated into a powerful and well-digested effort.

It would be unjust to omit a feature in the character of Catahecassa which reflects upon him the highest credit. The practice of burning prisoners at the stake was not only prevalent among the western tribes, but was, we think, resorted to with the greatest frequency, and attended with the most brutal circumstances, during the wars in which the Shawanese bore a conspicuous part, and in which Black Hoof was a prominent leader. They did not sacrifice them to the Great Star, or any other favorite deity, as among the Pawnees, but generally in revenge for their losses or their wrongs. Notwithstanding the determined hostility of this chief towards the whites, he invariably opposed that atrocious custom, and has often declared that he never witnessed such occurrences but twice, on both of which occasions he was present accidentally. We are happy to record, that the more intelligent of the principal men of the Shawanese coincided in condemning these shocking cruelties. Tecumthe was never known to insult a prisoner; and on several occasions during the last war, he upbraided the British officers for their cruel treatment of captive Americans. Another Shawanoe chief the aged Biaseka, or the Wolf, once returned home after an absence of several months, and finding the village nearly deserted, was informed that the people were engaged in burning a prisoner, beyond the precincts of the town. Without communicating his intentions, he loaded a pistol and proceeded to the spot. The wretched captive was bound to the stake, the torch ready to be applied, and a ferocious multitude eagerly waiting to glut their savage appetite with the miseries of the victim. The chief passed through the crowd without speaking to any one, and, approaching the prisoner, placed the pistol to his head, and blew out his brains —coolly remarking, that he disapproved of the torture of a defenceless person, and had prevented it by despatching the captive.